AUG 1 0 1993

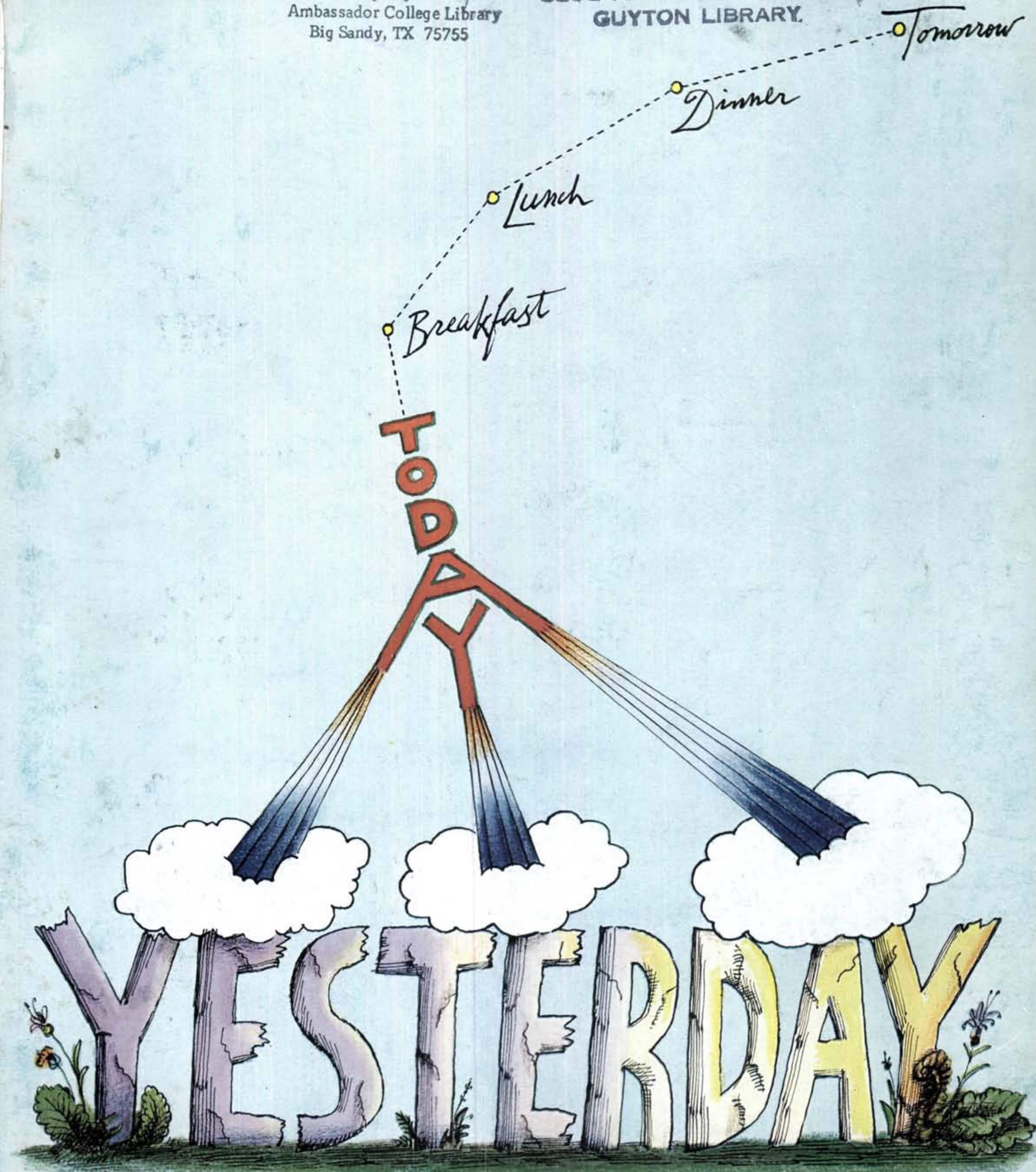
Jan. 31, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

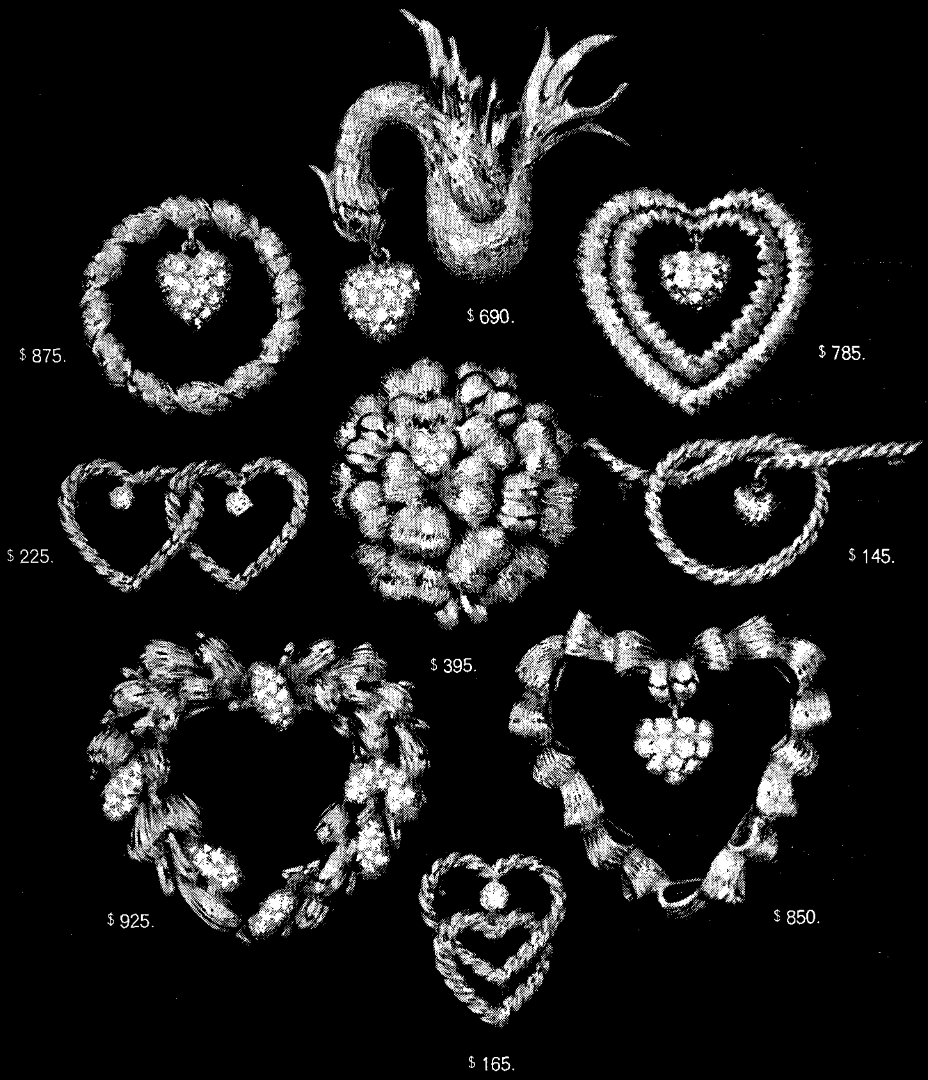
Price 50 cents

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY


Tomorrow
Dinner
Lunch
Breakfast
TODAY
YESTERDAY
STEINBERG

Look Twice. It's Davidow.


$ 690.
$ 875.
$ 785.
$ 225.
$ 145.
$ 395.
$ 925.
$ 850.
$ 165.

Valentine's Day is February 14...
mark the occasion with a pin of
18 karat gold set with diamonds.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.

ATLANTA PHIPPS PLAZA · **CHICAGO** 715 N. MICHIGAN AVE. · **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 9502 WILSHIRE BLVD.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Brightower—Robert Lansing, Geraldine Brooks, and Paul McGrath in a play by Dore Schary. Directed by Mel Weiser. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Comédie-Française—The opening performances in a three-week repertory of five Molière plays that will run through Sunday, Feb. 22. **la troupe du roi** and **amphitryon:** Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7, and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 4-5, at 8:30. . . . **dom juan:** Friday, Feb. 6, at 7:30, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—A play by Charlie L. Russell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 31.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Gloria & Esperanza—A play by Julie Bovasso, presented by the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 4, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 14. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Harangues—A pair of one-acters, with prologue and interlude, by Joseph A. Walker. The plays, about racial anguish, are fierce and tragic, but there *is* humor in them, and the production, by the Negro Ensemble Company, is, as usual, continuously fascinating. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—There is no such word as "fail" in the lexicon of Neil Simon. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Memory Bank—Martin Duberman's well-written but only sporadically effective brace of one-act plays. The first is about a biographer who conducts a taped interview with a dignified but fuzzy-brained old man, and the second about a fierce quarrel between two brothers at the National Monument at Gettysburg. The acting is generally competent, and Fred Voelpel's settings are splendid. (Tambellini's Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paris Is Out!—Molly Picon and Sam Levene in a comedy by Richard Seff. Directed by Paul Aaron. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Private Lives—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in a very successful revival of Noël Coward's marvellous comedy about bickering as the basis of domestic bliss. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A brilliant revival of **camino real,** the 1953 play by Tennessee Williams. The exceptionally fine cast includes Jessica Tandy, Al Pacino, Jean Pierre Aumont, Philip Bosco, and Victor Buono. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ At the Forum in the same building—Jeff Wanshel's play **the disintegration of james cherry.** Preview Wednesday, Jan. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 29, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Seven Days of Mourning—A self-designated fable about a poor, bedevilled Jewish family forbidden to mourn an idiot girl who has committed suicide, and about the exorcism of their demons by an insistent little fellow who calls himself "the Doctor." The situation is grim, and the references are Talmudic and special, but there is much more humor in the play than you might expect. Seymour Simckes is the dramatist. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Sheep on the Runway—A comedy by Art Buchwald, with Martin Gabel, David Burns, Elizabeth Wilson, and Barnard Hughes. Gene Saks directed. Previews through Friday, Jan. 30. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 31. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"RICH IN RUSSIA" . . . . *John Updike* 31
"SUNDAY DRIVE TO THE BEACH" (POEM) . . . . *Ted Walker* 34
"WINTER GARDEN" . . . . *Janet Frame* 37
"GLADE WALKER" (POEM) . . . . *John Clarke* 38
LETTER FROM SAIGON . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 40
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 56
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 56
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 59
ANNALS OF MEDICINE (WOMAN WITH HEADACHE) . . . . . . *Berton Roueché* 60
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 73
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 79
BOOKS . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 82
BRIEFLY NOTED 87

COVER: *Saul Steinberg*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Saxon, J. B. Handelsman, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Henry Martin, Donald Reilly, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, David Langdon, William O'Brian, Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Stan Hunt, William Steig, Charles E. Martin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 50, January 31, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

June may be a little early this year.

But you can find it now in our Spring and Summer bridal collection. In fashions that dreams are made of. In our Bride's Room where dreams are planned for. But come and see, it's all magically new. At Field's in Chicago. The Bride's Room on Six. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Slave Ship—LeRoi Jones' graphic and horrifying demonstration of life aboard a slaver. (Theatre-in-the-Church, 137 W. 4th St. 473-7980. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Troubles between the cast and the producers may force an early closing.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Transfers—A trio of shoddy one-acters by Conrad Bromberg. With Ron Leibman. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT**: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND**: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN**: A play, by Lonne Elder III, about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.) . . . **THE CONCEPT**: A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FORTY CARATS**: A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With June Allyson and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE**: An account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by Yaphet Kotto. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 31.) . . . **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM**: Woody Allen's play, with Bob Denver, surrounded by pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE**: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Charles Aznavour—The French singer, actor, and composer in a solo show of his songs. A three-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Feb. 4 (preview Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8:30), and will run through Sunday, Feb. 22. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Coco—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy—A musical devised by and starring Oscar Brown, Jr. Other contributions by Jean Pace and Sivuca, who also appear in it. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—A two-part musical with book and lyrics by Gretchen Cryer, music by Nancy Ford, and a cast that includes Austin Pendleton and Fredricka Weber. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Unfair to Goliath—A merry little revue by the Israeli satirist Ephraim Kishon, adapted by Herbert Appleman, who is also responsible for the lyrics. Menachem Zur wrote the music. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS**: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE**: A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DAMES AT SEA**: Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**:—He can't wear them, Buck Mulligan told his face in the mirror. Etiquette is etiquette. He kills his mother but he can't wear grey trousers. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Paul Lipson. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR**: A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!**: With a new cast, headed by Phyllis Diller. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA**: Keith Michell plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Michell at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES**: A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **1776**: A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN**: Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING**: As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Episodes," "Reveries," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Night" (première), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:15: "Reveries," "Apollo," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Reveries," "Night," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 1, at 1:15: "Prodigal Son," "Night," and "Apollo." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 1, at 7:15: "Reveries," "Night," "Fantasies," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Night," "La Source," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Night," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:15: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" and "Who Cares?" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2:15: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:15: "Stravinsky Symphony," "Night," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

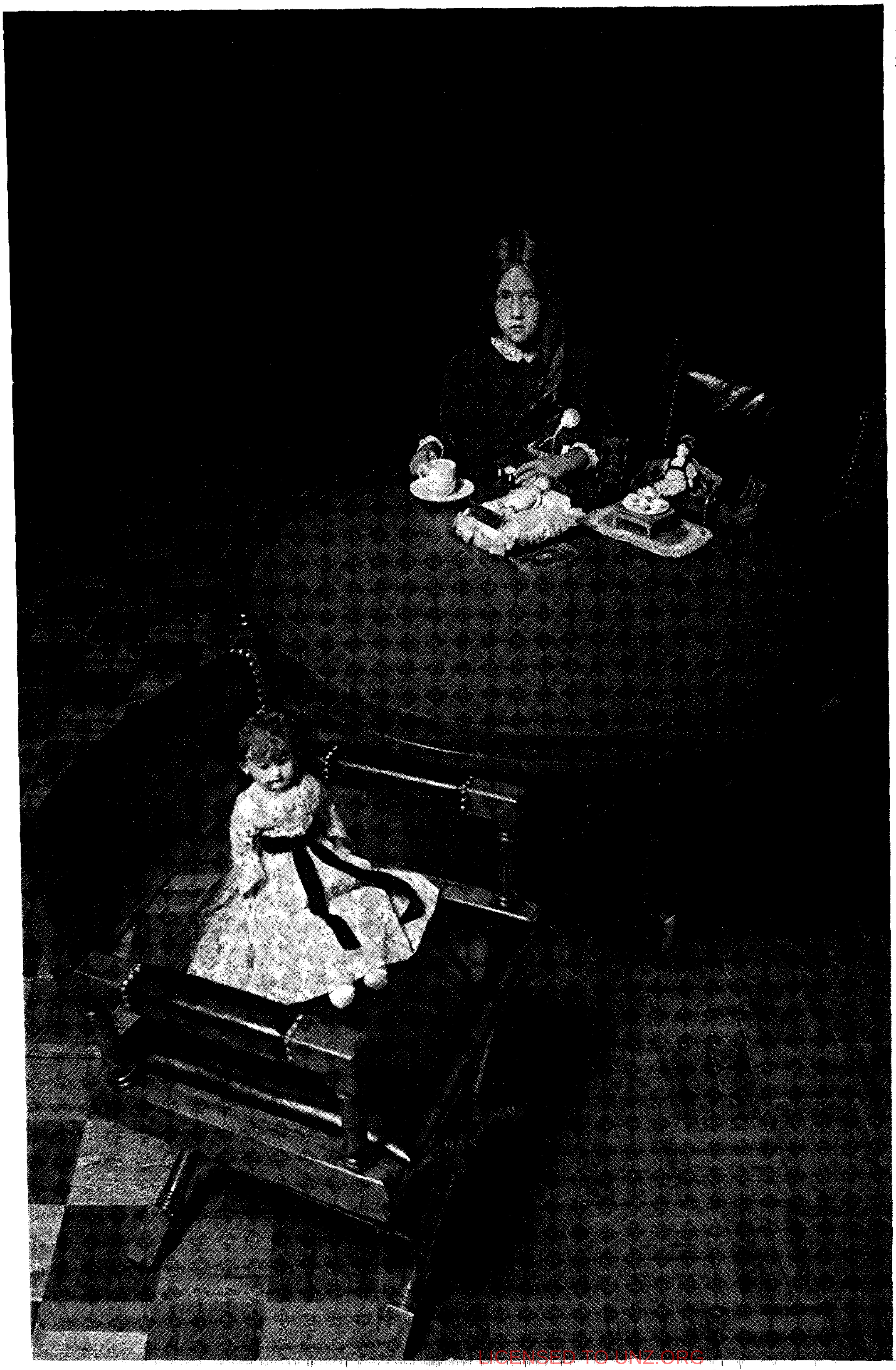
(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end. Soft-voiced, amiable, young John Sebastian alternates with the Fifth Avenue Band through Sunday, Feb. 1. On Wednesday, Feb. 4, folk-rock singer Paul Siebel will do a one-nighter, and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, the Irish Rovers will sing their kind of folk music. Perform-

Globe used to make great furniture. Until suddenly, there was more at stake than just making furniture great.



It happened when we joined the Burlington team.

Suddenly, there was the reputation of the Burlington name at stake. And even the best didn't seem good enough anymore. "Great" had to become "greatest."

We decided to do things that other furniture makers just wouldn't think of doing. Because it's too costly. Or too time-consuming. Like being dogged about keeping the authentic touches in a design.

Take our William IV collection . . . a few select pieces shown here. Bold metal corner plates straight from a sea-captain's chest. And there's the authentic hobnail trim—applied by hand, one at a time.

We admit we don't *have* to do things this way. It's harder. It's costlier. And we could make great furniture without going through quite this much trouble.

But we've got the Burlington name behind us now. And we can't go back to being just "great" anymore.

For a look at what's been happening, see your nearest Globe dealer. And write for our illustrated booklet of all the great furniture styles . . . only one dollar to Dept. 13170NY, Globe Furniture Company, High Point, N. C. 27261.

TOYS FROM F. A. O. SCHWARZ

GLOBE
Furniture

A division of
BURLINGTON
INDUSTRIES

Announcing too much for your money.

For $110, you get three weeks of unlimited First Class train travel on over 100,000 miles of railroads throughout thirteen European countries.

Still not enough for your money? How about a full month of the same First Class travel for $140. Or two months of the same for $180. Or perhaps three months for $210—which is altogether too much for your money.

See the scenery, not the road.

In fact, what you get for your money is a Eurailpass. And what it gets you is all that mileage on Europe's railroads.* Plus useful extras like free or reduced fares on ferry rides and motor coach travel. (In many European countries, the railroads own certain ferry and motor coach routes.)

Europe's railroads go just about everywhere. So if it's on your itinerary, it's apt to be on our vast railroad network. This is one reason why Europeans use the railroads as their prime way of traveling—so that you'll meet the Europeans you came to Europe to meet.

Travel city center to city center.

CAFE DU MIDI

There are other good reasons why Europeans travel by train. The trains are very fast and frequent, almost absurdly punctual, very comfortable indeed, and spotless. (So you can see the Europe you came to see through the windows.) What's more, First Class is just that—not yet another overuse of the phrase.

Not visible from 28,000 feet.

There's a catch, of course. But only a slight one. You cannot buy your Eurailpass in Europe. So to get too much for your money, see your Travel Agent for complete details of Eurailpass, Eurailgroup for groups of ten or more, and Eurailtariff for specific individual itineraries. Meanwhile, send in the coupon and we'll send you your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map.

Crossing frontiers is very easy.

Amsterdam to Paris—5 hours.

NY-1

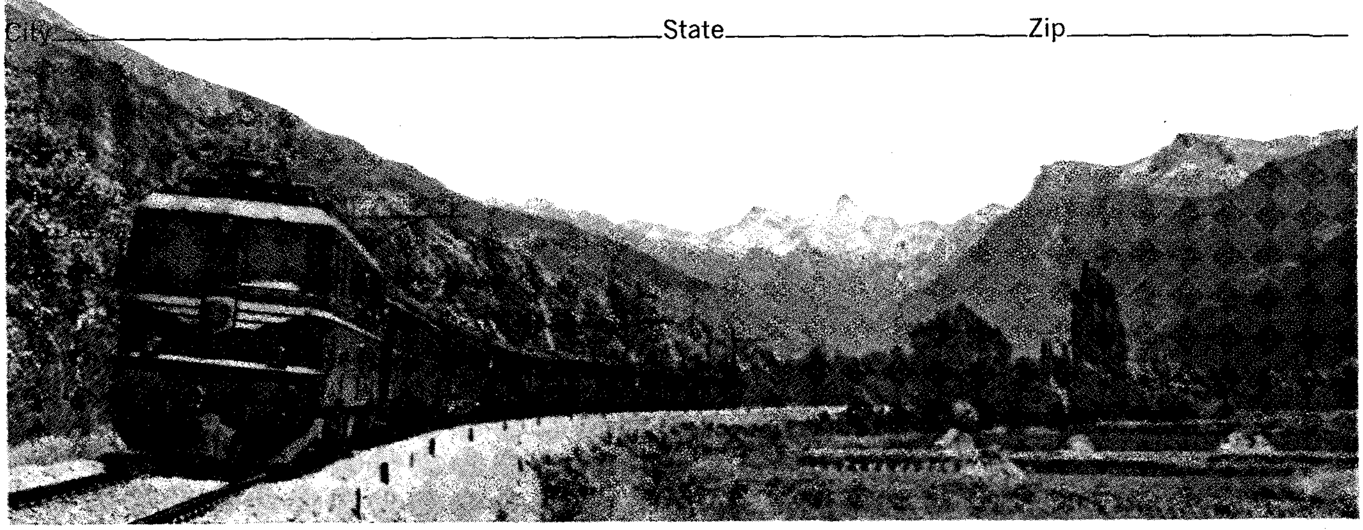
EURAILPASS **The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist.**

*Eurailpass is valid in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland.

Eurailpass, Box 519, Lindenhurst, New York 11757.
Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map.

Name____________________ Street____________________

City____________________ State__________ Zip__________



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers. Closed Monday, Feb. 2.

La Bohème, 2019 Broadway at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Nothing Bohemian, and little to shout about, but there is a lot of percussion as Elvin Jones plays drums—with Wilbur Little on bass and Joe Farrell on reeds—like one destined for drumming. On Tuesday, Feb. 3, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers will come in. One may dance, though few do. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Marvin Stamm quartet plays six nights a week, producing some interesting sounds. Fridays and Saturdays, singer Chris Connor is around, too. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Hubble, and Eddie Locke plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by the Kenny Burrell quartet, which will pass things along to the Sonny Stitt quartet on Tuesday, Feb. 3. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—Hands across the Mason-Dixon Line are extended by Tony Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Freddie Moore, Dill Jones, and Graham Stewart. The room is tiny, the bar is adequate, the sound is large. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Billy Taylor trio plays in its impeccable way. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Nina Simone, one of the most believable of singers, performs on Fridays at ten, twelve, and two, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Thelonious Monk's quartet, given to subtle mannerisms that are tried and true, performs Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31. Starting time is nine-thirty, in theory. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. The service is deft, and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pinstriped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and one can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. The live sounds through Sunday, Feb. 1, come from Elizabeth. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, Frost will join E., and on Wednesday, Feb. 4, Far Cry will start playing. Alcohol is banned. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—*Semper serenitas*, down a few steps to where red carpets surround a parquet dance floor. Dancing to a wide assortment of records, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper. No music Sundays.

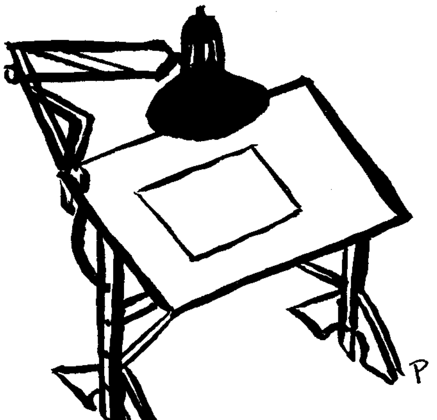
L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—On the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, plate-glass windows look out on neon glitter and in on décor that is of no particular time or place. Dancing to live and preserved music Mondays through Fridays from ten until three. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Tell old Pharaoh that his sphinxes are ensconced in the land of gilded schmaltz. Sphinxlike table companions are frequent, since the records are played at a more than Nilotic volume. The Witnesses, eight men from Northern Ireland, appear every so often. On Monday, Feb. 2, a singer named Prentice Minner will replace them. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are false, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Warm Bodies until Tuesday, Feb. 3, when some other musicians will come along. Closed Sundays.



Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Lester Lanin's first-string (and first-horn) ground forces are now billeted in this ancient garrison city, where they produce music from eight-thirty until three. The commandant of the establishment is Billy Reed, once quartermaster of the Little Club. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Calm views of everything are taken in the restaurant, even when Ernie Warren's light cavalry is on the bandstand, which it usually is until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—The return of the principal native, Rodney Dangerfield, takes place on Monday, Feb. 2, whereupon nightly bulletins (except on Sunday) will again be issued to record our citizenry's progress in its war against the encroachments of civilization—often in words of one syllable.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers' belief that in domestic matters practice makes imperfect is winningly if rambunctiously argued every night but Sunday and Monday, though never until mid-evening. She is preceded by Warde Donovan, a singer who sets forth a strong case for the premise that amateurism should begin and end at home.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire; it is dismal when a quartet of itinerant rockers plug into the sockets. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent boy-and-girl miniature revue, which has a lot to say about a lot of matters, has a lot to be said for it, even though a number of the skits get in their own weighing-in. The cast is industrious indeed, but moderate. Twice every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as a Mitteleuropa operetta—merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday. The provender is what goes with red cabbage and draft beer.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Buddy Greco's frank belief in the lyrics he sings, and his easy, unforced turn of phrase, make them all shine like good deeds in the knotty world of current pop songsmithery. To hear him in the Royal Box, it is necessary to sit through Morty Gunty's jokes—a true ordeal by fire. Two showings a night, plus the Lee Evans orchestra—always a help. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The many feet of Rafael de Cordova and his Ballet Español keep putting their stamp of disapproval on all obstacles to the true course of Spanish love, and their many voices sing about it, too. They may be seen and heard during dinner and supper every single night. . . . ¶ Pepe Preiego (guitar) and Antonio Maya (voice), the permanent party of the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musician-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Dick Jensen, the youngest of all the Lochinvars from out of the West (this time it's Hawaii), ends his outbursts of song on Wednesday, Feb. 4. Next evening brings along Tony Bennett, a sure sign of a break in the winter—sunny weather, sunny disposition, sunny arias. No nights off. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Gordon MacRae, just about the last of the squadron of Broadway big-time tenors, is exhaling vigorously in the Persian Room during dinner and supper. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte hum contentedly the evening through. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The music for observation in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ** comes from Oscar Peterson's trio; the music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive triad. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty, in general.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Room with a view. Without, the whole wide world; within, a mild swirl of dancers (from the public domains) and, in the midst of dinner and supper, sallies by the singer-musicians of the collective called the New Direction. The spokesman called Norm Crosby shows up at the same times, but the less said of him the better. The dance music starts off at eight. Sundays are dark.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—As far as the eye can reach, the terrain is dotted with the campfires of a vast army ready to do battle for early Americana—Eddie Condon's Jazz All-Stars (Roy Eldridge, Kai Winding, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Jim Hall, Budd Johnson, Buddy Morrow, Milton Hinton, Ross Tompkins, and Mousie Alexander) and Peanuts Hucko's light artillery (Dave McKenna, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman). Seven until quite late, every night but Sunday and Monday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Daniele Dorice, who is—shall we say?—the French toast of Montreal night life, does the last of her dinner and supper song sessions in the Maisonette on Wednesday, Jan. 28. One night later, Robert Kole and Ernest Param, who last year did their economy-size musical comedy (themselves, their words, their music) in this arena, start up again. The bands run by Quintero and the promising new Hal Turner will be staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Schoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room reopens on Monday, Feb. 2, so that Liza Minnelli, a sprightly sprig, can return to her career of singing and prancing. Charles Turecamo's orchestra will settle in again the same evening. Miss M. is a dinner and supper project. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): With patience, and on a monument, Mabel Mercer sits every night but Sunday, dispensing to the unwary, the unwitting, and even the unwilling young at heart the best of all words and music anent the greatest of all human emotions. The eminent Jimmy Lyon is her pianist. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducation can be beautiful on a campus as unperturbed as this one. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo, which stays home Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit kind of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum,* in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The music in this bar-and-grill comes from Muriel Roberts (her restrained jazz piano, which operates from cocktails through dinner, ends on Saturday, Jan. 31) and Scott Reed (his love-life piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays). Both players are also given to bursts of song.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. Herman Arminski, whose piano speaks the Romance languages, is there every night but Sunday, and the fiddle handled by George Cardini is in service from Tuesday through Saturday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise en scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, the final Hapsburg, is plying his Viennese piano, and sometimes serving as lyrical town crier, in this elaborate conservatory. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **THURSDAY'S,** 334 E. 73rd St. (628-8670): A forum for the inhabitants of the East Side's recent Little New New York, and a neatly done job. In the bar, from nine until two, except on Sundays, Buddy Barnes makes his pianoforte involutions come out perfectly all right, and he has been known to sing, too, at his work. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until midnight, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, for so many years a dispenser of well-thought-out piano at the demised Goldie's New York, is repeating himself from five to eleven except on Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

OLLE BAERTLING—Metal free-form sculptures; through Feb. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BIRMELIN—Paintings and drawings of the coastline of Deer Isle, Maine, and etchings of a suitcase; through Feb. 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—Fifty paintings from the years 1915 through 1917; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

TONY DELAP—Bright-colored geometric sculptures by a West Coast artist; through Thursday, Feb. 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD DELONGA—Sculptures in steel; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Recent paintings by a widely known Abstractionist who emphasizes texture; through Feb. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYNNE DREXLER—Landscapes in high-keyed colors; through Feb. 14. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS (1884-1958)—Paintings and drawings by an artist known for his studies of American types; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LUCIO FONTANA (1899-1968)—Paintings by a leading Italian who specializes in slashed canvases; starting Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Del Re, 1100 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

ADOLPH GARZA—Realistic paintings of shoes and feet; through Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.)

DOUGLAS GORSLINE—Paintings with refracted images of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; starting Saturday, Jan. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JAMES HENDRICKS—Realistic paintings of the moon, based on photographs; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

HON CHI-FUN—Symbolic compositions using Chinese techniques and imagery; through

'If you've been hiding
your hands lately, our new
'Ultima' II hand cream should
bring them out in the light.'

Charles Revson

Translucent Wrinkle Creme For Hands

The first serious night-time beauty treatment for hands. And wrists. And arms. To the elbows.

Literally crammed with deep-reaching emollients...and laced with precious moisturizers, to tackle the fine tissue-paper lines that bedevil over-30 skin. Yet for all its richness, it vanishes without a trace. So concentrated, a tiny dab (the size of a glove-button) is all it takes for a full night's handiwork.

'Ultima' II

Created by Charles Revson of Revlon

©REVLON 1969

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Feb. 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Ipousteguy—Drawings by a contemporary Paris sculptor; starting Tuesday, Feb. 3. (*Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)*

Jasper Johns—Drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Donald Kaufman—Geometric abstractions in one color but with variations in tone; starting Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938)—Twenty drawings and watercolors by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; starting Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Karl Knaths—Paintings done between 1950 and 1960; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Fifty-four prints and drawings by the Leftist painter celebrated for her humanitarian themes; starting Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings by the well-known Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; starting Saturday, Jan. 31. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Honorio Morales—Shaped canvases; through Thursday, Feb. 5. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Raymond Parker—Large color-area paintings; through Feb. 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Man Ray—Paintings by one of the original Dadaist-Surrealists; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reinhoud—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Remenick—Landscapes, seascapes, and *still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Peri*dot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Roth—Fifteen paintings; starting Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Edward Ruscha—Paintings, some of objects and *some spelling out words; through Feb. 14.* (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings by a veteran New York Abstractionist; starting Saturday, Jan. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Shaped canvases and other paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass, cast-bronze, and terra-cotta sculptures; starting Monday, Feb. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Paul Williams—Kinetic light works with playful effects; through Feb. 14. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zona—Space-motion paintings; starting Saturday, Jan. 31. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CISNEROS**, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: A comprehensive collection of graphics by prominent Latin-American artists, among them Tamayo, Cuevas, Siqueiros, Lam, Matta, and Noè; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by three young artists—Fernando Maza, Naoto Nakagawa, and David Smyth; through Saturday, Jan. 31.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Forty French Impressionist paintings and forty nineteenth- and twentieth-century American still-lifes; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Fifty-five prints by thirty-two Japanese artists; through Feb. 28.... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell, Enrico Donati, Jasper Johns, and Saul Steinberg are some of the artists participating in a benefit exhibition and sale (for the Studio Museum in Harlem) of paintings, sculptures, graphics, and constructions; through Saturday, Jan 31. (Daily, 10 to 9.)... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Works in string and rope, dating from 1913, by (for instance) Duchamp, Johns, Miró, Arp, Oldenburg, and Rauschenberg; through Saturday, Jan. 31.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: A showing of folk art inaugurates the new Americana section of the gallery; through Saturday, Jan. 31.... **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Graphics and drawings; through Thursday, Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit show of German Expressionist paintings from the Morton D. May collection; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, sculptures, and watercolors by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Roy Moyer, and Fred Meyer; starting Tuesday, Feb. 3.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works by modern masters, including Picasso, Miró, Léger, and Braque; through Saturday, Jan. 31.

Sculpture—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Pieces by Duchamp-Villon, Laurens, Louise Bourgeois, Moore, Newman, Rosenthal, Tony Smith, and other Americans and Europeans; through Saturday, Jan. 31.... **SCULPTORS GUILD**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by the members; through Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 8. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Thirty sculptures and constructions in wire and wood, some free-moving or electrified, plus drawings, prints, illustrated books, and jewelry, by Alexander Calder; through Feb. 15. ... ¶ Environmental situations constructed by five artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; through March 1. Weather permitting, the Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., will be open free on Monday, Feb. 2, from 6 to 9, so that visitors may take part in the outdoor section of the exhibit.... ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); through March 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and forty-three painters, more than half of them under thirty-five, represented by one work each in this thirty-eighth Whitney Annual; through Sunday, Feb. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday *evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)*

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

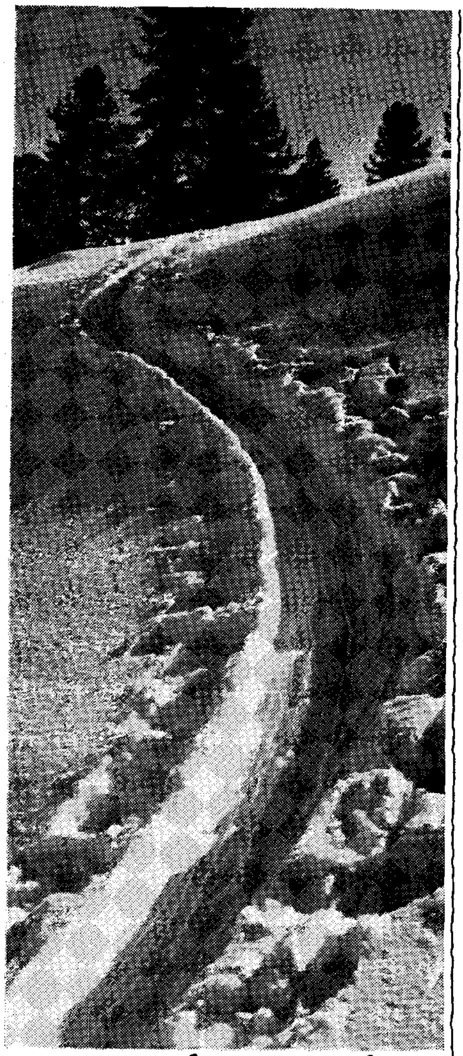
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works and installations, from 1957 to the present, by Dan Flavin, an artist known for his fluorescent-light arrangements; through March 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of decorated and worked tin of the nineteenth century, including a tin bonnet, bridal bouquet, and wedding certificate; through March 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Two hundred master prints by more than a hundred leading printmakers of the past five centuries; through March 8.... ¶ Paintings and drawings by Oscar Bluemner (1876-1938), prominent American colorist; through March 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts) together with a sam-



Vacation trails

New Snow...Deep or Packed Powder—the mountains—and YOU! The Inn, located at the foot of three of Vermont's finest areas, is the perfect base for an uncrowded, unhurried fun-filled vacation.

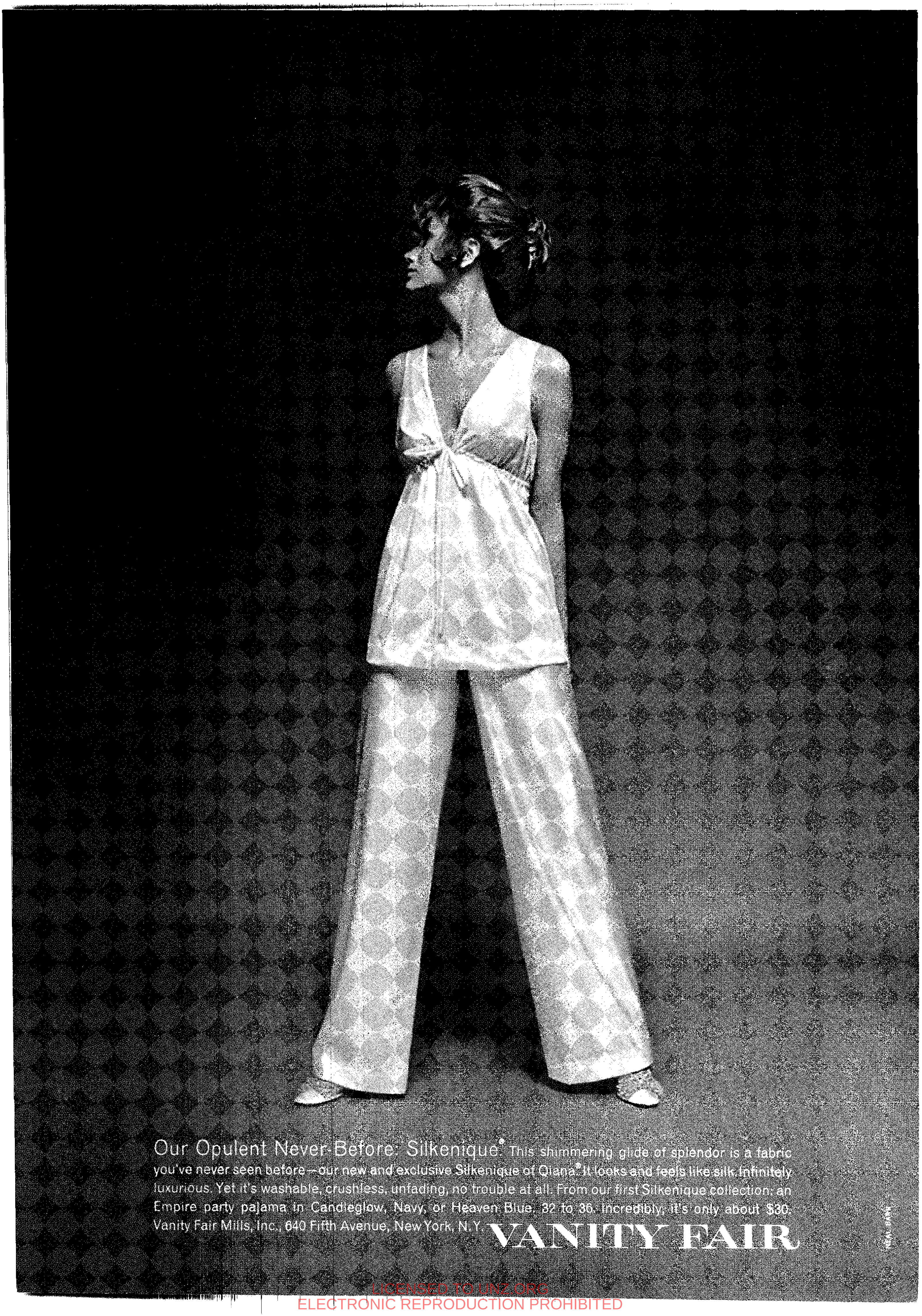
With skiing on the mountains for every taste and skill, the Inn also offers ski touring to round out your holiday. Rental equipment, pack lunches and expert Norwegian instructors complete the picture.

There's instruction during the holiday vacations for the young and beginning skier...or curling, tobogganing, and ice skating as a change of pace. After the action, a delightful sauna relaxes the limbs.

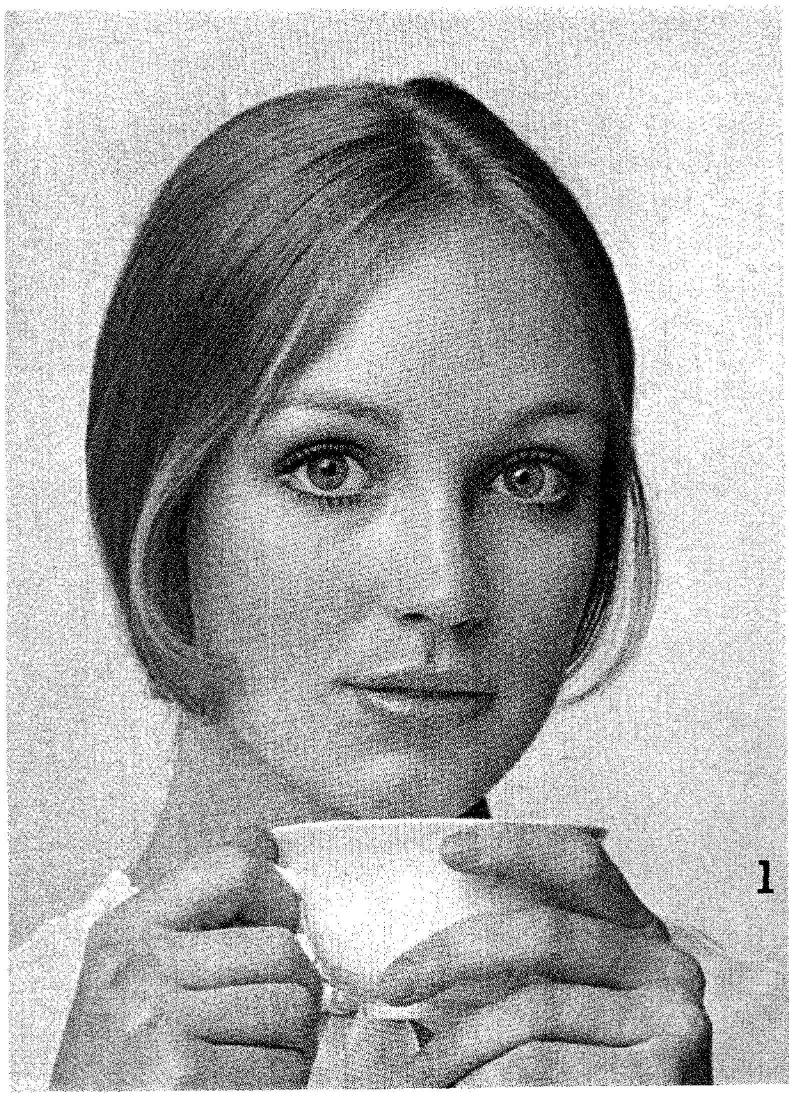
When thirsty, try one of the several lounges, with or without live music and then a gourmet dinner at the Inn or an informal meal at the new Beef & Bottle steak and chop pub...but wherever—you'll discover fine food well served.

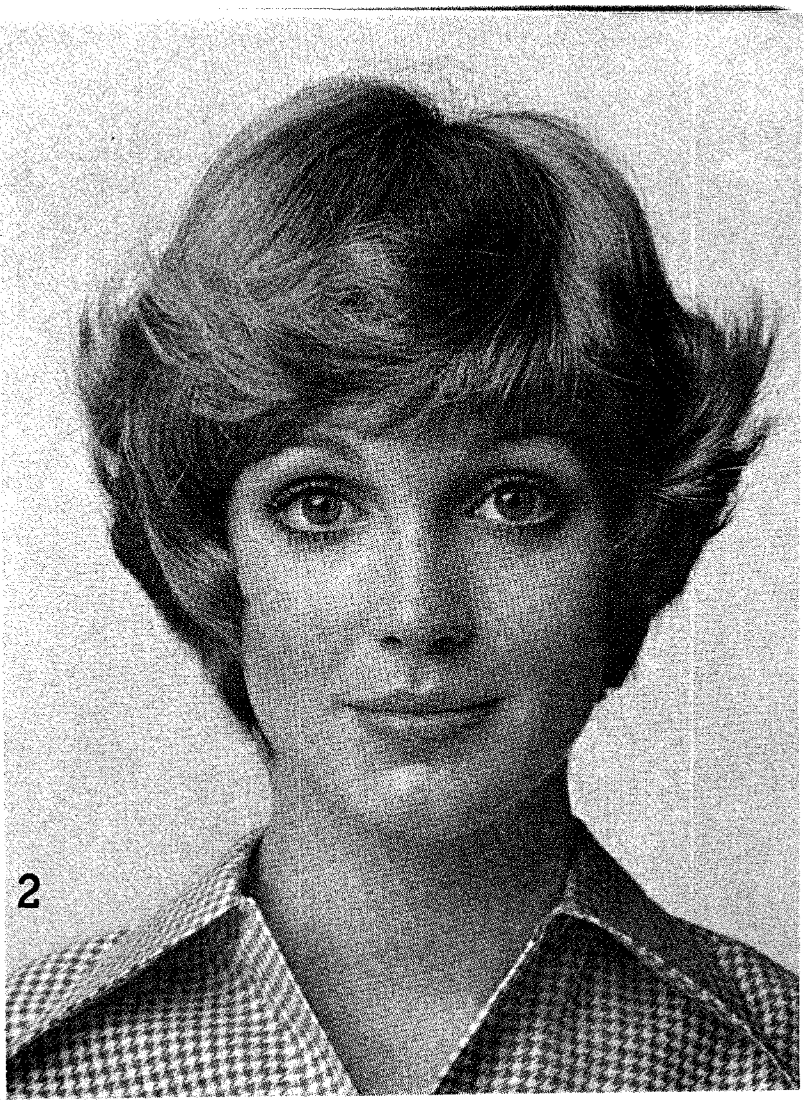
Plan on a Monday to Friday Ski Week Special, with no crowds and individual attention on the slopes. Bring the family—they'll have a ball. Write for brochure or call: (802) 496-3301. In New York, call LE 2-7700.

THE SUGARBUSH INN
Box B
Warren, Vermont



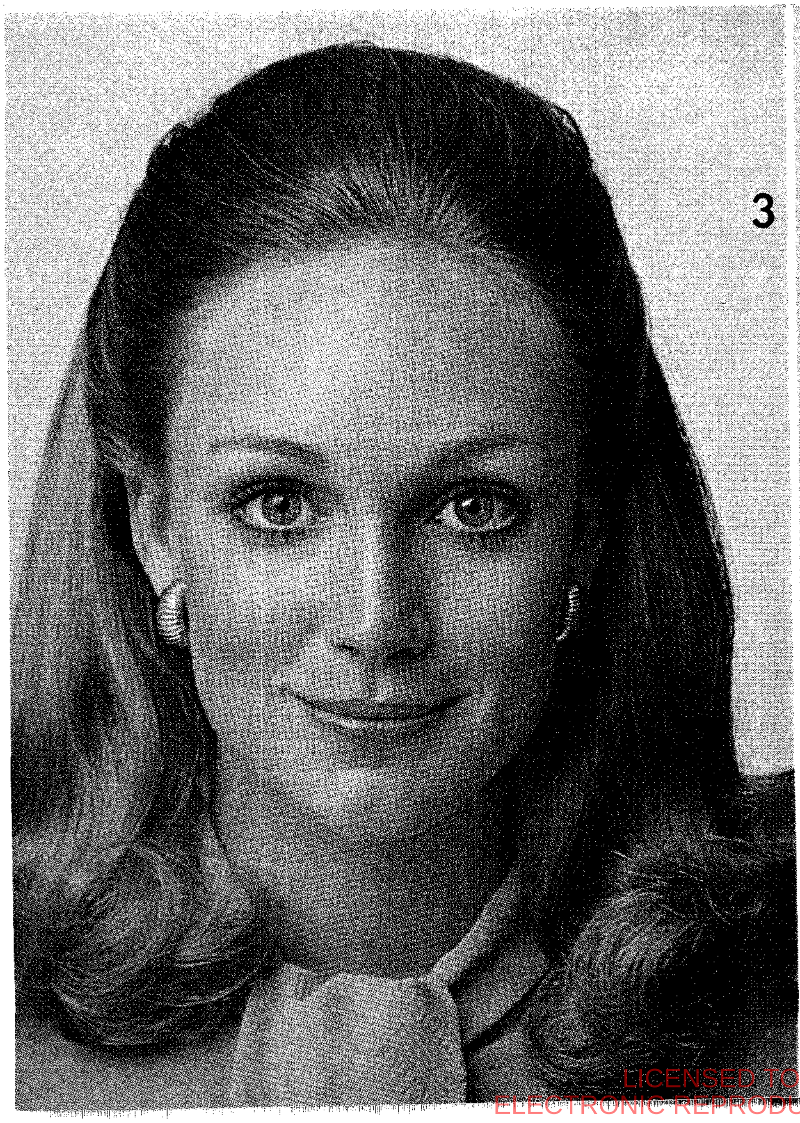
Our Opulent Never-Before: Silkenique® This shimmering glide of splendor is a fabric you've never seen before—our new and exclusive Silkenique of Qiana.® It looks and feels like silk. Infinitely luxurious. Yet it's washable, crushless, unfading, no trouble at all. From our first Silkenique collection: an Empire party pajama in Candleglow, Navy, or Heaven Blue. 32 to 36. Incredibly, it's only about $30. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. VANITY FAIR


1

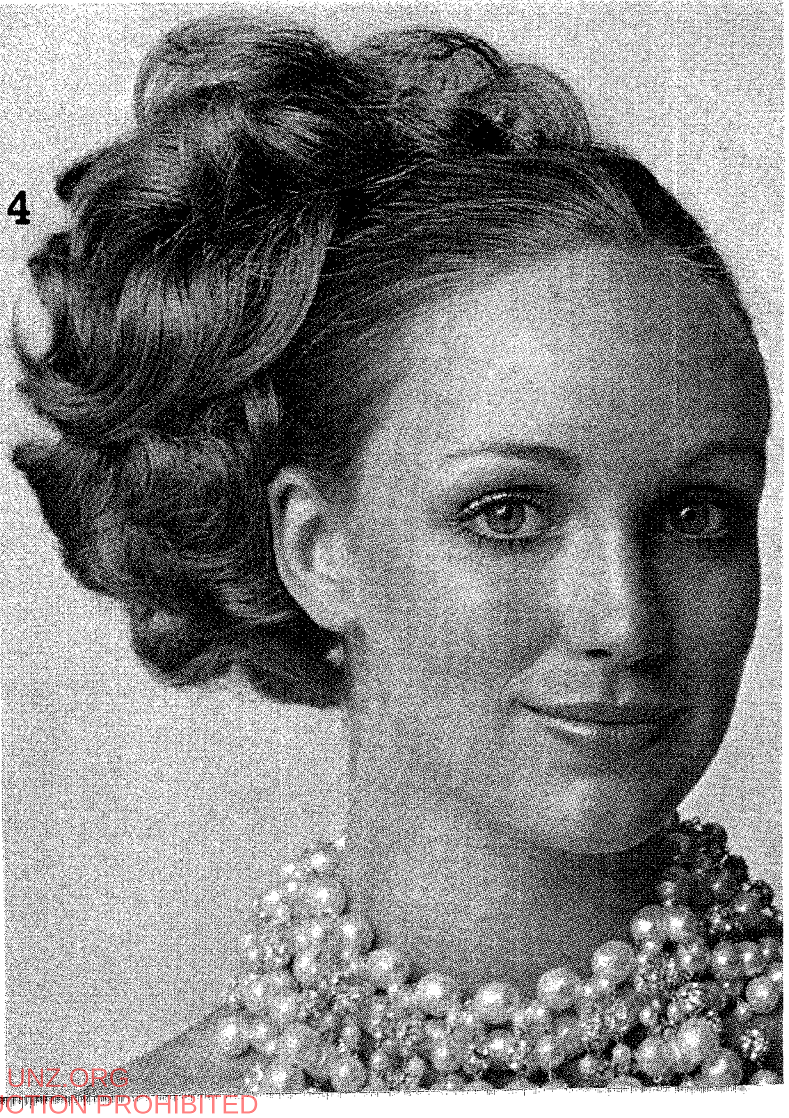

2

These are four pictures of Judy. (1) With her own hair. (2) With our stretch wig. (3) With our fall. (4) With our wiglette.
You can look 1, 2, 3, 4 different ways, too.

3



4



Helene Curtis just made a wig that will make your hair jealous.

We really wish you had one of our Nature Blend wigs in your hands right now.

Because then you'd believe us when we tell you that Nature Blend wigs are not only better than most wigs. They actually behave better than your own hair.

One of the reasons Nature Blend wigs look better is that they can mix and match with practically anyone's hair perfectly. You see, Nature Blend isn't only one color. (That's what makes other wigs look fake.) Our wig is a blend of many different shades, exactly the way your own hair is.

There's a choice of 24 different shades, including frosteds. You'll be amazed at how closely they match your hair.

This color blending is an art. And our wigs are blended by hand. They're so natural, they don't even look like wigs. Even with our wiglettes and falls, you can't see the difference between your own hair and Nature Blend. You won't be able to feel the difference, either. Really.

There's another reason why you'll look more lovely in our wigs. Nature Blend wigs are more versatile about styling than anyone else's wigs.

You won't be stuck with wearing just one style. You can switch your wig to the latest glamorous look with just a simple flip of the brush.

But we said that Nature Blend actually behaves better than your own hair. And it really does. The secret's in our special Modac 53™ process fibre.

You have to set your own hair. You don't set a Nature Blend wig. The curl stays in. It won't go limp. Or frizzy. Even in damp or rainy weather.

You can throw your wig in a suitcase. Then shake it out, brush it out and wear it. You can wash it yourself and not have to sit around waiting for your hair to dry. Its color will not fade. Even in the sun.

It's a stretch wig, so it fits any head. And it has a ventilated base, so it feels light and cool.

And here's something that's very important. Helene Curtis is probably the biggest name you know that's making wigs. And what's more, you'll get a one-year Helene Curtis Replacement Guarantee with every wig.

There's one thing we haven't talked about directly. And that's how truly marvelous you'll look in a Nature Blend wig.

The only way you can find out is to try one on and see for yourself. See how much a wig, wiglette or fall can do for your hair.

Because if you don't, you'll never know what you're missing.

Nature Blend™ by Helene Curtis

Wigs, wiglettes and falls

Available at SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Out of the blue, watch our merino wool polodress go, with its high gilty buttoning, full-fashioned knitting, red-and-white belting. And it's even hand-washable. In navy blue for 6 to 16 sizes, $45. Sport Separates Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

pling of the Western art they inspired; through April 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Lucia Popp, Christa Ludwig, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, and Nicolai Gedda. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Edda Moser, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Jerome Hines, and Walter Berry. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, William Dooley, Sándor Kónya, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Clarice Carson, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Edith Mathis, Lucia Popp, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Jerome Hines, and Walter Berry. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 3: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, William Dooley, Robert Nagy, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 4: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 5: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Ion Buzea, Giangiacomo Guelfi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 6: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Lucia Popp, Christa Ludwig, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 7: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Nedda Casei, Franco Corelli, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 7: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Nicolai Gedda, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

A View of the Opera—A benefit performance consisting of "Pagliacci" (in English), plus excerpts from "Rigoletto," "La Bohème," and "The Crucible," sung by members of the New York City Opera. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Friday, Jan. 30, at 1:15.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—The first New York performances of Hans Werner Henze's "The Miracle Theatre" (in English), plus Offenbach's "Monsieur Choufleuri." Paul Berl is the music director and Fabrizio Melano the stage director. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 3; and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 737-0700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 30, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Monday, Feb. 2, at 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 6, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 9, at 7:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting, with Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Arnold Voketaitis, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Claudio Abbado conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, and Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30, both with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; no soloists.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting, with Ruth Glasser, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony—Yehudi Menuhin conducting, with Hephzibah Menuhin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3, and Monday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducting a performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto" in concert form. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

RECITALS

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Anton Kuerti—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Janos Starker and Zuzana Ruzickova—Mr. Starker, viola da gamba and cello, and Miss Ruzickova, harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Christoph Eschenbach—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in a lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Henry Schuman—Oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Beverly Sills—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra and acting as flute soloist, with Julius Baker, also flute. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Sviatoslav Richter and David Oistrakh—Piano and violin, in two sonata recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, and Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Blanca Uribe—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Richard Goode, piano; Paula Robison, flute; John Barrow, horn; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Paul Zukofsky and Gilbert Kalish—Violin and piano, in the first in a series of three recitals presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:40.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Isaac Stern and Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 9.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of recitals, this one with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:40.)

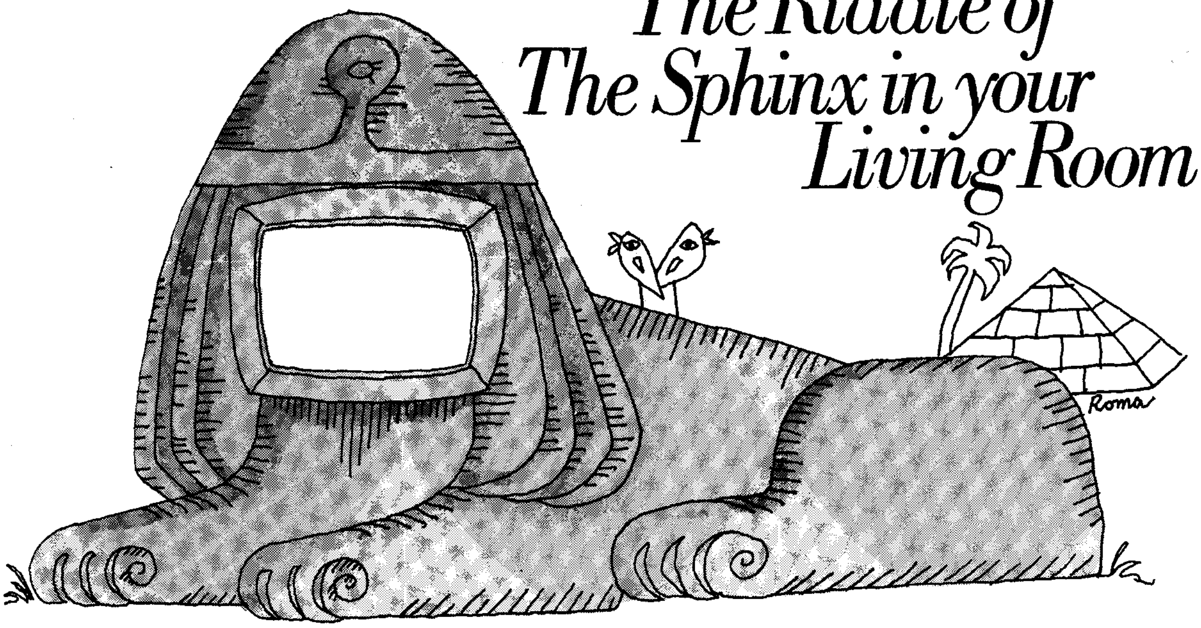
Tom Krause—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Drolc Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—The New York Chamber Soloists will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 2, in the order that written applications are received on that day

The Riddle of The Sphinx in your Living Room



I sit quietly until you are ready for me, but when you need me most, I am prepared.
I soothe your weariness. I exercise your emotions when you languish.
I keep you aware of people, and the people behind the people, so that you can make up your own mind.
Within me are all possibilities.
I am your jester, your advisor and your catalogue.
Like Puck, I race world-round to bring you news.
I am many answers to the question, "What's happening?"
I am a corner of your life.
If I were kept silent, you could be in the dark.
Who am I? An oracle? A chameleon? A kaleidoscope?

In February 1970, these are some of the things I am:

Discovery. Anacostia Neighborhood Museum; The Changing Face of the Desert; Nature's Strangest Monuments; School for Snowfighters. Sundays, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. Easter Island: The Puzzle of the Pacific; The Meal; Flatboatman; El Greco. Sundays, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22 (1-1:30 pm).

Tell It Like It Is. Folk musical with Kurt Kaiser Singers and Gilbert Price. Sunday, Feb. 1 (4-5 pm).

The Last of the Westerners. A look at frontier life through the eyes of the people who lived it. Wednesday, Feb. 4 (8:30-9 pm).

A Storm in Summer. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Rod Serling drama of relationship between a shopkeeper and a Harlem boy. Starring Peter Ustinov, Marlyn Mason, N'Gai Dixon. Friday, Feb. 6 (8:30-10 pm).

LBJ: The Decision to Halt the Bombing. Second of series exploring Lyndon Johnson's career. Friday, Feb. 6 (10-11 pm).

Return of the Sea Elephants. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau examines unique lifestyle of shy sea mammals. Sunday, Feb. 8 (7-8 pm).

Wild River. National Geographic Society explores Salmon River in Idaho. Tuesday, Feb. 10 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Day Before Sunday. CBS Playhouse—Uta Hagen, Martin Balsam, Farley Granger, Cloris Leachman in drama about emotional awakening of a 40-plus bachelor girl. Tuesday, Feb. 10 (9:30-11 pm).

Survival on the Prairie. The rolling, open plains in Middle America are explored. Hugh Downs, host. Friday, Feb. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Dream on Monkey Mountain. NBC Experiment in Television—Old man in Trinidad fantasizes about becoming an African chief. Sunday, Feb. 15 (5-6 pm).

He's Your Dog, Charlie Brown. Spotlighting Snoopy with the "Peanuts" kids. Sunday, Feb. 15 (7:30-8 pm).

The Man Hunters. G-E Monogram Series—Search for clues to prehistoric man and implications his emergence may have for mankind's future. Tuesday, Feb. 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Journey of Robert F. Kennedy. A biographical study of the late Senator, written by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and narrated by John Huston. Tuesday, Feb. 17 (8:30-10 pm).

Annie, The Women in the Life of a Man. Anne Bancroft acts and sings with guest stars Lee J. Cobb, Robert Merrill, Arthur Murray, Dick Smothers, David Susskind. Wednesday, Feb. 18 (9-10 pm).

Born Free. Film based on bestseller about lion cub raised in human environment. Starring Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers. Sunday, Feb. 22 (7-9 pm).

The Boston Spy Party. American Rainbow—Fact-based story of actors who spied to help George Washington. Saturday, Feb. 28 (12 Noon-1 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester / The Today Show / Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month) / CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour / Jambo / ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up And Live / Camera Three / Bullwinkle / Discovery / Frontiers of Faith / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / Directions / Issues and Answers / G-E College Bowl / Wild Kingdom / The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

©1970 W.R. GRACE & CO.

Breeze into
spring in our bright
little awning. Belted
super short dirndl
skirt with front pleat.
White with brown or
navy. $15. The topper is
terry. Cotton stretch
polo in red, navy, white
or gold. $12.

John meyer
speaks your language

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Winter Festival for Peace—Harry Belafonte; Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Dave Brubeck (with McHenry Boatwright); Judy Collins; Richie Havens; the cast of "Hair;" Jimi Hendrix and His Band of Gypsies; Mother Earth; Peter, Paul & Mary; and the Rascals. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Mountain and Jack Bruce & Friends—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, at 8 and 11:30.

Gershon Kingsley's First Moog Quartet—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.

Artie Simmons and the Jazz Samaritans—Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.

Delaney, Bonnie & Friends, with Eric Clapton; and Seals & Crofts—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, at 8 and 11:30.

Junior Mance Trio—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Jan. 29, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 1, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Saturday, March 7.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 30, at 7: Millrose Athletic Association. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 7:15: Knights of Columbus.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Donald Hall reading from his new book of poems, "The Alligator Bride." (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.). . . ¶ James Baldwin and LeRoi Jones reading from their own works. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Lectures—"Cities and the Future," by Jane Jacobs. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.). . . ¶ James Johnson Sweeney presenting the fifth in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 3. Admission is free.)

Winter Antiques Show—The highlight of this year's show (a benefit, as always) is an exhibit of nineteenth-century American furniture, paintings, and objets d'art, on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 28-31, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 1, from 1 to 6.)

National Boat Show—A flotilla of five hundred new craft, along with myriad displays of engines and anchors and splicings and luffings and huffings and puffings and God knows what all. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 28-30, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 31, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Feb. 1, from 1 to 7.)

Empire International Championship Cat Show—Where the chefs d'œuvre are given their due. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 1, from noon to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 30, at 2: Art Nouveau, including Tiffany glass lamps and French furniture; the property of James Coats and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 10:15: American Indian and Eskimo art, belonging to J.C. Leff and other collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: Eighteenth-century American furniture and decorations, from the estate of Dorothy A. Quigley. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 2: Modern French and other paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Matisse, Rodin, and others; from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 30.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Six programs in a series of films directed by Robert Bresson, all in French: Jan. 29 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945); Jan. 30 at 2 and 5:30, "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950); Jan. 31 at 3 and 5:30, "Les Anges du Péché" (1943), no English titles; Feb. 1 at 2 and 5:30, "A Man Escaped" (1956); Feb. 2 at 2 and 5:30, "Pickpocket" (1959); Feb. 5 at 2 and 5:30, "Trial of Joan of Arc" (1961). . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "M" (1931), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 11:30 and Feb. 3 at 2: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5:30: A selection of short films made by Genesis. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Made for Each Other" (1938), with Carole Lombard and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 8: "Sunday at Six O'Clock" (1966), in Rumanian, directed by Lucian Pintilie. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the eight-o'clock showings will *not* be accepted before five-thirty.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle—Jan. 28: "The Virginian" (1929), with Gary Cooper and Walter Huston. . . . ¶ Jan. 29: "To Hell and Back" (1955), with Audie Murphy. . . . ¶ Jan. 30: "The War Wagon" (1967), with John Wayne and Kirk Douglas. . . . ¶ Jan. 31: "This Gun for Hire" (1942), with Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd. . . . ¶ Feb. 1: "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ Feb. 4: "Bend of the River" (1952), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy. . . . ¶ Feb. 5: "Five Graves to Cairo" (1943), with Franchot Tone and Akim Tamiroff. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

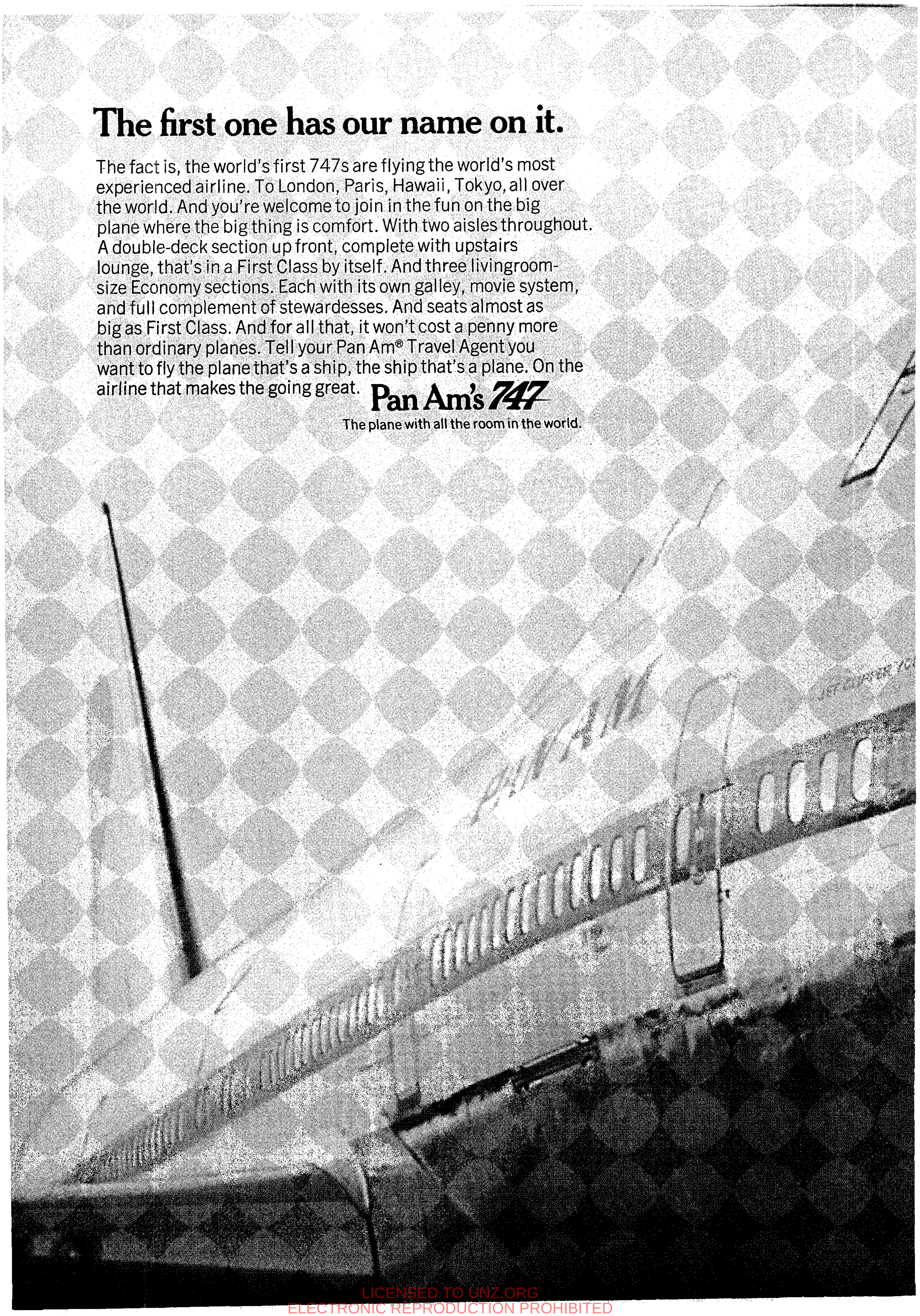
VERMOUTH
M&R
SWEET
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH
VERMOUTH
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH SECCO
S.A. MARTINI & ROSSI TORINO
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD.

MEET THE VERMOUTH THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH TO DRINK STRAIGHT.

Martini & Rossi tastes great straight. Sweet or Extra Dry or half-and-half on the rocks. Try it.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

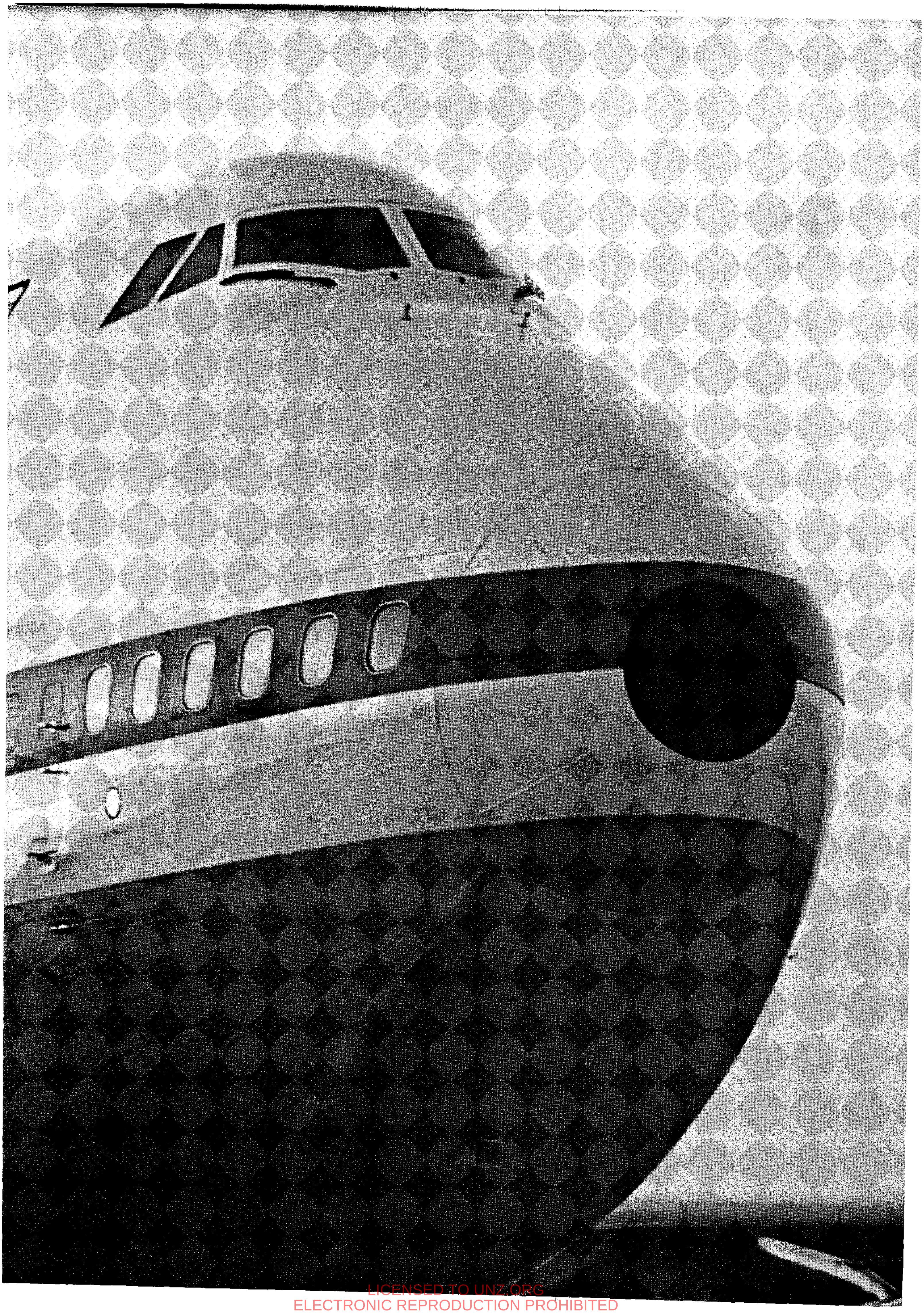
Outside the U.S. and Canada it's called MARTINI Vermouth.

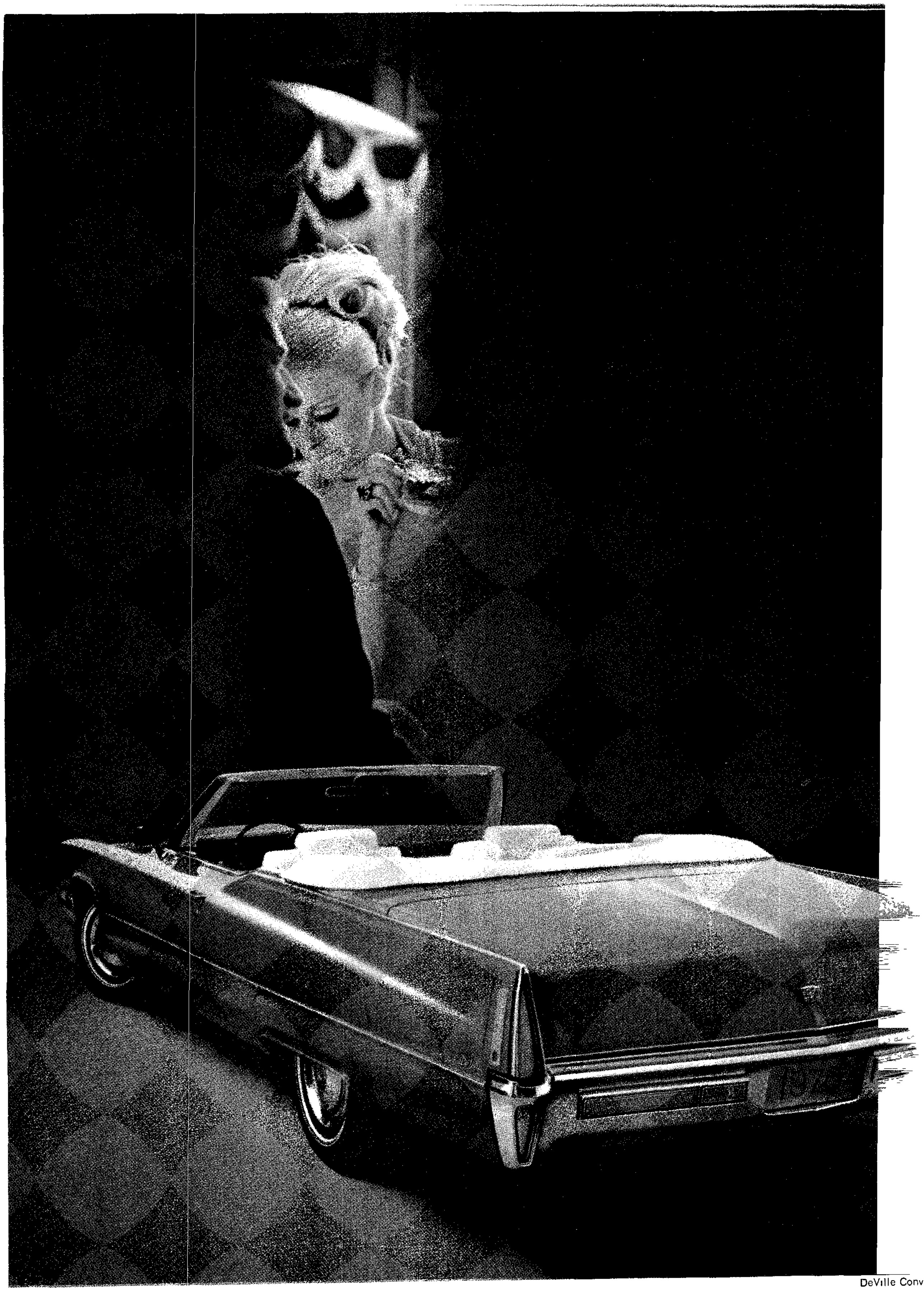


The first one has our name on it.

The fact is, the world's first 747s are flying the world's most experienced airline. To London, Paris, Hawaii, Tokyo, all over the world. And you're welcome to join in the fun on the big plane where the big thing is comfort. With two aisles throughout. A double-deck section up front, complete with upstairs lounge, that's in a First Class by itself. And three livingroom-size Economy sections. Each with its own galley, movie system, and full complement of stewardesses. And seats almost as big as First Class. And for all that, it won't cost a penny more than ordinary planes. Tell your Pan Am® Travel Agent you want to fly the plane that's a ship, the ship that's a plane. On the airline that makes the going great. **Pan Am's 747**

The plane with all the room in the world.





DeVille Conve

You can change your mind eleven times and still be right. *Agai is the only luxury car to offer you the luxury of choice. And what a magnificent choice—eleven Cadillacs in t the only luxury convertible built in America, and Eldorado, the world's finest personal car. Each one is fashioned in the distinctive Cadillac tradition. Each can be personalized with Cadillac's stunning array of colors, conveniences and appointments. Which new Cadillac is for you? Any one of the eleven models. Each expresses the spirit of the seventies with rare taste, style and distinction.*

Cadillac '70
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5		

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a chic, nasty, melodrama in an academic setting. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 3.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as Henry VIII and Genevieve Bujold as Anne Boleyn, in a well-acted but peculiarly unconvincing account of their thousand-day marriage. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 29-Feb. 4.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Cactus Flower—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Feb. 3.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Feb. 5.)

Coming Apart—Rip Torn is a psychiatrist whose crack-up involves a series of sexual encounters, a few amusing but most of them intended to be "joyless"—and the movie certainly succeeds in making them so. With Sally Kirkland. Written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 3.)

The Fountainhead (1949)—So outrageously, preposterously, extravagantly awful that it's a classic among bad movies. With Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 28.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary début film of Barbra Streisand, and one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in recent years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through Feb. 3. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—Peter O'Toole plays the schoolmaster whose life is transformed by the Cinderella touch of Petula Clark. This version of the James Hilton story has Muzak by Leslie Bricusse. That it survives is a triumph for O'Toole and Herbert Ross, making his début as a director. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 29-Feb. 4.)

Hello, Dolly!—The incredible Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

If . . . (1969)—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 30-Feb. 5.)

John and Mary—It's meant to be magical modern romance. There's no magic, but it *is* clever—in a skimpy sort of way. Dustin Hoffman picks up Mia Farrow at a singles bar, and everybody expects them to make box-office music. Peter Yates directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 1.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 4.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—The remnants of the Jean Giraudoux play can still be perceived in Edward Anhalt's vile modernization, and a lot of famous actors can be recognized even in the performances they give here. Bryan Forbes directed the cast, which includes Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Leighton, Edith Evans, Giulietta Masina, Charles Boyer, Yul Brynner, Donald Pleasence, Danny Kaye. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 4.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—Claude Berri's minor, gentle-natured film about a French boy being nudged into marriage. It has the wry and alert virtues of the best anecdotal Czech movies. In French. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Feb. 1.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Feb. 5.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; starting Feb. 4.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' last film. The real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 29.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—A socially significant anti-war musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Redgraves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; through Feb. 3.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency. With some great Surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 28.)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service—A good new cliff-hanger, and a worthy addition to the James Bond series. Less sex and sadism in this one, and more action, with a great ski chase. With George Lazenby (dull) and Diana Rigg (sly and charming). Directed by Peter Hunt, who stages action sequences terrifyingly well. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Edouard Dermithe. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 29-Feb. 4.)

Paint Your Wagon—The kind of corny, butch Americana that is said to be healthy—maybe because it's so insensitive. Joshua Logan directed this Lerner-Loewe musical, which, improbable as it sounds, features Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood as a *ménage à trois* in the California Gold Rush. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Feb. 2. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; starting Feb. 4, at 7:30. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Putney Swope—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 3.)

The Reivers—Tall tales and affectionate Southern Americana out of Faulkner. With Steve McQueen and Rupert Crosse. Too "beguiling" at times, but awfully pleasant. (Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; Jan. 28.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani are Italo Bombolini and his wife Rosa; he's a buffoon and she's a virago. If you want to know more, you deserve everything you get. Remember, Stanley Kramer directed. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ 72nd St.

Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 4.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 29-Feb. 4.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal). Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 30-Feb. 5.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—A good script (by Alvin Sargent) gives Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton the kind of witty, lyrical roles that actors sell their souls for. A nice little movie, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Jan. 31.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Jan. 29.)

La Strada (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 28.)

The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 28.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—Writer-director Abraham Polonsky sets out to demonstrate that we are a nation with corrupted instincts. With Robert Blake as the Indian, Willie, being chased by sheriff Robert Redford, and everyone coming to a bad end. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about Hollywood in the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Directed by G. W. Pabst, and a bit phlegmatic. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 29.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 1.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Feb. 5.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a light-hearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Jan. 29.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 3: **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.**
From Feb. 4: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"What's Good for the Goose," Norman Wisdom.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 3: **PUTNEY SWOPE**; and **ACCIDENT.**
From Feb. 4: "I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish; and "Anyone Can Play" (1968), Virna Lisi, Ursula Andress.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 3: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**
From Feb. 4: **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 1: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French); and "The April Fools" (1969), Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.
From Feb. 2: "A Married Couple," an Allan King film.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Jan. 28: **THE REIVERS.**
From Jan. 29: "Prologue," John Robb.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Feb. 3: "Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots," James Coburn, Lynn Redgrave.
From Feb. 4: "Start the Revolution Without Me," Gene Wilder, Donald Sutherland.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
THE REIVERS.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Female Animal," Arlene Tiger.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"What's Good for the Goose," Norman Wisdom.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Milky Way" (in French), a Luis Buñuel film.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Jan. 31: **THE STERILE CUCKOO.**
From Feb. 1: "The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 4: **THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.**
From Feb. 5: "Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 5 (tentative): "The Activist," Michael Smith.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 3: **CACTUS FLOWER.**
From Feb. 4: "The Looking Glass War," Christopher Jones, Ralph Richardson.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Feb. 4: "Without a Stitch" (in Danish).
From Feb. 5: "The Virgin Soldiers," Lynn Redgrave.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Feb. 3: "Will the Real Norman Mailer Please Stand Up?," a documentary film; and "Float Like a Butterfly, Sting Like a Bee," a documentary on Cassius Clay.
From Feb. 4: "Cat and Mouse" (in German).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 3: **THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.**
From Feb. 4: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 3: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**
From Feb. 4: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 1: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French); and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).
From Feb. 2: "Fando and Lis" (in Spanish).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 3: **COMING APART.**
From Feb. 4: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 28: **LA STRADA** (in Italian); and **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish).
Jan. 29-Feb. 4: **GRAND ILLUSION** and **ORPHEUS** (both in French).
From Feb. 5: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French); and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 3: "The Arrangement," Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway.
From Feb. 4: "The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Feb. 3: **FUNNY GIRL.**
From Feb. 4, at 7:30: **PATTON.** (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 677-5790.)

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Feb. 2: **PAINT YOUR WAGON.**
Feb. 3: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 4: "The Looking Glass War," Christopher Jones, Ralph Richardson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 29: **STOLEN KISSES** (in French); and **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From Jan. 30: **THE LION IN WINTER.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Viva Max!," Peter Ustinov, Pamela Tiffin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Marooned," Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Other Voices," a documentary film.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 4: "Hamlet," Nicol Williamson.
From Feb. 5: "The Virgin Soldiers," Lynn Redgrave.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"A Time in the Sun" (in Swedish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
IF . . .; and **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 3: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.**
From Feb. 4: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 28: **THE STRANGER**; and **THE FOUNTAINHEAD.**
Jan. 29-Feb. 4: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian); and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French).
From Feb. 5: **THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS**; and **WONDER BAR.**

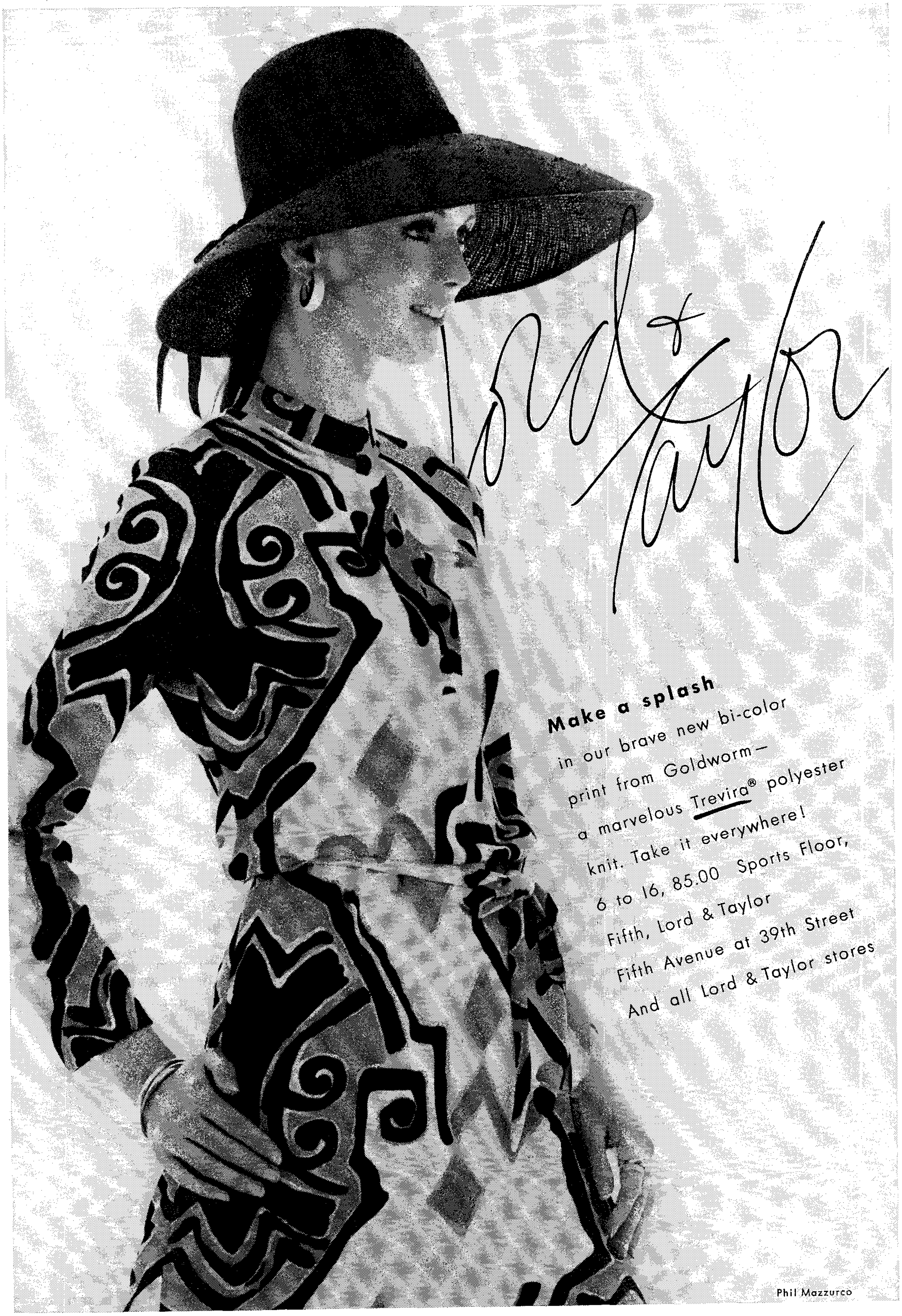
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 3: **THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.**
From Feb. 4: **THE LION IN WINTER.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 29: **LOLA MONTÈS** (in French); and **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German).
Jan. 30-Feb. 5: **THE IMMORTAL STORY**; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 3: **COMING APART.**
From Feb. 4: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

Signed originals by Waterford®
Pesin/Degas

Every piece of Waterford crystal is a signed work of art, created by hand, with heart. For example: Kinsale, $8.50; Rosslare, $8.50. Write for brochure to Waterford, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.



Make a splash
in our brave new bi-color
print from Goldworm—
a marvelous Trevira® polyester
knit. Take it everywhere!
6 to 16, 85.00 Sports Floor,
Fifth, Lord & Taylor
Fifth Avenue at 39th Street
And all Lord & Taylor stores

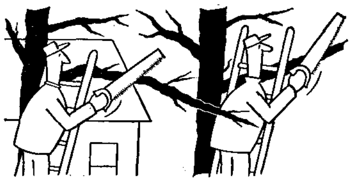
Phil Mazzurco

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVERY few seasons, a pickup truck marked in bold letters "Tree Preservation Service" pulls into a suburban street we know about and deposits three or four outdoorsy men with ladders and saws who spend an invigorating hour or so lopping off tree branches that grow out over the road. A couple of times, we watched this operation with indulgence, only dimly wondering how it preserved the trees to thwart their reach for light and air. Then, recently, we learned we had been anaesthetized by a title. The Tree Preservation Service is in the service of Con Edison, and its concern is less for preserving the trees than for preserving the overhead wires into whose air space the branches sometimes intrude. All this is by way of explaining a suspicion we formed, even before we knew its contents, of a bill that Congress has been mulling over for two years and that now has the support of the Commerce Department. The bill is called the Newspaper Preservation Act. The proposed act would allow supposedly competing newspapers to violate the anti-trust laws by pooling their profits and fixing prices. Its ostensible purpose is to shore up shaky papers, but it is most probably not a newspaper-preservation bill so much as a publisher-preservation bill. Any newspaper that has to be preserved this way might as well be preserved in formaldehyde. We are pained by the death of every newspaper, but an ad-hoc group that we are proud to be a permanent member of and that we like to think of as the Liberty Preservation Society believes the public is better served by a dead paper than by one mortally sick and given a semblance of health through the connivance of the competition that its voice should continually challenge and of the government about which it is duty-bound to speak the truth.



The Undergraduate

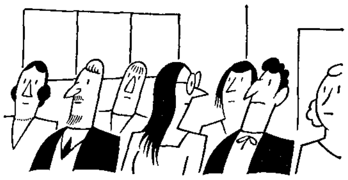
STROLLING west on Twelfth Street the other morning, we were hailed in front of the New School for Social Research by a sprightly lady wearing a purple pants suit under a tall black fur hat and a maxicoat. "Hi!" she said. "I'm running away from a mystic I met in a coffee shop. Can you tell? What do you think of this hat? It's fake Russian sable. Remember me?" We did. It was Janet, with whom, about a year ago, we had accidentally attended a symposium for mature women interested in reëntering the business world.

"I'm here to register for the spring semester," Janet told us. "I need help." She led the way inside, picked up a course catalogue and some folders from a table in the lobby, and proceeded into a streamlined lounge, where she doffed her coat and hat, sat down, and put on a pair of glasses with a crack running across the left lens. "Maybe you can help me decide what I should take," she said. We sat down beside her, having forgotten where we were going anyway.

There were two other people in the lounge—a white-haired woman reading a book called "The Death Committee," and a girl with long red hair who was emptying the contents of an embroidered Greek bag onto a white Formica table.

"Last semester, I signed up for four courses," Janet was saying as we looked around, "but I ended up taking only one. . . . What's its name? Oh, yes—History of Black Resistance. There are a lot of people resisting each other in the class—black and white and Jewish confrontation all the time. The course is with Julius Lester; he's a marvellous teacher. I'm the oldest one in the class and I know the least. I lost all my notes in Bloomingdale's. I was taking back some bedspreads."

Janet paused to examine one of the folders she had picked up in the lobby. "This one says 'The Young Adult Center,' " she said. "Actually, I think of myself as an old child." She crumpled the folder up and looked at another one. " 'Theodore Bikel,' " she said. "Maybe I should take Folk Songs of the City. I really want to take the same course over again—the last three or four times I wasn't listening, because I was busy analyzing the other people in the class. I'm very interested in people." She looked around the room for a moment before turning her attention to the catalogue.

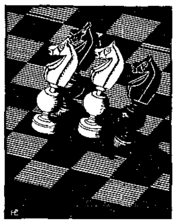


"This one sounds marvellous," she said. "Look at that"—she pointed to an item in the catalogue—" 'The Film as a Social and Personal Document.' I haven't seen any of these movies they mention."

Janet took her glasses off and closed the catalogue. "The reason I didn't go to those other courses I signed up for was, for one thing, City Planning was at six o'clock, which is when I'm feeding the kids, so that was no good," she said, and added, "I did go twice. I was late both times. All you hear is how they can't *do* anything. But they could certainly plan to kill the rats in the ghetto, it seems to me. Then, there was one with Max Lerner, but I was always marching on Washington when that one came up. And Fight Against Poverty. Actually, the only reason I didn't take that one is I forgot I had enrolled for it. They called me up at eight-thirty one night and said, 'Aren't you the ticket-taker for Fight Against Poverty?' "

We looked confused.

"I signed up to be a ticket-taker in all four courses," Janet explained. "That means you get there fifteen minutes ahead of time, you pick up the professor's mail from the office and hand it to him, then you're supposed to take tickets from the students. They wave them at you as they come into the classroom. I found out they only have to *show* the tickets—I was trying to *take* them. I was tipped off by my rich cousin that if you're broke and want to study and can't afford it if your two kids are going to the most expensive school in New York—of course, my kids are on a part scholarship, and the rest I owe the school—you can be a ticket-taker. On a sixty-dollar course, they allow you forty dollars and you pay twenty. A thirty-dollar course you get for nothing."



Janet put her glasses back on and opened the catalogue again. "On the other hand," she said, looking up, "I don't know how to get down here from West Eighty-sixth Street except by taxi, and that costs me more than I save being a ticket-taker."

The red-haired girl pulled a brush out of her Greek bag and began to brush her hair.

"Anyway, they called me about Fight Against Poverty and I happened to be in bed," Janet continued, picking up one thread of her discourse. "I've never been in bed at eight o'clock in my life—just that night." She looked disgusted for a moment, and then continued, "This History of Black Resistance is a remarkable course. I really learned an awful lot. But I can't remember any of it. I can't even remember the room number. We were assigned to do a paper. Everybody was writing about Frederick Douglass or the Civil War or Booker T. Washington—something intellectual. But I wanted to write about my own personal life, my own experiences on trains and things."

We nodded.

Once again, Janet started to study the catalogue. "Oh, I'm going to take this one!" she said. "The Challenges of the Seventies, with David Schoenbrun. Only four sessions. That's perfect for me. There's no sex in it, though—all politics. Maybe there's a discussion period, where you can talk about whatever you like. Here's one called Sex and Art: Self-Obliteration. Gee, I don't think that would be something to aim at. I heard it's supposed to be self-fulfillment. Sex, that is—I don't know about art."

We looked noncommittal.

"Oh, I see!" Janet said. "It's taught by a Japanese person. Their approach is completely different. Now, here's something called Open Evening." Her voice rose and fell with excitement and doubt as she pored over the listings. "How about Male Dilemma and Female Quandary?"

We assumed a puzzled expression.

"No, I don't want to know about that," she said. "Even if you knew about it, you couldn't *do* anything about it. I want to do something. They won't *let* me do Casework with the Poor. Labor Relations Luncheons—the luncheon is three-fifty, and they throw in the course. I like the courses that include lunch, but it's very hard to get that sort of thing in the evening. I wouldn't mind taking a language if you could skip the grammar part. Maybe I could just go from eleven-fifteen to eleven-forty-five for the coffee and conversation."

Janet put down the catalogue, took her glasses off, and sighed. "Gee, it's awful at my age to not know what I want to do with the rest of my life. I still think I should take that Julius Lester course over again and this time read the books. I bought all the books for the course, but I never read any of them. You probably get more out of it if you read the books."

We pursed our lips.

Janet continued, "I asked Mr. Lester if I had to take the exam, and he said, 'Are you taking the course for credit?' I said, 'How many do I get?' 'Two,' he said. I asked him, 'How many do you need to graduate from college?' He said, 'A hundred and twenty.' 'Then I'll only need a hundred and eighteen more,' I said. He told me not to bother. One of my problems with this course is that I don't want to get too dressed up, and I'm too old to be a hippie, so I spend hours trying to decide what to wear to class. Last night, I wore bluejeans and a shirt I had painted the house in. Nobody paid any attention. I looked just like all those little rich kids who are trying to look poor. Also, I think I have a crush on the professor. I don't like to sound superficial; it just happens that I am. Once, I brought him an apple. No, I brought him an ashtray—he smokes too much. But another girl brought him an ashtray, too, and I missed a lot of the lecture trying to see whose ashtray he was using. I really should be learning how to cook and sew instead of all this stuff, in case anybody ever wants to marry me again, but—" She stopped to consider the idea. "I *am* looking for a cook," she said. "If he happens to be a man, I'll marry him. Hey, listen to this one!" Janet was back in the catalogue. " 'Religion: "Celebration"—A Media Liturgy,' " she read. " 'With Father Anthony Schillaci, a Dominican Friar and leader in the underground church.' He sounds like something out of 'Robin Hood.' I may know him."

We sat back in our chair and unbuttoned our coat.

The lobby was filling up with people of both sexes and various ages, most of them wearing fur hats and boots, and there was one girl with a long African dress and sandals showing below a fur coat. Janet was scribbling something in a notebook.

"O.K.," she was saying to herself, "I'll sign up for Folk Songs of the City, Human Power and Aggression, and Challenges of the Seventies." She stood up. "Let's go." Brandishing her notebook and the catalogue, she led us out of the lounge, across a courtyard, and into the lobby of the New School's Eleventh Street building, where the registrars were set up for business, with sober expressions and an orderly arrangement of desks and tables, clearly designed for the placid, systematic progress of dedicated students.

"I want to be a ticket-taker for Folk Songs of the City," Janet announced to the girl at the table just inside the entrance.

"You'll have to go to the Ticket-Takers' Office, on the third floor," said the girl.

"Oh, good!" Janet said. "Maybe I can get my money back for City Planning."

Janet led us through the courtyard again, into an elevator, along a corridor, and down a flight of stairs to the third-floor office, where a woman with a deceptively easygoing manner first rejected Janet's request for a refund ("Too late. . . . Yes, it's a shame"), then talked her out of Folk Songs of the City and Human Power and Aggression, and persuaded her to make her selections from a list of numbers indicating courses with openings for ticket-takers.

"We need someone for three-o-two, three-o-three, three-o-four, twelve . . ." the woman said.

"What's three-o-two?" said Janet, peering into her catalogue.

". . . three-o-eight, three-sixteen,

three-eighteen," said the woman. "What's a good night for you?"

"Aren't we doing this backward?" Janet asked. "Oh, well, four and eight are my favorite numbers; let me see what those are. I can't do anything at six o'clock. I have to cook dinner for my children."

"Here's something," the woman said. "Thursday at eight-ten, three-sixteen."

Janet consulted the catalogue. "'Legal Aspects of Housing in New York,'" she read. "No, I couldn't do that. Hmm, three-eighteen, that isn't bad. Three-o-two I could do, that's interesting—Black Citizens in New York."

"Well, you want three-o-two?" the woman asked sternly.

"Gee!" Janet said. "Three-o-seven sounds fascinating. You didn't mention that one, did you?"

"No," the woman said. "I've already got a lot of people for that one."

"But it says here it doesn't start till April," Janet said. "How do all those people know what they'll be doing in April? My birthday's in April," she added. "How about . . . O.K., I'll take twelve and three-o-two. It's so marvellous learning things late in life."

The woman asked for Janet's name, address, and phone number. "Do you have a business number?" she asked.

"No, I don't," Janet said. "I don't even have a business."

"Here you are, then," the woman said, handing Janet two ticket-taker registration cards. "You have two courses there that won't cost you anything."

Back in the lobby of the Eleventh Street building, Janet had second thoughts. "Black Citizens in New York," she said reflectively. "I don't want to take that one. I let her talk me into . . . Look at this three-o-seven," she said, pointing in the catalogue. "'Civil Disorders and Civil Liberties, eight sessions, Mondays, eight-ten to nine-fifty P.M.' That's the perfect course for me—the right time and the right night."

We shrugged slightly and frowned in sympathy.

Janet looked at the cards the woman had given her to fill out. "I should go back there right now and have these changed," she said. "Oh, God, this is the same thing I did last semester! Let's get out of here!"

We followed Janet out onto Twelfth Street, buttoning our coat.

"You know, everybody thinks I went to Vassar and Smith, but I never graduated from *any*where—not even from high school," she said as we headed toward Fifth Avenue. "The last school I went to was the Northampton School for Girls, and they never recovered from it. One day, the headmistress told me, 'Your brain has gone rusty.' I think it was meant as a challenge, but I accepted it as a fact and I never learned another thing."

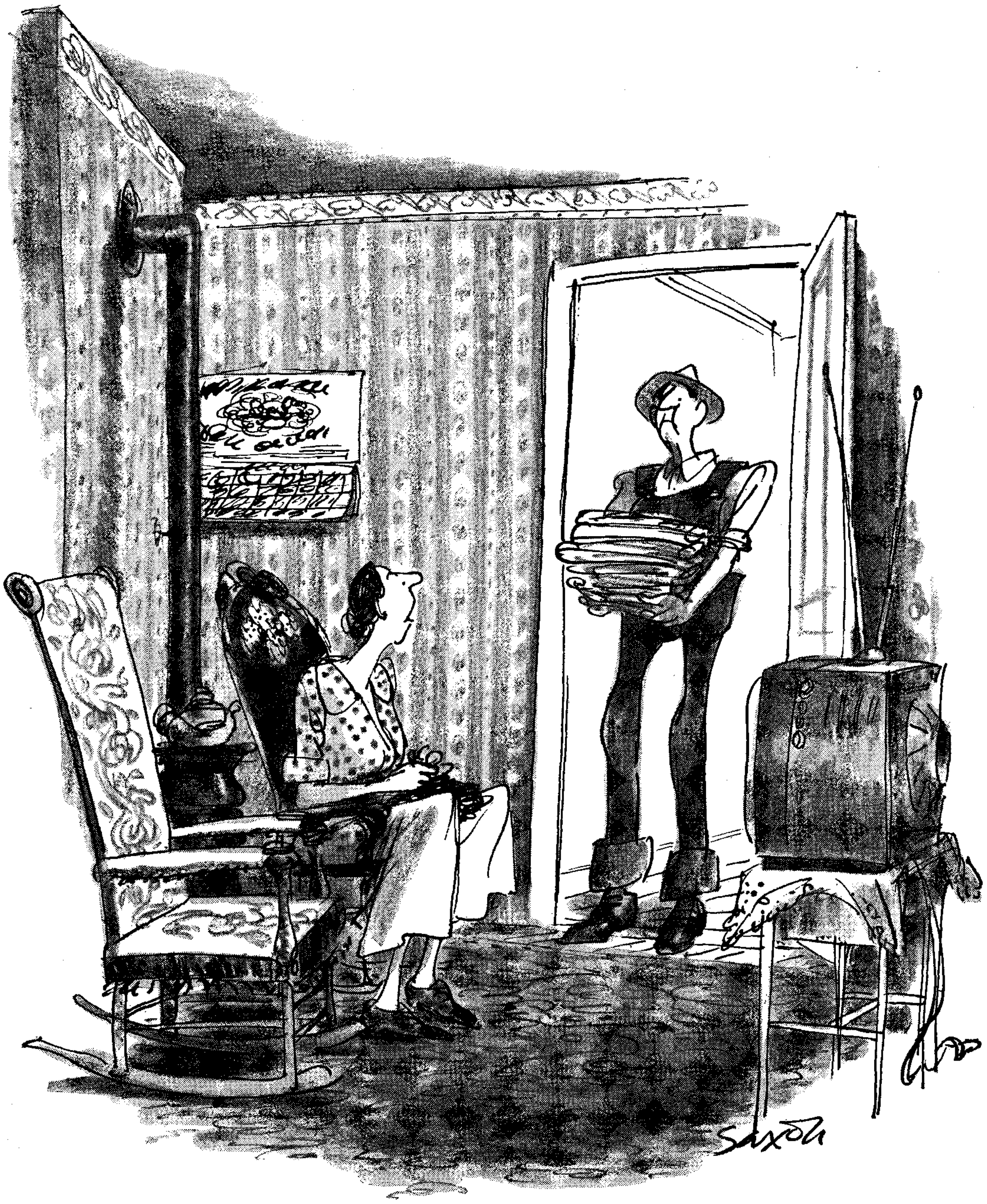
At the corner of Fourteenth Street, we waved goodbye to Janet, who was racing after a cab, and turned toward Sixth Avenue, figuring that sooner or later we would remember where we had been going in the first place.

•

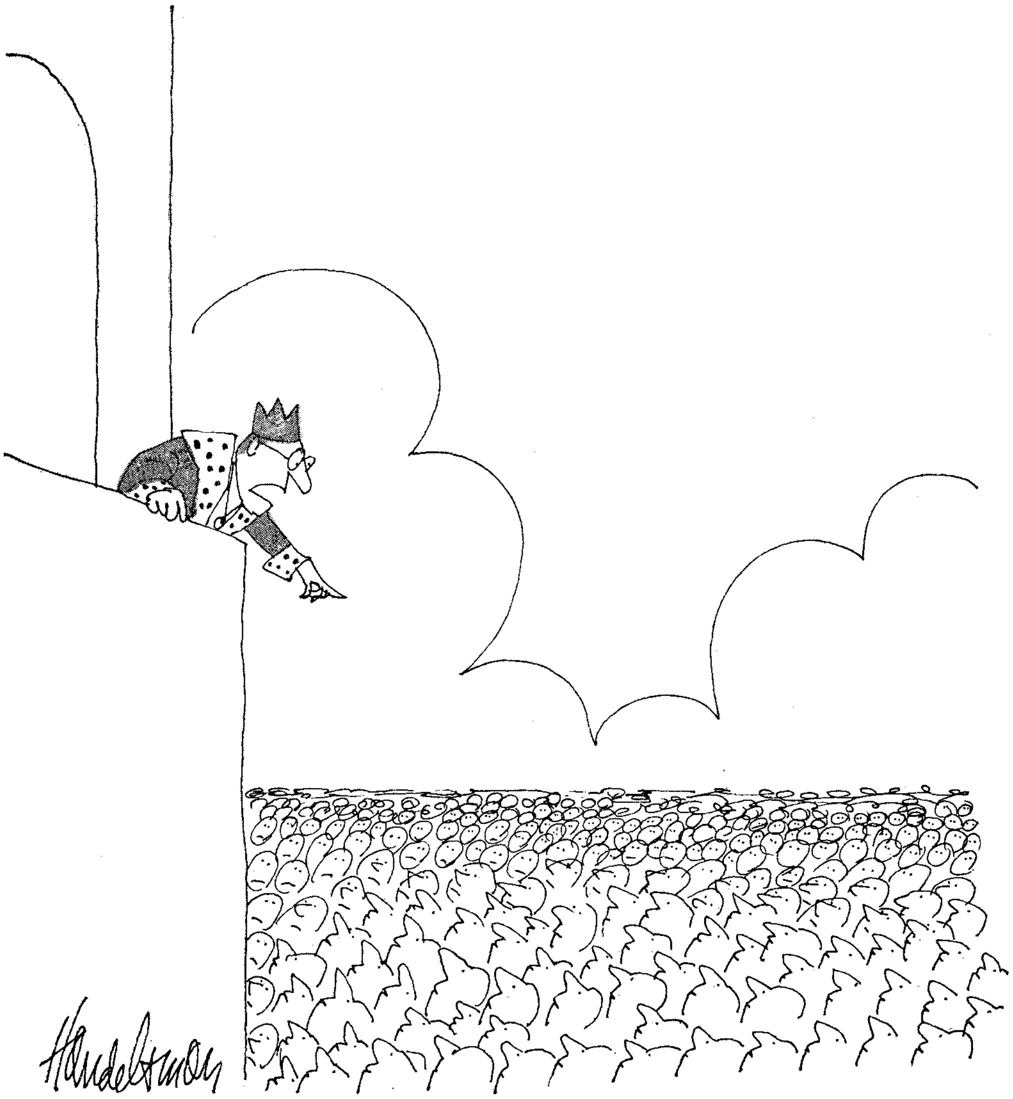
A RICHMOND, Virginia, friend of ours was about to tear off the upper portion of a bill she had received from a local veterinary hospital for services rendered to her elderly, ailing terrier and enclose it with her check when she noticed a line in fine print reading, "Medicare patients send entire bill and request a receipt."

Ocean Pollution

THE ocean is so large that few people, even among conservationists, have worried much about its becoming polluted, except along the



"Walter, do we have a meaningful relationship?"



"By virtue of the power vested in me, I declare this demonstration null and void!"

• •

shore. Nonetheless, oil pollution, for one, is already widespread in mid-ocean, and some scientists have concluded that the size of the ocean makes it more, rather than less, vulnerable to pollution, especially by persistent substances like oil and DDT. Recently, we put in a call to one of these scientists—Dr. Max Blumer, an organic chemist and a Senior Scientist at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. "The amount of tar—the residue of an oil spill—on the surface of the sea already equals the amount of its surface plant life," Dr. Blumer said. "My colleague Dr. Richard Backus, who has supervised several of our ocean-going expeditions, can tell you more about this. Come up and see us." A few days later, we did just that.

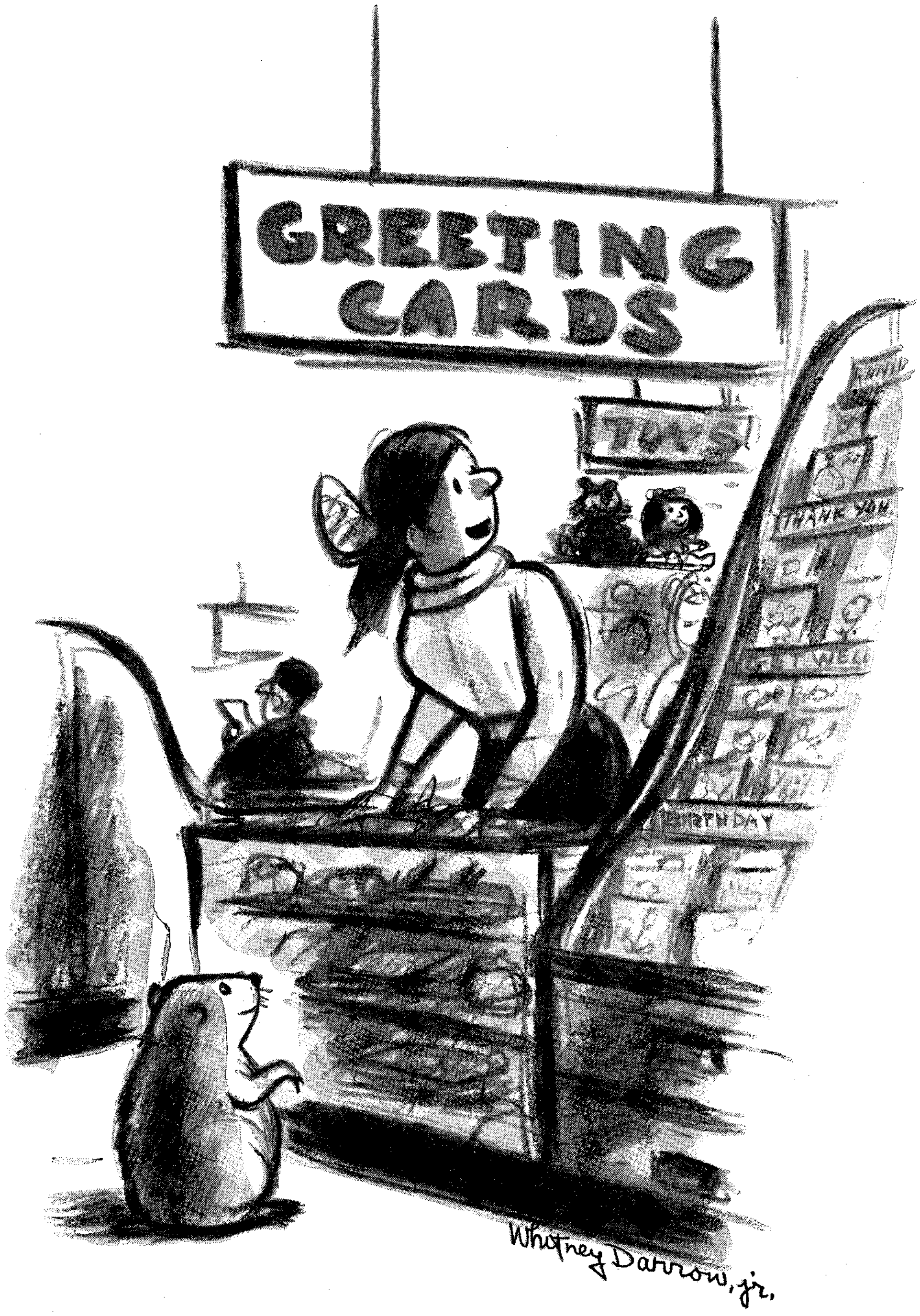
Woods Hole is a very small community, with a grocery store, a drugstore, a large restaurant, several small restaurants, a small boatyard, a small yacht club, a small bookstore (some of these were closed for the season), and three large laboratories—the Oceanographic Institution, which is the largest and newest; the Marine Biological Laboratory; and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service laboratory. There was an unpolluted coat of snow over the town, and between and above various buildings could be seen the masts of large research vessels and small fishing boats. We found Dr. Backus on the ground floor of the Marine Sciences Building, where he studies the habits of fish. Blue-eyed, brown-haired, dolphin-nosed, and weathered by voyages, he snatched a seaman's blue knitted cap off his head, handed a voluminous computer print-out to an associate, and led us into a tiny, book-lined inner office.

"These are beauties," Dr. Backus said, handing us two bottles containing gooey, golf-ball-size black globs floating in a liquid and trailing sticky-looking streamers. "That's what we get. These are comparatively firm. I wish they all were. We picked them up in our neuston nets. Neuston are minute organisms that inhabit the upper few centimetres of the water at night and live as deep as two thousand feet by day. We started towing neuston nets in 1964. Right away, we began noticing the tar fouling the nets. These tar balls are picked up by the nets, but most of the more liquid stuff goes right through them—thank God. We made them to get fish. Unquestionably, a principal source of the oil is ships pumping their bilge or tankers flushing their tanks. The amount varies, but I can't think of anywhere I've been in the Atlantic or the Mediterranean or the Caribbean where we haven't found it. I think the highest concentration we found was off Libya. We estimate that in heavy concentrations there is as much as half a cubic centimetre—a lump as big as a pencil eraser—on every square yard of sea surface. We've found tar in the stomachs of fish—sauries—that are fed on by all larger fish. The toxic chemicals must get spread around very widely; they get absorbed by both plants and animals. God knows what the effects are. Blumer will tell you something about that."

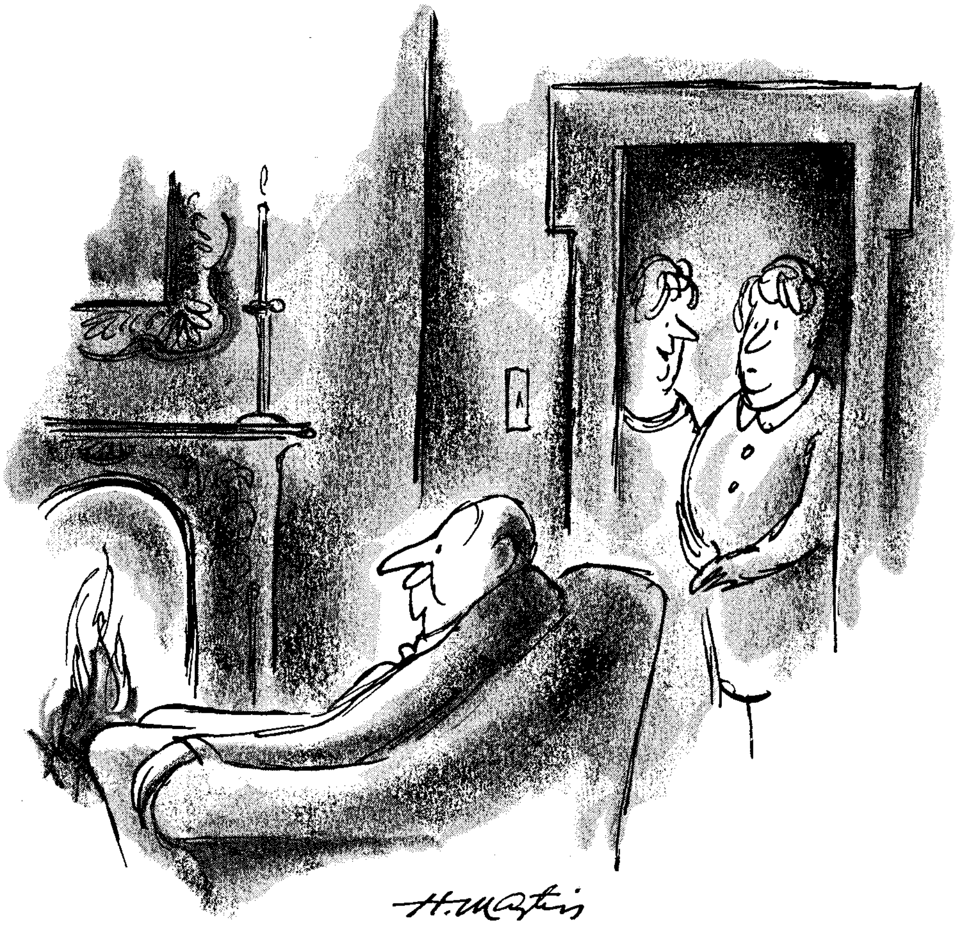
We went up some stairs and found Dr. Blumer and several associates in a large laboratory; he led us into a small office with a large window overlooking an inner harbor where sailboats covered with snow still swung at moorings. Dr. Blumer is a neat, good-looking, dark-haired man in his forties. He is Swiss-born, he told us, and has been studying hydrocarbons at Woods Hole for ten years. "Hydrocarbons are extremely persistent," Dr. Blumer said. "Once incorporated in the flesh, they remain forever, and are passed on through the whole chain of predators. For instance, in certain animals we may find hydrocarbons characteristic of algae found in a particular area, so we know that, directly or indirectly, the algae of that area are part of their diet. All living organisms manufacture hydrocarbons themselves, but the hydrocarbons in the petroleum spilled in the ocean each year already exceed the natural production. It is quite a serious problem."

We asked what the oil dumped in the ocean did to the fish and other forms of life.

"In mid-ocean, it's very hard to assess the effects of anything," Blumer said. "The currents move the stuff around. The animals move. However, the effects cannot be doubted. People have said that if you have an oil spill, the toxic volatile fractions of the oil evaporate very quickly, and that the rest—tar—is inert, though messy. This is not so. Backus has given us tar samples that have been in the ocean from two to six months, and they still contain the toxic fractions—paraffins, benzenes, toluenes. A substantial part of any oil spill goes into solution in the water, and it is toxic—indeed, the most toxic fractions are the most soluble. This affects all organisms—from phytoplankton to basking sharks. Most of the world's oil is transported by sea in established shipping lanes. A tenth of one per cent, at least—a minimum of a million tons a year—is spilled or flushed or leaked just in transport and port operations. Half the seafood of the world comes from one-tenth of one per cent of the area of the sea—chiefly the coastal areas, which are most subject to pollution. For instance, one-quarter of the oil transported by sea passes through the English Channel. Large parts of the ocean are deserts, and always will be, so we can't hope to harvest food from other parts of the sea while we go on polluting the most fruitful areas. There are two kinds of instant damage from any oil spill: first, the immediate kill by the toxic fractions; second, the pollution of the animals that are not killed, rendering them unfit for human nutrition. And there are two other matters of concern. Because hydrocarbons are stable in the food chain and are concentrated as they are passed on, one wonders if carcinogens, for instance, may eventually become concentrated to the point of danger. The final aspect may be the most difficult of all to deal with. Organic chemical compounds, which appear in the ocean in a few parts per billion, play many roles, and certain elements of petroleum mimic them very closely. Many fish find food or mates or their spawning grounds through smell. The salmon has a very acute sense of smell. A starfish almost instantly senses the presence of an extract of oyster in a concentration of one part to a billion parts of water. The addition of a million tons of oil a year, stirred by ocean currents, may relatively quickly produce—could have already produced, for all we know—wholesale pollution sufficient to block the finding of mates, food, or habitats, or to provide false stimuli for these. Kerosene was long ago used to attract lobsters, and was declared illegal. Once oil is spilled, most remedies make things worse. It was the tragedy of the Torrey Canyon affair that the dispersant used was particularly toxic itself. Many of the newer dispersants are touted as 'non-toxic.' But a detergent—even a truly non-toxic one—breaks up the oil from a large slick into small droplets, which simply go into solution faster and in greater quantity. Many little animals will eat any particle of a certain size, and will consequently eat these droplets where they would not eat from a large slick. In the long run, after much of the damage is done, bacteria probably get rid of oil. Detergents kill bacteria. Some people are working on seeding spills with bacteria, but no single strain of bacteria works on all components of the oil, and the part that is neutralized first is the least toxic. Various substances have been used to sink an oil slick, and the oil does disappear from the surface, but then it destroys the bottom fauna—shellfish and bottom feeders, like cod. On the whole, short of prevention, I believe the most satisfactory way now of dealing with oil in the ocean is to burn it—which, of course, pollutes the air. Theoretically, cleaning up is the responsibility of the polluter, but today, unless a ship is wrecked, the polluter is rarely brought to account. It is quite easy, however, to identify chemically the source of even a small spill, though I'm not aware that the technique is in use anywhere. Oils from different sources are themselves different; petroleum companies have devoted a



"Have we got one that says 'Happy Groundhog Day'?"



"The dear thing. He's back at some bygone convention, or some half-forgotten sales conference long ago."

• •

great deal of research to this, because it is helpful in exploration. The oil from any source has a characteristic composition and can be distinguished from that from any other source; refined products are even more identifiable. The technique is not difficult. It's entirely possible to compare the oil carried by a particular ship with that in a spill and know whether they are the same. I think the certainty of apprehension is the best hope for prevention. My colleague Howard Sanders, who is a marine ecologist, has been studying an oil spill right in our back yard and can tell you what it does to living creatures."

Dr. Blumer suggested that we accompany him down a corridor to Sanders' office. "In mid-September, a fuel barge went aground near here—it was miles out of the marked channel—and spilled a hundred and seventy-five thousand gallons of No. 2 fuel oil," he said. "The initial kill here was enormous; the population went from two hundred thousand animals per square metre of marsh area to maybe two animals. And they say oil is not toxic!" He snorted, and a moment later was introducing us to Dr. Sanders, a tall, cheerful-looking man with thinning sandy hair and a small mustache.

"Because of the wind at the time of the wreck, most of the oil that went ashore was confined to a bight called Wild Harbor and the stream running into it," Dr. Sanders said, pulling up three chairs and lighting a Bunsen burner under a coffeepot. "The kill was immediate and total"—Dr. Blumer nodded vigorously—"and was well in progress before any detergents or dispersants were used on the slick. The kill continued after floating barriers were put out across the harbor mouth. It even extended to a pond separated from the stream by a road. There were windrows of dead and dying animals on the beach for days. We were lucky to be so nearby, because within a few days the carcasses had rotted—no more evidence. The oil company had teams down on the beach raking them up every day, but each tide would bring in more. We counted dozens of species of fish washed up dead, plus shellfish, marsh grasses, and bottom-living eels and worms. Those last were a surprise, because everyone had said that oil doesn't affect the bottom—that it just floats on the surface. But these bottom dwellers were apparently coming out of their burrows in hordes and being washed ashore dying or dead. They were a major part of the kill. When we sampled the sediment, we found it saturated with oil to a depth of at least a foot, and our subsequent samplings have shown no perceptible reduction. That was against accepted ideas, too. The oil is supposed to break down rather quickly, leaving a residue of tar, which most animals couldn't eat."

"The amount and the composition of the oil in the sediment today are almost exactly what they were in September," Dr. Blumer said.

"Since September," Dr. Sanders said, "every time we have a storm, enough oil appears to get stirred back into the water to produce a new kill of fish. The river, the beaches, the bottom out to a depth of about forty feet are completely dead. None of the animals that lived there remain, and the area is only now beginning to be repopulated, by one species—a worm that thrives only in polluted waters and has never been found here before. But perhaps most disturbing of all were the animals that were affected but not killed. Their behavior became cockeyed. We found bottom fish on the surface—you could put your hand down and pull up cod and eels. It was grotesque. Their escape reactions weren't working at all. Fiddler crabs normally put up a claw and scoot away if you approach. They got the claw up, but they just stayed there. And they were in mating coloration at a time of year when they shouldn't have been. It's questionable whether they could reproduce, or whether any offspring could survive at that time of year. The contaminated shellfish have not—as they are said to be able to do—purified themselves, and probably never will."

"Some of my friends tell me that if you cook contaminated shellfish, the bad taste disappears," Dr. Blumer said. "This may be so—I haven't tried it—but taste accounts for only a very small part of oil, and the part that remains is toxic."

"We don't know how long it will take for the area to return to normal," Dr. Sanders said, "or if or how it will."

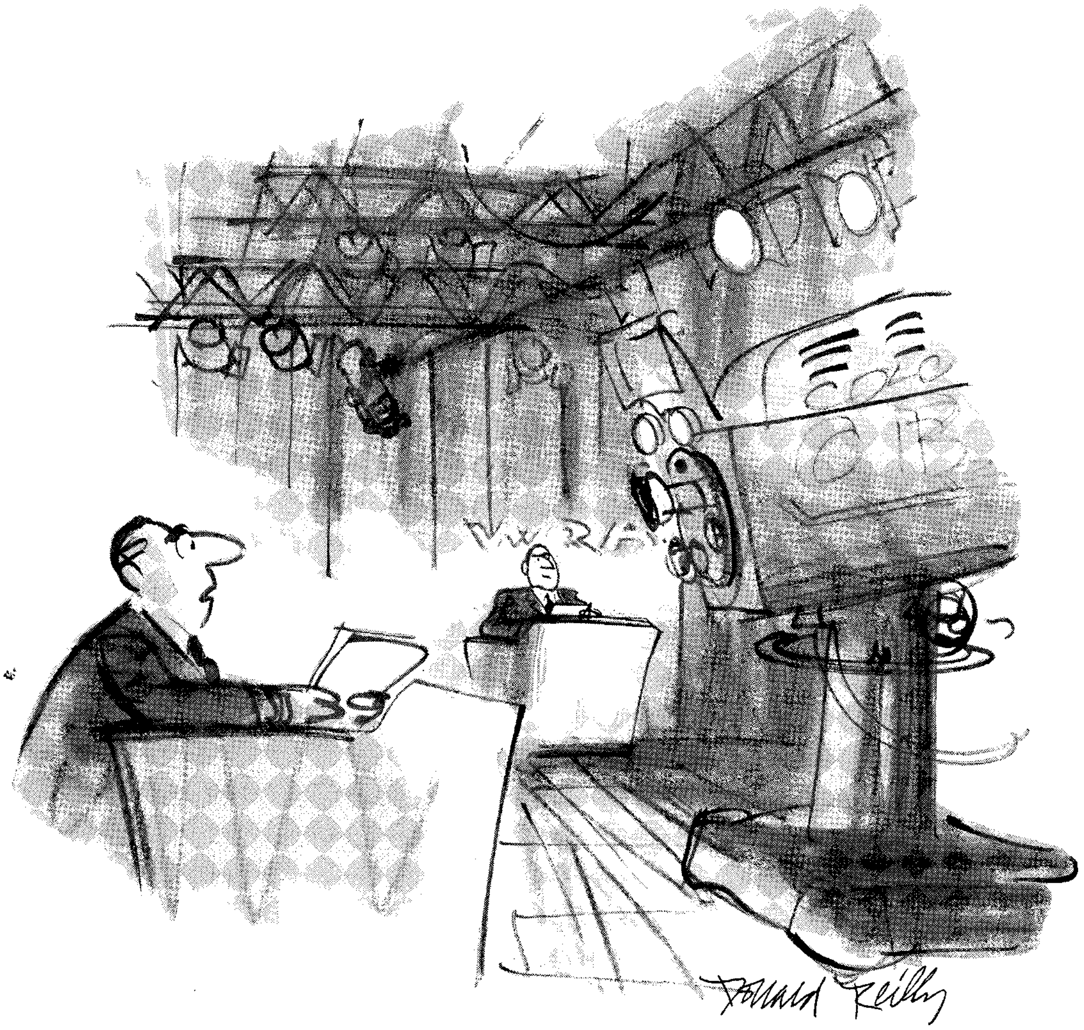
"Some people believe that, with proper measures, even Lake Erie can be cleaned up in a matter of decades," Dr. Blumer said. "But the ocean is so big, and its circulation so broad, that it's very likely that any pollution, of whatever degree, is irreversible. Four or five hundred years would be required to balance its effects."

RICH IN RUSSIA

STUDENTS compelled to buy paperback copies of his novels—notably the first, "Travel Light," though there has lately been some academic interest in his more surreal and "existential" and perhaps anarchist second novel, "Brother Pig"—or encountering some essay from "When the Saints" in a shiny heavy anthology of mid-century literature costing $12.50, imagine that Henry Bech, like thousands less famous than he, is rich. He is not. The paperback rights to "Travel Light" were sold by his publisher outright for two thousand dollars, of which the publisher kept one thousand and Bech's agent one hundred (10% of 50%). To be fair, the publisher had had to remainder a third of the modest hard-cover printing, and, when "Travel Light" was enjoying its vogue as the post-Golding pre-Tolkien fad of college undergraduates, would humorously tell on himself the story of Bech's given-away rights, at sales meetings upstairs in "21." As to anthologies—the average permissions fee, when it arrives at Bech's mailbox, has been eroded to $64.73, or some such suspiciously odd sum, which barely covers the cost of a restaurant meal with his mistress and a medium wine. Though Bech, and his too numerous interviewers, have made a quixotic virtue of his continuing to live for twenty years in a grim if roomy Riverside Drive apartment (the mailbox, students should know, where his pitifully nibbled checks arrive has been well scarred by floating urban wrath, and his last name has been so often ball-pointed by playful lobby-loiterers into a somewhat assonant verb that Bech has left the nameplate space blank and depends upon the clairvoyance of mailmen), he in truth lives there because he cannot afford to leave. He was rich just once in his life, and that was in Russia, in 1964, a thaw or so ago.

Russia, in those days, like everywhere else, was a slightly more innocent place. Khrushchev, freshly deposed, had left an atmosphere, almost comical, of warmth, of a certain jerky openness, of inscrutable experiment and oblique possibility. There seemed no overweening reason why Russia and America, those lovable paranoid giants, could not happily share a globe so big and blue; there certainly seemed no reason why Henry Bech, the recherché but amiable novelist, artistically blocked but socially fluent, should not be flown into Moscow at the expense of our State Department for a month of that mostly imaginary activity termed "cultural exchange." Entering the Aeroflot plane at Le Bourget, Bech thought it smelled like his uncles' back rooms in Williamsburg, of swaddled body heat and proximate potatoes, boiling. The impression lingered all month; Russia seemed Jewish to him, and of course he seemed Jewish to Russia. He never knew how much of the tenderness and hospitality he met related to his race. His contact man at the American Embassy—a prissy, doleful ex-basketball-player originally from Minnesota—assured him that two out of every three Soviet intellectuals had suppressed a Jew in their ancestry, and once Bech did find himself in a Moscow apartment whose bookcases were lined with photographs (of Kafka, Einstein, Freud, Wittgenstein) pointedly evoking the glory of pre-Hitlerian *Judenkultur*. His hosts, both man and wife, were professional translators, and the apartment was bewilderingly full of kin, including a doe-eyed young hydraulics engineer and a grandmother who had been a dentist with the Red Army, and whose dental chair dominated the parlor. For a whole long toasty evening, Jewishness, perhaps also pointedly, was not mentioned. The subject was one Bech was happy to ignore. His own writing had sought to reach out from the ghetto of his heart toward the wider expanses across the Hudson; the artistic triumph of American Jewry lay, he thought, not in the novels of the fifties but in the movies of the thirties, those gargantuan, crass contraptions whereby Jewish brains projected Gentile stars upon a Gentile nation and out of their own immigrant joy gave a formless land dreams and even a kind of conscience. The reservoir of faith, in 1964, was just going dry; through depression and world convulsion the country had been sustained by the *arriviste* patriotism of the brothers Warner and Louis B. Mayer. To Bech, it was one of history's great love stories, the mutually profitable romance between Jewish Hollywood and Main Street, conducted almost entirely in the dark, a tapping of fervent messages through the wall of the San Gabriel Range; and his favorite Jewish writer was the one who turned his back on his three beautiful Brooklyn novels and went into the desert to write scripts for Doris Day. This may be, except for graduate students, neither here nor there. There, in Russia five years ago, when Cuba had been taken out of the oven to cool and Vietnam was still coming to a simmer, Bech did find a quality of life—impoverished yet ceremonial, shabby yet ornate, sentimental, embattled, and avuncular—reminiscent of his neglected Jewish past. Virtue, in Russia as in his childhood, seemed something that arose from men, like a comforting body odor, rather than something from above that impaled the struggling soul like a moth on a pin. He stepped from the Aeroflot plane, with its notably hefty stewardesses, into an atmosphere of generosity. They met him with arms heaped with cold roses. On the first afternoon, the Writers' Union gave him as expense money a stack of ruble notes—lilac Lenin and powder-blue Spasskaya Tower. In the following month, in the guise of "royalties" (in honor of his coming they had translated "Travel Light," and several of his *Commentary* essays ["M-G-M and the U.S.A.," "The Moth on the Pin," "Daniel Fuchs: An Appreciation"] had appeared in *I Nostrannaya Literatura*, but since no copyright agreements pertained, the royalties were arbitrarily calculated, like showers of manna), more rubles were given to him, so that by the week of his departure Bech had accumulated over fourteen hundred rubles—by the official exchange rate, fifteen hundred and forty dollars. There was nothing to spend it on. All his hotels, his plane fares, his meals were paid for. He was a guest of the Soviet state. From morning to night he was never alone. That first afternoon, he had also been given, along with the rubles, a companion, a translator-escort: Ekaterina Alexandrovna Ryleyeva. She was a thin red-headed woman with a flat chest and paper-colored skin and a translucent wart above her left nostril. He grew to call her Kate.

"Kate," he said, displaying his rubles in two fistfuls, letting some drift to the floor, "I have robbed the proletariat. What can I do with my filthy loot?" He had developed, in this long time in which she was always with him, a clowning super-American manner that



"So much for my version of the news. And now over to my colleague for the same news but with a different set of biasses, hangups, and axes to grind."

• •

disguised all complaints as "acts." In response, she had strengthened her original pose of schoolteacherish patience, with ageless peasant roots. Her normal occupation was translating English-language science fiction into Ukrainian, and he imagined this month with him was relatively a holiday. She had a mother, and late at night, after accompanying him to a morning-brandy session with the editors of *Yunost,* to lunch at the Writers' Union with its shark-mouthed chairman, to Dostoevski's childhood home (next to a madhouse, and enshrining some agonized crosshatched manuscripts and a pair of oval tin spectacles, tiny, as if fashioned for a dormouse), a museum of folk art, an endless restaurant meal, and a night of ballet, Ekaterina would bring Bech to his hotel lobby, put a babushka over her bushy orange hair, and head into a blizzard toward this ailing mother. Bech wondered about Kate's sex life. His contact at the American Embassy told him that personal life in Russia was inscrutably tangled. He also told Bech that Kate was undoubtedly a Party spy. Bech was touched, and wondered what in him would be worth spying out. From infancy on we all are spies; the shame is not this but that the secrets to be discovered are so paltry and few. Ekaterina was perhaps as old as forty, which could just give her a lover killed in the war. Was this the secret of her vigil, the endless paper-colored hours she spent by his side? She was always translating for him, and this added to her neutrality and transparence. He, too, had never been married, and imagined that this was what marriage was like.

She answered, "Henry"—she usually touched his arm, saying his name, and it never ceased to thrill him a little, the way the "H" became a breathy guttural sound between "G" and "K"—"you must not joke. This is your money. You earned it by the sweat of your brain. All over Soviet Union committees of people sit in discussion over 'Travel Light,' its wonderful qualities. The printing of one hundred thousand copies has gone *poof!* in the bookstores." The comic-strip colors of science fiction tinted her idiom unexpectedly.

"Poof!" Bech said, and scattered the money above his head; before the last bill stopped fluttering, they both stooped to retrieve the rubles from the rich red carpet. They were in his room at the Sovietskaya, the hotel for Party bigwigs and important visitors; all the suites were furnished in high czarist style: chandeliers, wax fruit, and brass bears.

"We have banks here," Kate said shyly, reaching under the satin sofa, "as in the capitalist countries. They pay interest; you could deposit your money in such a bank. It would be here, enlarged, when you returned. You would have a numbered bankbook."

"What?" said Bech. "And help support the Socialist state? When you are already years ahead of us in the space race? I would be adding thrust to your rockets."

They stood up, both a little breathless from exertion, betraying their age. The tip of her nose was pink. She passed the remainder of his fortune into his hands; her silence seemed embarrassed.

"Besides," Bech said, "when would I ever return?"

She offered, "Perhaps in a space-warp?"

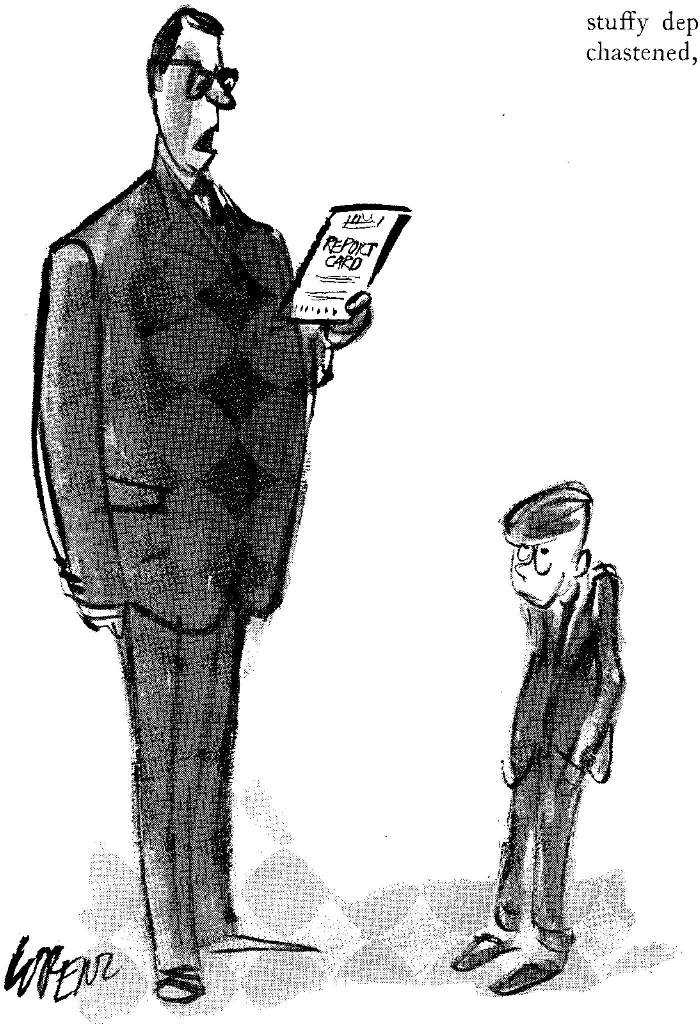
Her shyness, her pink nose and carroty hair, her embarrassment were becoming oppressive. He brusquely waved his arms. "No, Kate, we must spend it! Spend, spend. It's the Keynesian way. We will make Mother Russia a consumer society."

From the very still, slightly tilted way she was standing, Bech, bothered by "space-warp," received a haunted impression—that she was locked into a colorless other dimension from which only the pink tip of her nose emerged. "It is not so simple," she ominously pronounced.

FOR one thing, time was running out. Bobochka and Myshkin, the two Writers' Union officials in charge of Bech's itinerary, had crowded the end of his schedule with compulsory cultural events. Fortified by relatively leisured weeks in Kazakhstan and the Caucasus, Bech was deemed fit to endure a marathon of war movies (the hero of one of them had lost his Communist Party membership card, which seemed to be more serious than losing your driver's license; and in another a young soldier hitched rides in a maze of trains only to turn around at the end [“See, Henry,” Kate whispered to him, “now he is home, that is his mother, what a good face, so much suffering, now they kiss, now he must leave, oh—” and Kate was crying too much to translate further]) and museums and shrines and brandy with various writers who uniformly adored Gemingway. November was turning bitter, the Christmassy lights celebrating the Revolution had been taken down, Kate as they hurried from appointment to appointment had developed a sniffle. She constantly patted her nose with a handkerchief. Bech felt a guilty pang, sending her off into the cold toward her mother before he ascended to his luxurious hotel room, with its parqueted foyer stacked with gift books and its alabaster bathroom and its great brocaded double bed. He would drink from a gift bottle of Georgian brandy and stand by the window, looking down on the golden windows of an apartment building where young Russians were Twisting to Voice of America tapes. Chubby Checker's chicken-plucker's voice carried distinctly across the crevasse of sub-Arctic night. In an adjoining window, a couple courteously granted isolation by the others was making love; he could see knees and hands and then a rhythmically kicking ankle. To relieve the pressure, Bech would sit down with his brandy and write to distant women boozy reminiscent letters that in the morning would be handed solemnly to the ex-basketball-player, to be sent out of Russia via diplomatic pouch. This man, himself something of a spy, was with them whenever Bech spoke to a group, as of translators (when asked who was America's best living writer, Bech said Nabokov, and there was quite a silence before the next question) or of students (whom he assured that Yevtushenko's “Precocious Autobiography” was a salubrious and patriotic work that instead of being banned should be distributed free to Soviet schoolchildren). “Did I put my foot in it?” Bech would ask anxiously afterward—another “act.”

The American's careful mouth twitched. “It's good for them. Shock therapy.”

“You were charming,” Ekaterina Alexandrovna always said loyally, jealously interposing herself, and squeezing Bech's arm. She could not imagine that Bech did not, like herself, loathe all officials. She would not have believed that Bech approached this one with an intellectual's reverence for the athlete, and that they exchanged in private not anti-Kremlin poison but literary gossip and pro-football scores, love letters and old copies of *Time*. Now, in her campaign to keep them apart, Kate had been given another weapon. She squeezed his arm smugly and said, “We have an hour. We must rush off and *shop*.”



“Do you realize, young man, what C-minus can mean in terms of lifetime earnings?”

For the other thing, there was not much to buy. To begin, he would need an extra suitcase. He and Ekaterina, in their chauffeured Zil, drove to what seemed to Bech a far suburb, past flickerings of birch forest, to sections of new housing, perforated warehouses the color of wet cement. Here they found a vast store, vast though each salesgirl ruled as a petty tyrant over her domain of shelves. There was a puzzling duplication of suitcase sections; each displayed the same squarish mountain of dark cardboard boxes, and each pouting princess responded with negative insouciance to Ekaterina's quest for a leather suitcase. “I know there have been some,” she told Bech.

“It doesn't matter,” he said. “I want a cardboard one. I love the metal studs and the little chocolate handle.”

“You have fun with me,” she said. “I know what you have in the West. I have been to Science-Fiction Writers' Congress in Vienna. This great store, and not one leather suitcase. It is a disgrace upon the people. But come, I know another store.” They went back into the Zil, which smelled like a cloakroom, and in whose swaying stuffy depths Bech felt squeamish and chastened, having often been sent to the cloakroom as a child at P.S. 87, on West Seventy-seventh Street and Amsterdam. A dozen jerky miles and three more stores failed to produce a leather suitcase; at last Kate permitted him to buy a paper one—the biggest, with gay plaid sides, and as long as an oboe. To console her, he also bought an astrakhan hat. It was not flattering (when he put it on, the haughty salesgirl laughed aloud) and did not cover his ears, which were cold, but it had the advantage of costing fifty-four rubles. “Only a *boyar*,” said Kate, excited to flirtation by his purchase, “would wear such a wow of a hat.”

“I look like an Armenian in it,” Bech said. Humiliations never come singly. On the street, with his suitcase and hat, Bech was stopped by a man who wanted to buy his overcoat. Kate translated and then scolded. During what Bech took to be a lengthy threat to call the police, the offender, a morose red-nosed man costumed like a New York chestnut vender, stared stubbornly at the sidewalk by their feet.

As they moved away, he said in soft English to Bech, "Your shoes. I give forty rubles."

Bech pulled out his wallet and said, "No. For your shoes I give fifty."

Kate with a squawk flew between them and swept Bech away. She told him in tears, "Had the authorities witnessed that scene we would all be put in jail, biff, bang."

Bech had never seen her cry in daylight—only in the dark of projection rooms. He climbed into the Zil feeling especially sick and guilty. They were late for their luncheon, with a cherubic museum director and his hatchet-faced staff. In the course of their tour through the museum, Bech tried to cheer her up with praise of Socialist realism. "Look at that turbine. Nobody in America can paint a turbine like that. Not since the thirties. Every part so distinct you could rebuild one from it, yet the whole thing romantic as a sunset. Mimesis—you can't beat it." He was honestly fond of these huge posterish oils; they reminded him of magazine illustrations from his adolescence.

Kate would not be cheered. "It is stupid stuff," she said. "We have had no painters since Rublyov. You treat my country as a picnic." Sometimes her English had a weird precision. "It is not as if there is no talent. We are great, there are millions. The young are burning up with talent, it is annihilating them." She pronounced it *anneeheel*—a word she had met only in print, connected with ray guns.

"Kate, I *mean* it," Bech insisted. Hopelessly in the wrong, as with a third-grade teacher, yet also subject to another pressure, that of a woman taking sensual pleasure in refusing to be consoled. "I'm telling you, there is artistic passion here. This bicycle. Beautiful impressionism. No spokes. The French paint apples, the Russians paint bicycles."

The parallel came out awry, unkind. Grimly patting her pink nostrils, Ekaterina passed into the next room. "Once," she informed him, "this room held entirely pictures of *him*. At least that is no more."

Bech did not need to ask who *he* was. The undefined pronoun had a constant value. In Georgia Bech had been shown a tombstone for a person described simply as Mother.

The next day, between lunch with Voznesensky and dinner with Yevtushenko (who both flatteringly seemed to concede to him a hemispheric celebrity equivalent to their own, and who feigned enchantment when he tried to explain his peculiar status, as not a lion, with a lion's confining burden of symbolic portent, but as a graying, furtively stylish rat indifferently permitted to gnaw and roam behind the wainscoting of a firetrap about to be demolished anyway), he and Kate and the wheezing chauffeur managed to buy three amber necklaces and four wooden toys and two very thin wristwatches. The amber seemed homely to Bech—melted butter refrozen—but Kate was proud of it. The wristwatches he suspected would soon stop; they were perilously thin. The toys—segmented Kremlins, carved bears chopping wood—were good, but the only children he knew were his sister's in Cincinnati, and the youngest was nine. The Ukrainian needlework that Ekaterina hopefully pushed at him his imagination could not impose on any woman he knew, not even his mother; since his "success," she had her hair done once a week and wore her hems just above the knee. Back in his hotel room, in the ten minutes before an all-Shostakovich concert, while Kate sniffled and sloshed in the bathroom (how could such a skinny woman be displacing all that water?), Bech counted his rubles. He had spent only a hundred and thirty-seven. His heart sank; it was hopeless. Ekaterina emerged from the bathroom with a strange, bruised stare. Little burnt traces, traces of ashen tears, lingered about her eyes, which were by nature a washed-out blue. She had been trying to put on eye makeup, and had kept washing it off. Trying to be a rich man's wife. She looked blank and wounded. Bech took her arm; they hurried downstairs like criminals on the run.

SUNDAY DRIVE TO THE BEACH

I park the car in midwinter sun.
The tailgate flashes open, then the slam
Shut slams from the sea wall. My children,
Forgetting me, lope over the marram
In comic pursuit of their salt-crazed dog.

And so starts another wholesome jag
Of ozone, an afternoon's poking
At jetsam. With empty leash I lag
Through fouled sand. A wind is thwacking
Loose flaps of felt on a summer hut,

But how bland this January, how hot
This boat is, fatigued in its oval weals
Of dead paint. I lie in my overcoat
Alongside, spent as a plank. Those oils
Flow that augur delectable sleep,

Slow under the lids—but I must keep
Awake. I stand, shake off the failed week,
And, stumbling among boulders, almost trip.
But barefoot cantering the sand's wet plaque,
The children remember me, and wave,

And I wave, remembering the live
Ice of a January years ago;
I stab down the stones, into their love,
To tell them how wild swans of the starved air
Flew toward me once from the seaward snow.

—Ted Walker

• •

THE next day was his last full day in Russia. All month he had wanted to visit Tolstoy's estate, and the trip had been postponed until now. Since Yasnaya Polyana was four hours from Moscow, he and Kate left early in the morning and returned in the

DIAL A YARN
W Miller

dark. After miles of sleepy silence, she asked, "Henry, what did you like?"

"I liked the way he wrote 'War and Peace' in the cellar, 'Anna Karenina' on the first floor, and 'Resurrection' upstairs. Do you think he's writing a fourth novel in Heaven?"

This reply, taken from a little *Commentary* article he was writing in his head (and would never write on paper), somehow renewed her silence. When she at last spoke, her voice was shy. "As a Jew, you believe?"

His laugh had an ambushed quality he tried to translate, with a shy guffaw at the end, into self-deprecation. "Jews don't go in much for Paradise," he said. "That's something you Christians cooked up."

"We are not Christians."

"Kate, you are saints. You are a land of monks and your government is a constant penance." From the same unwritten article—tentatively titled "God's Ghost in Moscow." He went on, with Hollywood, Martin Buber, and his uncles all vaguely smiling in his mind, "I think the Jewish feeling is that wherever they happen to be, it's rather paradisiacal, because they're there."

"You have found it so here?"

"Very much. This must be the only country in the world you can be homesick for while you're still in it. Russia is one big case of homesickness."

Perhaps Kate found this ground dangerous, for she returned to earlier terrain. "It is strange," she said, "of the books I translate, how much there is to do with supernature. Immaterial creatures like angels, ideal societies composed of spirits, speeds that exceed that of light, reversals of time—all impossible, and perhaps not. In a way it is terrible, to look up at the sky, on one of our clear nights of burning cold, at the sky of stars, and think of creatures alive in it."

"Like termites in the ceiling." Falling so short of the grandeur Kate might have had a right to expect from him, his simile went unanswered. The car swayed, dark gingerbread villages swooped by, the back of the driver's head was motionless. Bech idly hummed a bit of "Midnight in Moscow," whose literal title, he had discovered, was "Twilit Evenings in the Moscow Suburbs." He said, "I also liked the way Upton Sinclair was in his bookcase, and how his house felt like a farmhouse instead of a mansion, and his grave."

"So super a grave."

"Very graceful, for a man who fought death so hard." It had been an unmarked oval of earth, rimmed green with frozen turf, at the end of a road in a birchwood where night was sifting in. It had been here that Tolstoy's brother had told him to search for the little green stick that would end war and human suffering. Because her importunate silence had begun to nag unbearably, Bech told Kate, "That's what I should do with my rubles. Buy Tolstoy a tombstone. With a neon arrow."

"Oh those rubles!" she exclaimed. "You persecute me with those rubles. We have shopped more in one week than I shop in one year. Material things do not interest me, Henry. In the war we all learned the value of material things. There is no value but what you hold within yourself."

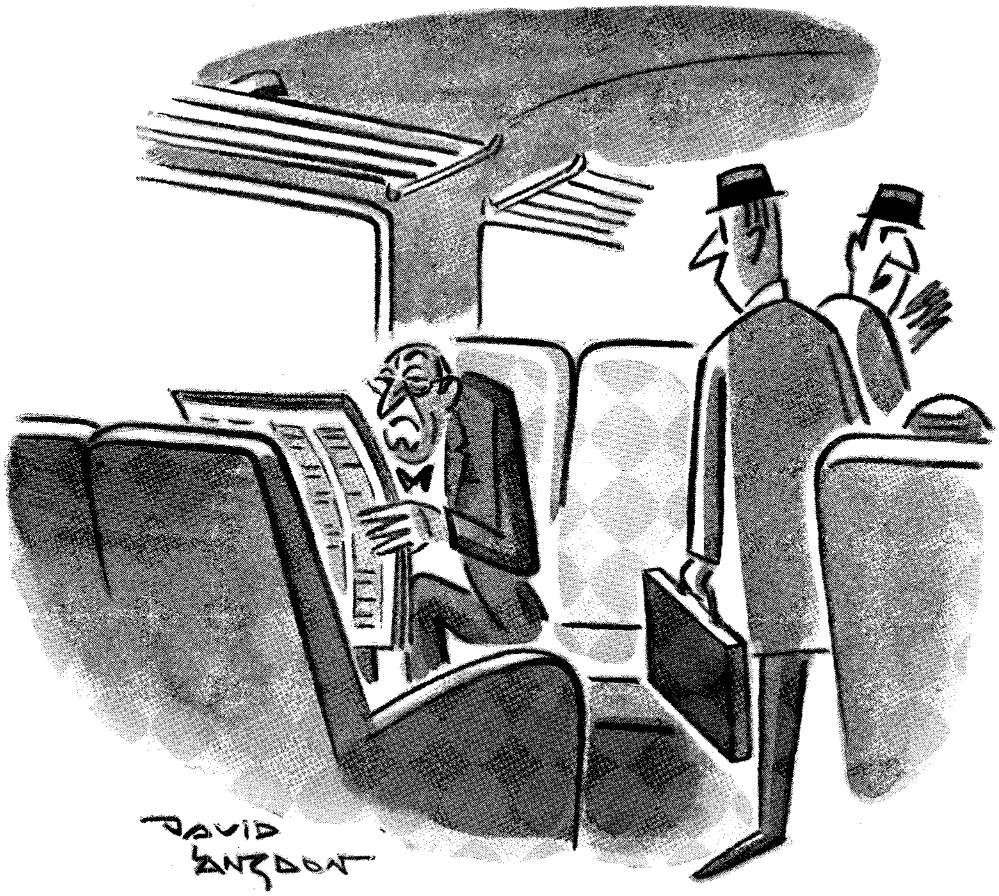
"O.K., I'll swallow them."

"Always the joke. I have one more desperate idea. In New York, you have women for friends?"

Her voice had gone delicate, as when broaching Jewishness; she was asking him if he were a homosexual. How little, after a month, these two knew each other! "Yes. I have *only* women for friends."

"Then perhaps we could buy them some furs. Not a coat, the style would be wrong. But fur we have, not leather suitcases, no, you are right to mock us, but furs, the world's best, and dear enough for even a man so rich as you. I have often argued with Bobochka, he says authors should be poor for the suffering, it is how capitalist countries do it; and now I see he is right."

Astounded by this tirade, delivered with a switching head so that her mole now and then darted into translucence—for they had reached Moscow's outskirts, and street lamps—Bech could



"Not there. He goes 'tsk, tsk, tsk' all the way to Grand Central."

• •

only say, "Kate, you've never read my books. They're *all* about women."

"Yes," she said, "but coldly observed. As if extraterrestrial life."

SO fur it was. The next morning, in a scrambled hour before the ride to the airport, Bech and Ekaterina went to a shop on Gorky Street where a diffident Mongolian beauty laid pelt after pelt into his hands. The less unsuccessful of his uncles had been for a time a furrier, and after this gap of decades Bech again greeted the frosty luxuriance of silver fox, the more tender and playful and amorous amplitude of red fox, mink with its ugly mahogany assurance, svelte otter, imperial ermine tail-tipped in black like a writing plume. Each pelt, its soft tingling mass condensing acres of Siberia, cost several hundred rubles. Bech bought for his mother two mink still wearing their dried snarls, and two silver fox for his present mistress, Norma Latchett, to trim a coat collar in (her firm white Saxon chin *drowned* in fur, is how he pictured it), and some ermine as a joke for his house-slave sister in Cincinnati, and a sumptuous red fox for a woman he had yet to meet. The Mongolian salesgirl, magnificently unimpressed, added it up to thirteen hundred rubles and wrapped the furs in brown paper like fish. He paid her with a salad of pastel notes and was clean. He had not been so exhilarated, so aërated by prosperity, since he sold his first short story—in 1943, about boot camp, to *Liberty*, for a hundred and fifty dollars. It had been humorous, a New York Jew floundering among Southerners, and is omitted from most bibliographies.

He and Ekaterina rushed back to the Sovietskaya and completed his packing. He tried to forget the gift books stacked in the foyer, but she insisted he take them. They crammed them into his new suitcase, with the furs, the amber, the wristwatches, the infuriatingly knobby and bulky wooden toys. When they were done, the suitcase bulged, leaked fur, and weighed more than his two others combined. Bech looked his last at the chandelier and the empty brandy bottle, the lovesick window and the bugged walls, and staggered out the door. Kate followed with a book and a sock she had found beneath the bed.

Everyone was at the airport to see him off—Bobochka with his silver teeth, Myshkin with his glass eye, the rangy American with his air of lugubrious caution. Bech shook the American's hand goodbye and abrasively kissed the two Russian men on the cheek. He went to kiss Ekaterina on the cheek, but she turned her face so that her mouth met his and he realized, horrified, that he should have slept with her. "Oh Kate, forgive me; of course," he said, but so stumblingly she seemed not to have understood him. Her kiss had been colorless but moist and good, like a boiled potato. Bobochka and Myshkin watched with conspiratorial tiptoe smiles.

Then, somehow, suddenly, he was late, there was panic. His suitcases were not yet in the airplane. A brute in blue seized the two manageable ones and left him to carry the paper one himself. As he staggered across the runway, it burst. One catch simply tore loose at the staples, and the other sympathetically let go. The books and toys spilled; the fur began to blow down the concrete, pelts looping and shimmering as if again alive. Kate broke past the gate guard and helped him catch them; together, they scooped all the loot back into the suitcase, but for a dozen fluttering books. They were heavy and slick, in the Cyrillic alphabet, like high-school yearbooks upside down. One of the watches had cracked its face. Kate was sobbing and shivering in excitement; a bitter wind was blowing streaks of grit and snow out of the coming long winter. "Genry, the books!" she said, needing to shout. "You must have them! They are souvenirs!"

"Mail them!" Bech thundered, and ran with the terrible suitcase under his arm, fearful of being burdened with more responsibilities. Also, though in some ways a man of our time, he has a morbid fear of missing airplanes, and of being dropped from the tail-end lavatory.

Though this was five years ago, the books have not yet arrived in the mail. Perhaps Ekaterina Alexandrovna kept them, as souvenirs. Perhaps they were caught in the cultural freeze-up that followed Bech's visit, and were buried in a blizzard. Perhaps they arrived in the lobby of his apartment building, and were pilfered by an émigré vandal. Or perhaps the mailman is not clairvoyant after all. —JOHN UPDIKE

•

It is doubtful if Thomas and Nancy Prather realized, when they were married in England in 1744, that six generations later their descendant Morrie Lindsey Prather would be selected as Siskiyou County Cattleman of the Year.—*Weed (Calif.) Press.*

Well, now, don't you be too sure!

WINTER GARDEN

Mr. Paget's wife had been in a coma for two months. Every day, he visited her in hospital, sitting by her bed, not speaking except to say, "Miriam, it's me, Alec, I'm here with you," while she lay unresponsive, not moving, her eyes closed, her face pale. Usually Mr. Paget stayed half an hour to an hour; then he would kiss his wife, return her hand, which he'd withdrawn and held, to her side under the bedclothes, pat the clothes into their position, and then, conscious of his own privileged freedom and movement in the afternoon or evening light, he would go home to the corner brick house in the hill suburb, where he would prepare and eat a meal before going outside to work in the garden. Every day in all seasons he found work to do in the garden. His time was divided between visiting the hospital and tending his flowers, lawn, and olearia hedge. When the neighbors saw him digging, clipping, or mowing, they said, "Poor Mr. Paget. His garden must be a comfort to him." Later in the evening, when the violet-colored glare showed through the drawn curtains of the sitting room as Mr. Paget watched television, the neighbors said, "Poor Mr. Paget. The television must be a comfort to him." Often in the evening he would phone for news of his wife and the answer would be, always, "Her condition shows no change." No change, no change. He had learned to accept the words without question. He knew what they meant—that she was no nearer living or dying, that the scarcely perceptible fluctuations he noted in his daily visits were ripples only, this way and that, as the opposing winds blew, but were no indication of the surge of the tide. No change. How intently he watched her face! Sometimes he stroked it; even her eyelids did not blink; they were shut and white like lamp shells.

Mr. Paget's garden was admired in the street. His roses were perfect, untouched by blight or greenfly. His lawn shone like fur in the sun. Laid between his lawn and the street, his hedge looked like a long, smooth, plump slice of yellow cake—except that it moved; in the wind it crackled its curly dented leaves with a kindling sound as if small fires were being started; in the morning light it was varnished a glossy green; in the evening it became pale lemon, appearing under the mass of house shadow as lawns do sometimes, seen beneath dark trees at sundown.

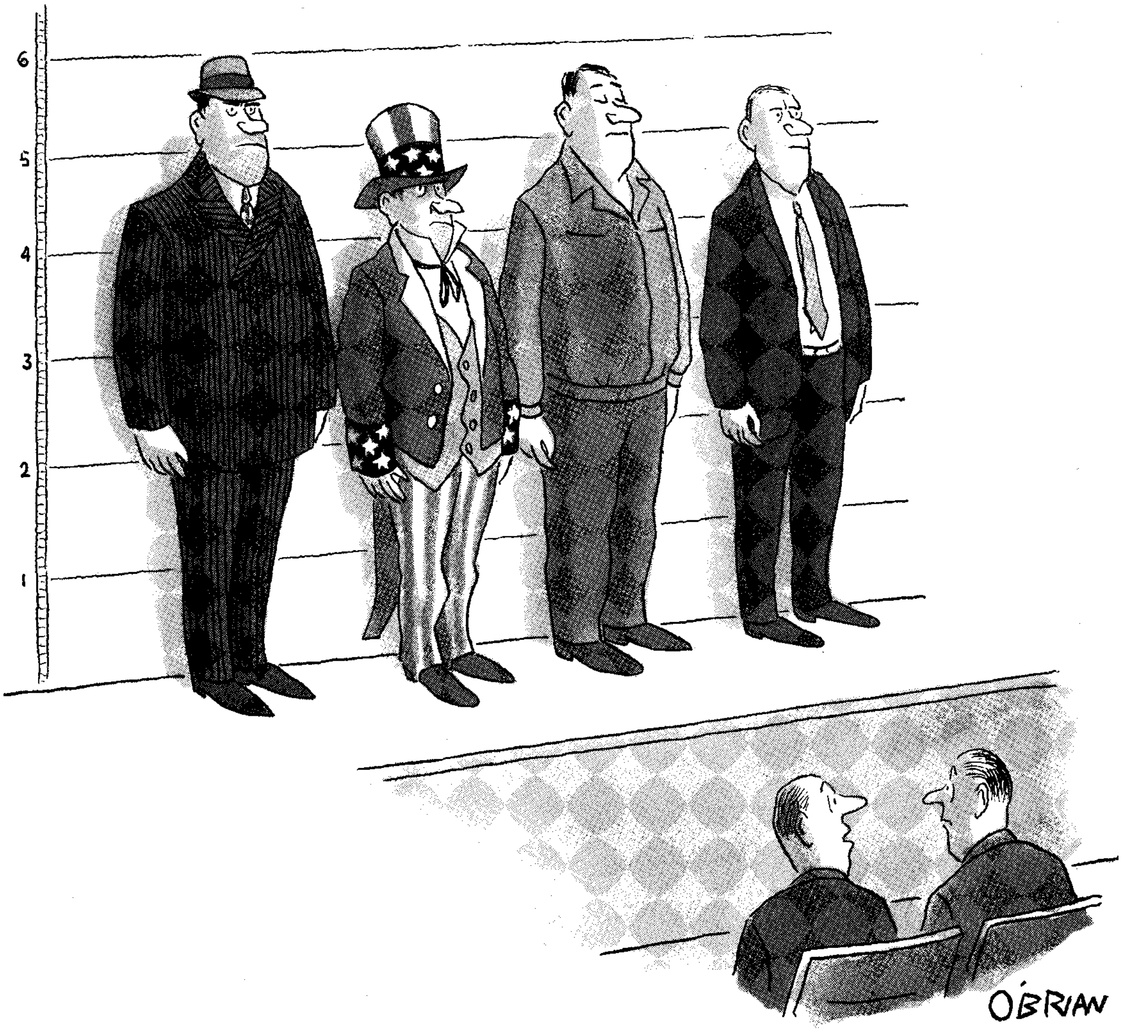
In the corner of the garden, overhanging the street, a rowan tree grew that was Mr. Paget's pride. It was now, in autumn, thick with berries suspended from beneath the protecting leaves of each twig like clusters of glistening beads. Everyone admired the rowan tree, and its berries cheered Mr. Paget as he trimmed, mowed, staked, planted. In the early days of his wife's illness, depressed by the funereal association of flowers, he made up his mind not to take them to the hospital; but one day, impulsively, he picked a cluster of rowan berries.

He arrived early, before visiting time. He found at his wife's bedside so many instruments, tubes, needles—all the tools necessary to care for an apparently lifeless body—that at first there did not seem to be room for the berries. Hesitating, he put them on the locker next to a brick-colored, gaping-throated tube. Perhaps his wife, lying in the strange secret garden where these instruments tended her, would notice the berries.

A nurse came into the room. "Oh, Mr. Paget, you're early. I'll remove this tray and put these berries in water. Aren't they from your garden?"

Mr. Paget nodded.

The nurse leaned over his wife, tucking in the bedclothes as if to arrange a blanket defense against the living, speaking creature who had invaded her vegetable peace. Then, taking her silver tray of tools and the twig of berries, she went from the room, and only when she had gone did Mr. Paget say, "Miriam, it's me, Alec," taking her hand in his. He could feel a faint pulse like a memory gone out of reach, not able to be reclaimed. He stroked the fingers. He was overwhelmed by the familiar hopelessness. What was the use? Would she not be better dead



"Who was it said, 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel'?"

GLADE WALKER

Should you come early,
a walker through this glade, soon
you would know that here there are no forms
unformed by sound.

If you come
by way of the bright rim
you will see, below, where weeds leaned
from a thrust of sound, the brook
flex a new arm.

And as you walk, passing
the underbrush,
hearing the white-throat pare his will
with five small knives,

listen: *stutterings in grass repeat*
the shapes of mouse and mole,
and grasshoppers, hopping
before your feet,
leave their singing wickets in the air.

You would believe you walked within a bell
still humming from
the first dark anthem of its birth.

And if
by way of the dark rim
you should leave, again listen:
the ground wind may still be silvering
the spines of ferns.

Glade walker, here, in this chill air,
it may even be,
against a shoulder, upon your hair,
that the faint sound of your own breath
will brush some snow.

—John Clarke

• •

than lying silent, unknowing in a world where he could not reach her?

The nurse came back. She put the berries on the windowsill, where they made a splash of color. The slim skeleton-shaped leaves soared, like spears, against the glass.

"With winter coming and the leaves turning, there'll soon be only the late berries."

"Yes," Mr. Paget said.

The nurse looked at him, answering his unspoken question, her face warm with sympathy. "There's been no change, Mr. Paget. But she's not suffering at all."

"No," Mr. Paget said.

He waited for the nurse to say what everyone was saying to him now, beating the words about his ears until he wanted to cry out for mercy: "It will be a happy release for her when it comes."

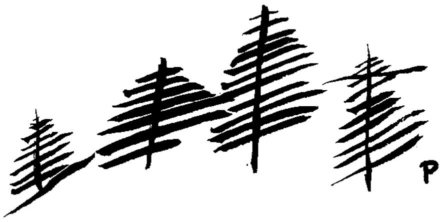
The nurse did not say it, and he was glad. She smiled and left the room, and he sat watching the narrow ribbon of afternoon light that had bound itself across the windowpane and the sill and the berries, surging in their glass like tiny bubbles of blood. Mr. Paget shivered. He began to feel afraid. What will it be like, he wondered, when death comes and I am with her?

He looked again at his wife's hand, at the wrinkled soft skin: new skin. He stroked her fingers and his heart quickened and a warmth of joy spread through him as he realized her skin was new; and—of course!—her fingernails had been cut; and if they had been cut they had also been growing; her hair, too. Her hair had been cut. Quickly he leaned to touch her damp mouse-colored hair. It had grown and been cut. They had cut her hair! Then the wild joy began to ebb as he remembered that even after death the hair and fingernails may grow. Was this growth then more a sign of death than of life?

"Oh no, oh no," Mr. Paget said aloud.

For while his wife lay in a coma, again and again they would need to cut her fingernails and hair, to bathe her, to take from her each day the waste of the food they had given her, and each day was different, had been different all the weeks she had been ill; and he had not dreamed, they had not told him, he thought bitterly. They had said, "No change, no change," when each day one speck more or less of dust had to be washed away, one ounce more or less of food was stored, rejected; and one day the wide blade of sunlight pressed burning and sharp upon her face while another day she lay in cool dark shade. She was alive, in the light. In the grave there was no sun, no shadow, touching of hands, washing of body.

When Mr. Paget smiled happily as he said goodbye to his wife, the nurse looked startled. Poor Mr. Paget, she said to herself.



THAT evening, Mr. Paget took special care in trimming the hedge, stepping back to admire its evenness, putting the clippings into a neat pile. He felt quite frivolous as he ran the old-fashioned mower over the lawn; chatter-chatter, it gossiped throatily, spewing out the green minus signs of grass. Then, before he went inside to phone the hospital and watch television, in a spurt of extravagant joy he picked two clusters of rowan berries, and as he was springing back the branch a neighbor passed on her way home.

She saw Mr. Paget. Her face assumed the appropriate expression of sympathy. "And how is Mrs. Paget?"

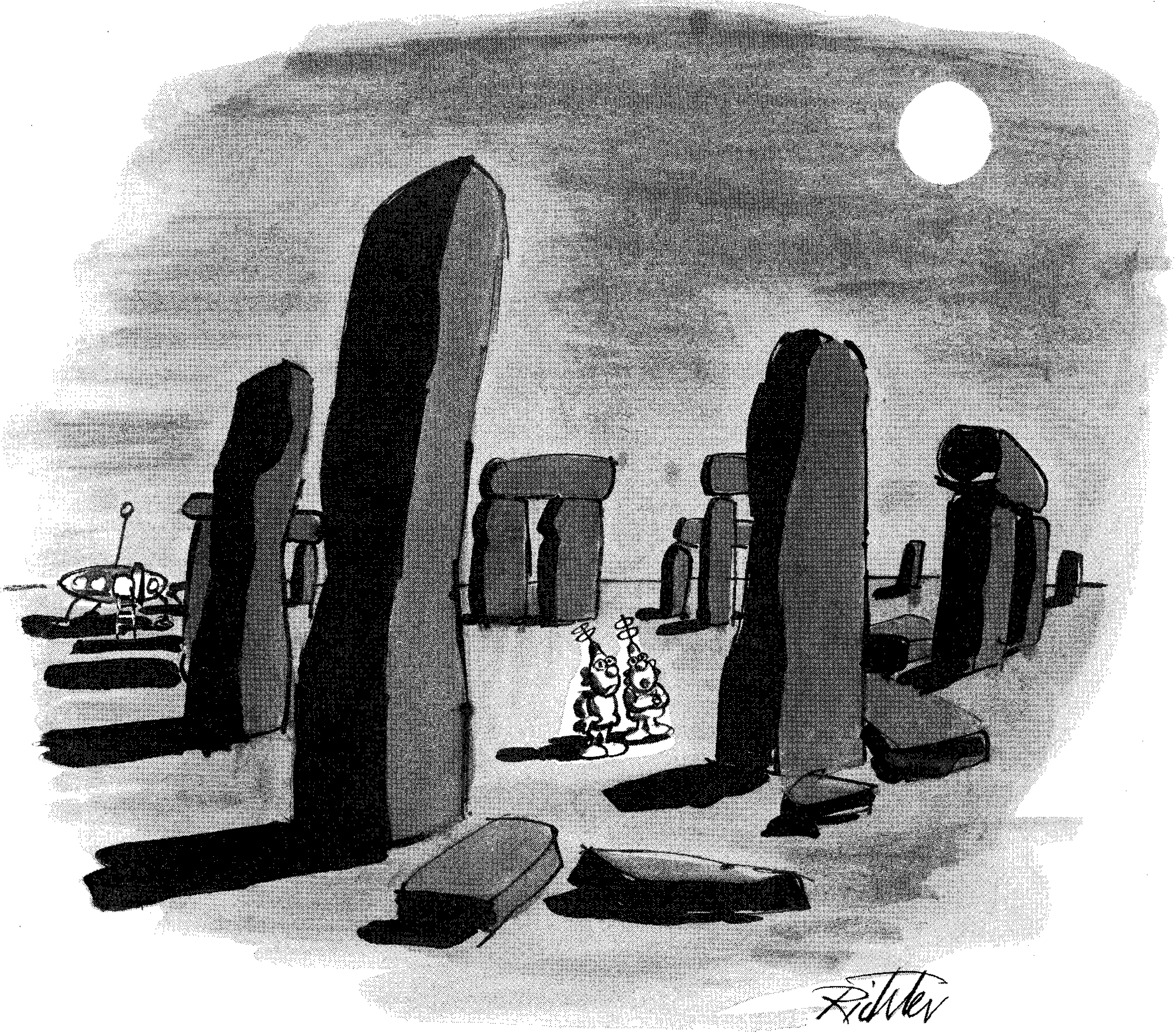
Mr. Paget's accustomed answer flowed from him. "There's been no change."

He heard the despair in his voice as he spoke. Then, sympathetically, he asked, "And how's Mr. Bambury?"

The neighbor's husband had been ill. She released her news. "They're stripping his arteries tomorrow."

There was a jubilant consciousness of action in Mrs. Bambury's voice. Mr. Paget groped from a dark void of envy to his new joy: no change, no change indeed!

He smiled at Mrs. Bambury. He



"Search me!"

• •

wanted to comfort her about her husband and his arteries, but he knew nothing about the stripping of a person's arteries: the resulting nakedness seemed merciless. He was grateful that his wife lay enclosed in sleep, her arteries secret and unyielding.

"I hope everything will be all right with Mr. Bambury," he said at last.

"Oh, there's a risk, but a very strong chance of recovery. I do hope there'll be a change in Mrs. Paget's condition."

"Thank you," Mr. Paget said humbly, playing the game. "So far there has been no change."

"No change?"

"No change."

They said goodbye. On his way to the house he stopped to scan the garden. He looked tenderly at the pile of grass and hedge clippings and the succulent golden hedge with the dark pointed roof-shadow eating into it.

MRS. PAGET died in late autumn. It is winter now. The berries are gone from the rowan tree, some eaten by birds, some picked by the wind, others scattered by the small boys switching the overhanging branches up and down as they pass in the street. In a luxury of possession rather than deprivation, Mr. Bambury, his arteries successfully stripped, rests in a chair on the front porch of his home, looking across the street at Mr. Paget in his garden. Mr. Bambury and his wife say to each other, "Mr. Paget is tied to his garden."

Others notice it, too, for Mr. Paget seems now to spend all his waking time in the garden. "Since his wife's death, he's never out of his garden," they say. "Why? Nothing grows now but a few late berries. Nothing grows in the garden in winter."

They wonder why Mr. Paget stands for so long looking at the dead twigs, the leafless shrubs, the vacant flower beds set like dark eyes in the middle of the lawn, why he potters about day after day in the dead world where nothing seems to change. And sometimes they think perhaps he is going mad when they see him kneel down and put his cheek against the skin of the earth. —JANET FRAME

•

Sex and nudity seem to have taken over Broadway. But Art Buchwald, the satyrical Washington columnist, is coming to the rescue.—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

With those pointed ears?

LETTER FROM SAIGON

JANUARY 20

ON February 6th, another Tet holiday will usher in the Year of the Dog, and while there are as many opinions about what will happen in Vietnam in 1970 as there are breeds of dog, there is universal agreement that it will be the most critical year since this misbegotten war began a decade ago. If President Nixon, backed by his silent majority, sticks to his tentative timetable, it will almost surely be the last year of major American combat involvement. This does not mean that a year from now American troops of all sorts will not be engaged in some fighting, or that the American death toll of just over forty thousand could not eventually rise to fifty thousand or more. Under the present withdrawal plan, between twenty and forty thousand American military advisers and technicians will be left here as late as the end of 1972, and the lower figure will still be about three times the number that were in the country in 1962. Those Americans who are known here as "the new optimists"—people who believe that the process of Vietnamization is really beginning to work—acclaim the Nixon program as the only sensible course. Others who are more skeptical believe that if Vietnamization is to have any success five years or more will be needed. And still others are convinced that no amount of time will enable our allies to master the complex weapons systems that the Americans themselves have had only limited success in using conventionally in this unconventional war.

Apart from the military arguments, even those Americans here who are most strongly opposed to the war and want to get out quickly are forced to admit that a further acceleration of the American withdrawal, in the absence of sudden concessions by Hanoi, would endanger the vulnerable social and economic reconstruction programs and perhaps provoke the collapse of the present Saigon government. However, more and more people are beginning to wonder whether another government might not be able to end the war sooner and still preserve an independent, non-Communist South Vietnam, and perhaps a stronger and sounder one as well. The constitutional "legality" of the present Administration, which was elected for a four-year term that will end in the fall of 1971, is still acknowledged, but such legality is not held to be as sacrosanct as it was a few months ago. The doubts that are arising about both the intentions and the political efficacy of the Thieu regime could therefore prove to be more important than all the complicated technical and administrative machinery of Vietnamization, and their consequences could unhinge Nixon's whole scheme.

However justified or unjustified the skepticism may be concerning Nixon's silent majority in the United States, a silent majority unquestionably exists among the seventeen million South Vietnamese, and although this majority opposes the Communists, only a relatively small portion of it is really behind Thieu. This much is admitted by Thieu's most enthusiastic American supporters, who have nursed him along through uncertainty and self-doubt to his current euphoric overconfidence, which bears a growing resemblance to the overweening, self-destructive assurance shown by the late President Ngo Dinh Diem at the end of the nineteen-fifties. Nixon and Thieu, who are alike in many ways, will most likely do their best not to upset each other's plans, which are carefully calculated to bring about their respective reëlections. Whatever Nixon may privately think of Thieu—and it is hard to imagine that he could actually believe the Vietnamese President to be, as he has called him, "one of the four or five best political leaders in the world"—he will almost surely go to any lengths to avoid an upheaval in Saigon that might affect his twofold aim of getting out of Vietnam as gracefully and quickly as possible and keeping himself in the White House until 1976. Like pilot and co-pilot on a takeoff, they have reached a point of no return, and now they must fly on together toward their common destination. It will be ironic for Nixon if the flight is hijacked by some of Thieu's more fractious passengers.

Obviously, this is one of the eventualities the Communists are hoping for; in fact, their present strategy and tactics are geared to it. Last year and the year before, Hanoi's plan was to keep American casualties at a high enough level to stir up strong sentiment against the war in the United States, as a way of achieving its ultimate aim of American withdrawal and a favorable political solution through the forced establishment of a coalition government. Their 1970 plan is apparently designed to achieve the same aim by subtler means; namely, by attacking the Vietnamization program on all levels through increased terrorism, and by further denigrating and dividing the by no means popular Thieu Administration. Naturally, the Communists' official line is that Vietnamization cannot work, but at the same time they appear to worry that it might; at least, this would account for what seems to be a strong difference of opinion in Hanoi about how the war in the South should now be fought. Some observers, citing manpower and production problems that the North Vietnamese themselves have admitted to, believe that a power struggle is beginning. After the death of Ho Chi Minh last September 3rd, the triumvirate of Premier Pham Van Dong; Le Duan, the First Secretary of the Laodong (Workers') Party; and Truong Chinh, the chairman of the National Assembly Standing Committee, seemed to be taking over smoothly and swiftly. Now, however, there are some signs that Dong, who might be said to occupy the driver's seat, is being subjected to more and more back-seat driving from Chinh and Duan, who differ with him and each other about priorities at home, especially in the vital areas of agricultural production and Party reorganization and discipline. While Duan, as the chief Party leader, is working closely with Dong to keep the government running properly and to maintain a balance between Moscow and Peking, he appears to believe that Hanoi can win the war in the South, or at least achieve a stalemate, in a relatively short time, and will then be in a position to pay more attention to domestic difficulties. Chinh, the chief Party ideologist, who has recently been appearing in public almost weekly and who follows a more pro-Peking line, wants to shore up the North's economy first, and accepts the inevitability of a protracted challenge in the South. In a succession of statements

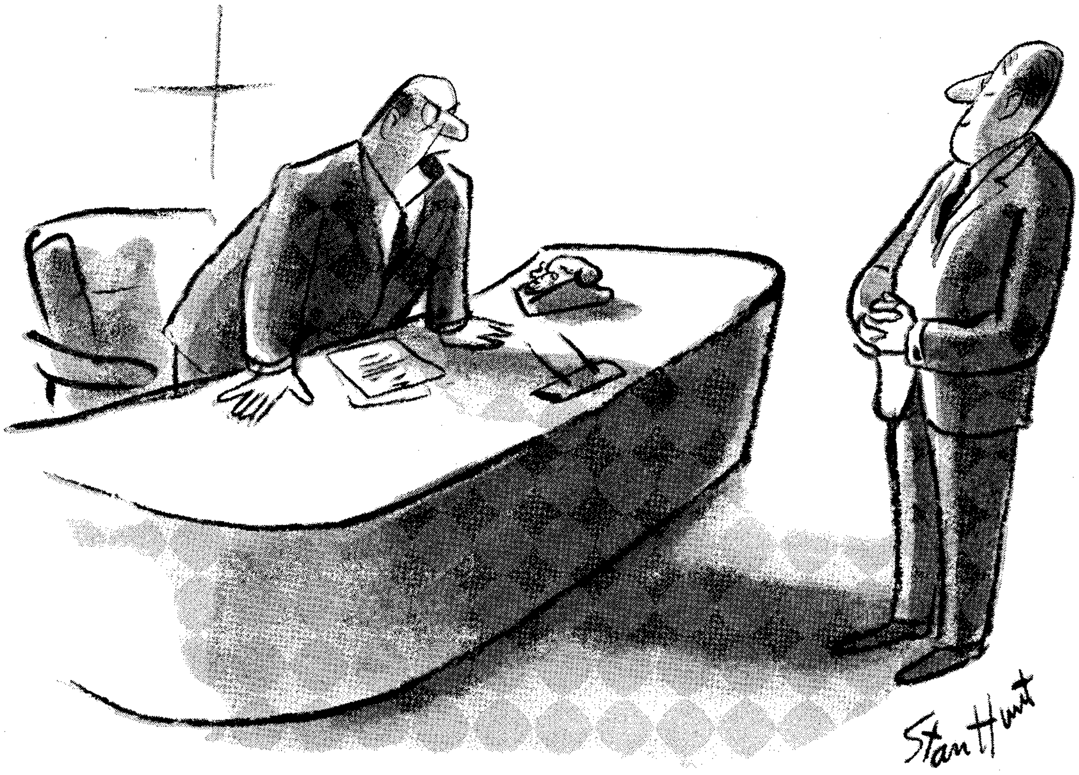
"John, I think I'd like to get back to whatever it was we were getting away from."

• •

and speeches, which have covered everything from the effects of floods and droughts on food production to revisionist trends in art and the need to revitalize "mass leadership," Chinh has sounded increasingly like a scolding leader of the Cultural Revolution in China. Duan, on the other hand, appears in public only rarely, and, when he did so late in October, declared pragmatically, "The collective system must be firmly maintained. It is inadvisable to adopt the opinion of one person and force all others to follow it."

Even if the differences of opinion and of approach in North Vietnam are not yet serious enough to amount to a power struggle, and I don't think they are, they do convey some idea of the complicated situation in that country. The statements being made by both sides in this long and brutal war are, in fact, increasingly shrill and confused. The Vietnamese opponents have come to seem like two punch-drunk prizefighters in an old-time bareknuckle brawl that has lasted more rounds than either can remember. Both are wobbly and can hardly stand but are kept going by their seconds, who between rounds clean them up, fix their cuts, and give them smelling salts, then send them out again when the bell rings. Sooner or later, one of the weary battlers may simply collapse and drop to the canvas. Or the fight may go on and on, with the spectators helpless. It is easy to say that if the seconds would just pack up and go home it would all be over, but the seconds can't; neither the American moral predicament nor Communist revolutionary dialectics and objectives will permit it.

THE most important Communist statements made recently on the military and political direction of the war are contained in a seven-part article by General Vo Nguyen Giap, North Vietnam's Defense Minister, that appeared in two Hanoi newspapers in mid-December, and in copies of a number of directives that were captured in South Vietnam—notably a pair called "COSVN Resolution Nine" and "COSVN Resolution Ten." Though the veracity of captured documents has often been questioned, I have seen the Vietnamese originals of the ones I am referring to, and am sure that they are authentic. "COSVN" stands for Central Office for South Vietnam, which is the headquarters that, under Hanoi's direction, runs the war in the South, and which is at present situated in Cambodia, just across the western border of Tay Ninh Province, northwest of Saigon, and has a forward headquarters in Tay Ninh itself. There have been ten resolutions since COSVN was established, at the end of 1961, or about a year after the creation of the National Liberation Front in the South. These resolutions are, in effect, orders and interpretations of orders for Party workers and followers in South Vietnam, and are based on prior Laodong resolutions, handed down from Hanoi. For example, Resolution Nine, which was issued last July, was based on a Laodong resolution issued by the Politburo in Hanoi in April. Resolution Nine was captured here when a Communist courier was ambushed and killed by members of an American brigade north of Saigon in October. It was the first complete resolution ever obtained, and it is considered especially significant because it contains a lengthy and detailed analysis of the war. It was presumably written by Pham Hung, the fourth-ranking member of the Hanoi Politburo and the highest-ranking Communist in the South, who directs both the military and the political war effort, and one sign of its importance is that Party workers are ordered to study it for "fifty hours." It charts a complicated, sometimes seemingly contradictory, course for "achieving a decisive victory within a relatively short period of time" while "firmly grasping the precept of



"Damn it, Edwards, I'm not paying you to be astute about me. I'm paying you to be astute about other people."

protractedness" in order to "defeat the enemy in case they try to prolong the war." Hopes for rapid American de-escalation and for the failure of Vietnamization are repeatedly expressed, as is the hope that the Americans will be "forced to seek an early end to the war through a political solution that they cannot refuse;" namely, a cease-fire followed by the establishment of a coalition government. While accepting the fact that "the Saigon area is our major battlefield for the whole of South Vietnam," Resolution Nine appears to acknowledge the difficulty of again laying siege to Saigon and other major cities in the manner of the 1968 Tet offensive. One phrase that is constantly reiterated is "especially in the Delta," and it is there in particular—the rich rice region south of Saigon—that Communist troops are supposed to grab the initiative and "liberate and control the major part of the rural area . . . and build the liberated areas into perfect revolutionary bases to serve as the firm, direct rear of the resistance." It is in the Mekong Delta, however, where guerrilla activity back in 1959 touched off the present war, that the South Vietnamese government has made the most progress in the last year. Largely on the basis of advances in this area, President Thieu has claimed that his government now "controls" ninety-five per cent of the total population of South Vietnam—a claim that even optimistic Americans privately acknowledge to be exaggerated by at least fifteen per cent.

THERE is no doubt that improvements have taken place. Many roads that had been closed to traffic for years are open again. Rice and other produce are moving, a number of former contested areas have now been brought under either partial or nearly complete government control, and thousands of the people who had been living in Communist villages and hamlets have crossed over into safer zones. It is in the Delta, too, that the biggest improvement has been made in the use of Regional and Popular Forces—the provincial and local troops—which together now number almost half a million men and are being supplied with more and more American M-16 rifles. With American help—and our air and artillery support particularly are still vital—the South Vietnamese have managed to set up outposts in the two long-established Vietcong base areas in the Delta—the U Minh Forest and Base Area 470—close to the Cambodian border. That the Communists are now feverishly concerned about the Delta is therefore no surprise.

Late last year, the North Vietnamese 273rd Regiment moved into the area—the first time that Hanoi elements had come that far south. With the announced withdrawal of the American 9th Division—a unit that established a tremendously high, and quite possibly exaggerated, ratio of combat losses to enemy casualties, and left as many enemies as friends among the South Vietnamese—the North Vietnamese shifted more forces south. Today, there are elements of four additional North Vietnamese regiments in the Delta, and also countless North Vietnamese sent in as replacements to fill out depleted main-force Vietcong units, some of which are now eighty per cent North Vietnamese. All in all, there are probably ten thousand North Vietnamese soldiers in the area, and, counting political workers, main-force Vietcong, local guerrillas, and men, women, and children handling supplies and acting as communications and liaison personnel, a total of between fifty and sixty thousand Communists are active there. Although the rate of infiltration from North Vietnam at any given time is extremely difficult to determine until months later, when certain elements in the South may be identified, the best available intelligence indicates that four or five thousand North Vietnamese came South during November and somewhat fewer in December. These figures, if they are right, are in keeping with the overall Hanoi plan to fight the war in the South in 1970 by using highly trained, fast-striking small units to attack larger American and South Vietnamese units whenever an opportunity arises and continuing to attack such important targets as government administrative centers.

What the Communists have been doing in the Delta in the past few weeks admittedly has American military and intelligence experts baffled. For example, Hanoi has put parts of two regiments into the U Minh Forest, where they can be bottled up and subjected to artillery and air attack. Obviously, the Communists are getting ready for something, but no one knows what. The best guess is that, in conjunction with forces that they are maintaining in the Central Highlands to the north, and also still farther north, adjacent to Laos, they are doing two things: slowly establishing a new system of linked base areas reaching all the way from North Vietnam to the tip of the

Estée Lauder believes your skin needs more than a good night's sleep.

It needs her new Night Table Creme.

Quench your skin's thirst all night long with Estée Lauder's newest treatment essential—Night Table Creme. Smoothed on just before bedtime, its velvety formula full of precious oils and moisturizers works while you sleep to help replenish vital natural lubricants. Next to sleep itself, Night Table Creme by Estée Lauder offers the richest beauty benefits for the upkeep of your skin's good looks.

Estée Lauder

©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc.

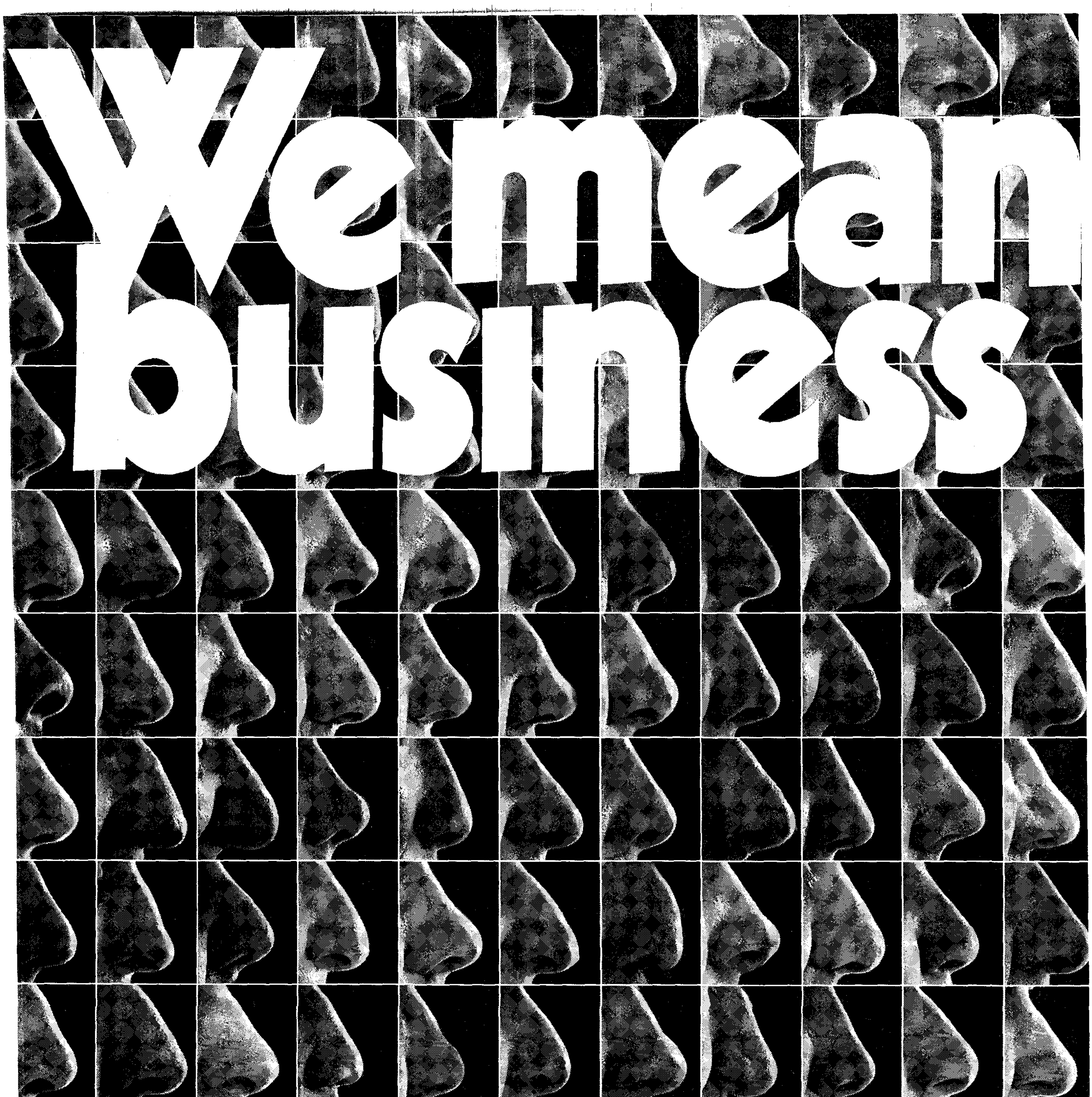
"Would you be interested in reincarnation, sir? If so, we can place you immediately, as either a wombat or a mongoose."

•

Delta, and getting ready to sweep eastward from these bases to attack district capitals, and perhaps some provincial capitals as well—one of which, either in the Highlands or in a remote section of the Delta, is likely to be proclaimed the capital of the Provisional Revolutionary Government that COSVN and Hanoi established last June. Such a widespread campaign, aimed at seizing specific places and simultaneously disrupting the pacification and Vietnamization programs, could pave the way for a cease-fire and political talks. What Hanoi may have in mind is the consolidation of a wide belt of territory embracing all of western Vietnam and all of eastern Laos, including, in Laos, part of the Plaine des Jarres, which the Communists lost last fall. Together, these areas would constitute a "liberated" system of interlocking zones, which, except for some of the Delta regions, are largely uninhabited. What would follow if this happens might lead, according to what is called by American officials the "leopard-spot theory," to regional cease-fires accompanied by political accommodation and followed by local and regional elections, the end result being the division of both Vietnam and Laos into Communist and non-Communist areas. Although such a partition could become a permanent or semi-permanent solution in Laos, it probably couldn't in Vietnam, for political and guerrilla warfare would undoubtedly continue regardless of cease-fires. There is no doubt that in Hanoi's eyes "ultimate victory" still means unification of Vietnam, and Hanoi is likely to persist in this aim even if it takes five, ten, or twenty years longer.

A number of references in Resolution Nine to completing Party organizational work by "June, 1970," indicate both that the task is urgent and that if a "decisive victory" can be attained by that date a cease-fire may end the major fighting, at least temporarily, and the political struggle may be stepped up. Portions of Resolution Ten and other documents exploit the cease-fire theme further. There are frequent references to "the situation developing quickly." According to a notebook taken from the body of a high-ranking officer killed southeast of Saigon in November, the Communists, in order to expedite American withdrawal and "frustrate de-Americanization," can create "an unfavorable situation for the Americans and the Saigon government when a cease-fire is stipulated" if "we capitalize on the opportunity by planting our personnel in government-controlled areas to take advantage of any changes"—possibly a reference to an anti-Thieu coup. This notebook adds, "In the immediate future, we will accept a cease-fire. Whenever the cease-fire is promulgated by us, our troops will continue to attack and overrun government Army posts. We will not make prisoners of puppet soldiers. Rather, we will educate them and release them on the spot. But we have to capture as many [enemy] soldiers as possible in preparation for a political settlement." Another document, believed to be a section of Resolution Ten, speaks of an increase in military proselytizing among both government and allied forces and of supporting "a fifth column in place" within allied units to erode morale, instead of simply encouraging deserters.

There has been considerable discussion of whether the Communists, if they took over South Vietnam, would kill their political enemies, as they did in North Vietnam in 1945-46, and again in the mid-fifties, when there was a peasant rebellion against enforced collectivization; between fifty thousand and a hundred thousand people were killed during each period. Predictions about such matters are hazardous, but although the Communists have joined the rest of the world in condemning the American massacre at My Lai—or, to give it its correct Vietnamese geographical designation, Tu Cong—in March, 1968, they have also, according to scores of documents I have just read, given orders to "kill tyrants and traitors" throughout the country now and also when uprisings take place just before and just after a cease-fire is declared. The rate of terrorism, including the assassination of village and hamlet officials, especially those engaged in pacification and self-defense, rose at the end of 1969 quite sharply, having averaged slightly less per month during the rest of the year than in 1968, when during the Tet offensive in Hué the Communists appear, on the evidence of mass graves still being uncovered, to have murdered close to five thousand people—government functionaries, anti-Communist politicians, pro-government intellectuals, religious leaders, and so on. The documents cap-

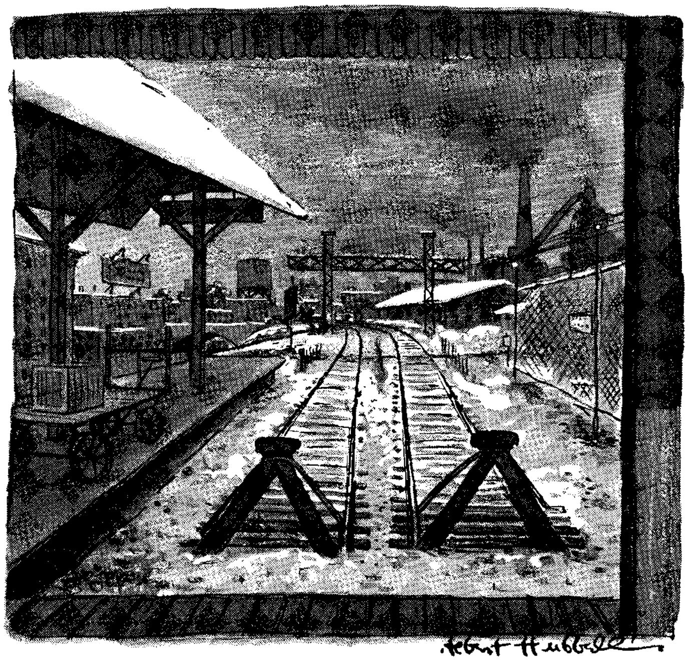


We've got more editors and reporters poking their noses into every aspect of business than any other magazine in the world.

BusinessWeek
A McGraw-Hill Magazine

tured during 1969 also included orders to "annihilate" opposition elements by categories, much as was initially done in Hué. Several of the documents gave orders for the "annihilation" of a specific number of people in each of various villages in central Vietnam; for one province, the number ranged from five to forty per village. Instructions issued in mid-1969 to Party committees of two Delta provinces ordered rosters to be prepared of "wicked village delegates, policemen, hamlet chiefs and assistant hamlet chiefs, intelligence agents, spies, and betrayers who have committed a blood debt against our people." One document advocated careful procedures, saying, "We should not take advantage of the situation to terrorize, assassinate, and torture indiscriminately. We should fully understand the policy of using violence and implement it correctly and democratically." Another document was more blunt. "Each comrade must kill one reactionary," it said.

A DISTINCTION should be made between captured enemy documents, usually sent out for official Communist guidance, and public speeches or articles, such as the seven-part article by General Giap. The importance of Giap's article lies in the imprimatur it gives to the earlier COSVN resolutions and documents and in the corroboration it offers of the kind of war the Communists are now preparing to fight—one emphasizing "the art of using a small force to fight a big force." In his current article, Giap, sounding far less positive and confident than he did when he wrote his famous guerrilla textbook "People's War, People's Army," in the fifties, speaks of "the great imbalance of numerical strength and population, and also a great imbalance of technical equipment," and of the need for enough time "to gradually exterminate and weaken the enemy's forces, to restrict their strength and aggravate their weaknesses, to gradually strengthen and develop our forces and overcome our deficiencies." The theme throughout is to make economical use of the forces that the Communists have at their command, which are now estimated to include a hundred and thirty thousand North Vietnamese fighting men in the South (or in rest camps in Cambodia), in a total combined force—among which are Vietcong main-force units, guerrillas, political workers, supply troops, and so on—of three hundred and thirty thousand.



A recent study, based partly on interviews with some of the six thousand North Vietnamese battlefield prisoners being held in South Vietnam, reaches the conclusion that the North Vietnamese are still deeply dedicated to their cause of the "liberation" of the South and hold a continuing staunch belief in the advantages of Communism in the North. This belief, which, it has been found, is held even by sons of some former landowners who were killed in the mid-fifties' purge, entails acceptance of the harsh regimen and strict security measures imposed on the North by the war, and a conviction that the war in the South has been a legitimate drive for "national salvation"—a natural and logical sequel to the struggle against the French that began in 1945. Anti-Americanism is the basis of this belief—an extension of the violent anti-colonial feelings that led to the victory over the French in 1954. Thus, although the North Vietnamese soldiers regard their three-to-six-month trip to the South as a painful experience, and although many of them acknowledge, with a kind of Buddhist or Taoist fatalism, that they may never return to their homes and families again, they tend to accept their role as a totally unavoidable commitment, a responsibility from which there is no escape. The attitude of these North Vietnamese soldiers is in considerable contrast to the feelings of many South Vietnamese Vietcong *hoi chanh* (returnees), who have averaged twenty-five thousand a year over the last four years, compared to a total of less than two hundred North Vietnamese who have defected without being forced to surrender on the battlefield since the war began. There are many dedicated Vietcong soldiers, but there are just as many who, after joining the Communists either voluntarily or by impressment—and in the last two years the latter has been the case more and more often—have revealed a negative attitude. A large number of the *hoi chanh* who volunteered have said that they did so because they were against the government for one reason or another—lack of faith in the successive Saigon regimes, anger over specific cruel or discriminatory actions by local officials. Those who had fought the hardest for the Vietcong did so because they related their actions directly to what they felt for the South Vietnamese "homeland," and they showed no strong convictions about reunification with the North. Until recently—and even now, to a lesser extent—they were also motivated by the belief that they were fighting on the winning side. Something that is new in the past year, according to the study, is a decline in morale, owing to physical and economic hardship—the result, in large part, of the devastating B-52 raids. (These raids are to be continued, at reduced strength, during the coming period of Vietnamization.) The drop in morale has also been due in part to the diminishing number of zealous and well-trained political workers. Today, there is less expounding of revolutionary ideology, less careful indoctrination, and more direct preaching about anti-Americanism and survival, together with vague allusions to promotion and status once the war is won. The great losses that the Communists suffered during Tet in 1968 and the decline in morale after the death of Ho Chi Minh (on the whole, oddly, this has been greater in the South than in the North) also have made recruitment in the South more difficult. The Communists are still taking people on, at a rate of at least five thousand a month, but most of the new recruits are boys of eleven or twelve, women, and old men, and most of them have been impressed into service. Despite all this, and despite growing friction between the dedicated Northerners and the Southerners who dream more simply of peace, interrogations indicate that the average Communist political worker in the South still has stronger motivation than his counterpart on the government side.

BECAUSE what is now South Vietnam has, historically, been more often divided than united, and because it has been subject to more divisive foreign influences than the North, the South Vietnamese inevitably lack the solidarity and the sustained revolutionary ardor of their Northern brethren, and are today bewildered and uncertain about their own capacity to hold together and to restore their broken nationalist roots under the harsh imperatives of time and of such essentially artificial programs as "Vietnamization" and "pacification." To be "Vietnamized" or "pacified" or "reconstructed"—words that Aldous Huxley or George Orwell would have relished—without being given time or opportunity to rediscover a Southern consciousness, which exists but lies deeply submerged, is apt to be meaningless. This is the fundamental problem in South Vietnam today, and nothing makes this fact clearer than a trip, such as one I made last month, through the provinces of the seething Delta. In certain respects, the journey is comparable to a tour of New York City that includes the ugly, violent slums of Harlem and Williamsburg, the bland middle-class sections of Queens and the Bronx, and the insulated wealthy blocks of upper Fifth and Park Avenues. It may be no accident that the two terms one hears used most often by the Americans in Vietnam these days are "social mobility" and "decentralization." The first has to do with the involvement of many more people in the Revolutionary Development programs and in the complex bureaucratic social structure of the provinces. There are now hundreds of new "experts." Seventeen different types, including village chiefs, are being trained at Vung Tau, on the coast near Saigon, for rural-development work of one sort or another; district and province chiefs are being specially trained elsewhere. Ordinary villagers are getting short courses designed to encourage building up useful relationships among themselves and among neighboring communities. The Americans hope that when elections are held for provincial councils, sometime this spring or summer (the forty-four province chiefs will continue to be appointed), social mobility will increase, especially if, as is

A Club Méditerranée Village is an isolated society without rules or politics. Without competition. Without rank or status. Without social pressure of any kind. A place where the individual feels free to act on impulse. Like running out at 4 A.M. for a swim.

It is a society that places little value on surface things like jewelry and clothing. (A bathing suit is as formal as you ever have to get.) A society that doesn't build formal barriers between people. Here, there are no last names. And never a hesitation about introducing yourself.

There is an obvious lack of routine and regimentation at the Club. No social directors trying to organize you into a good time. If and when the spirit moves you, there's tennis, scuba diving, spearfishing, surfing, sailing, deep-sea fishing, judo and yoga.

Money is not an all-powerful force in this society. Virtually everything (but drinks) is free. The above activities. Instruction. Equipment. Entertainment. Dancing. You can't even tip anyone.

Here, moderation is not a virtue. You can party all night. There's an endless flow of free wine. And every meal is a huge banquet of rare delicacies prepared by master French chefs.

Club Méditerranée's experimental society has proven successful. But only in small isolated paradises. Like the Caribbean islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. Perhaps someday it could work on a bigger scale. The world, for instance.

The total cost of this experience is, to say the least, reasonable. For example, one week in Guadeloupe (including round trip jet air fare from New York) starts at $308, depending on the season.

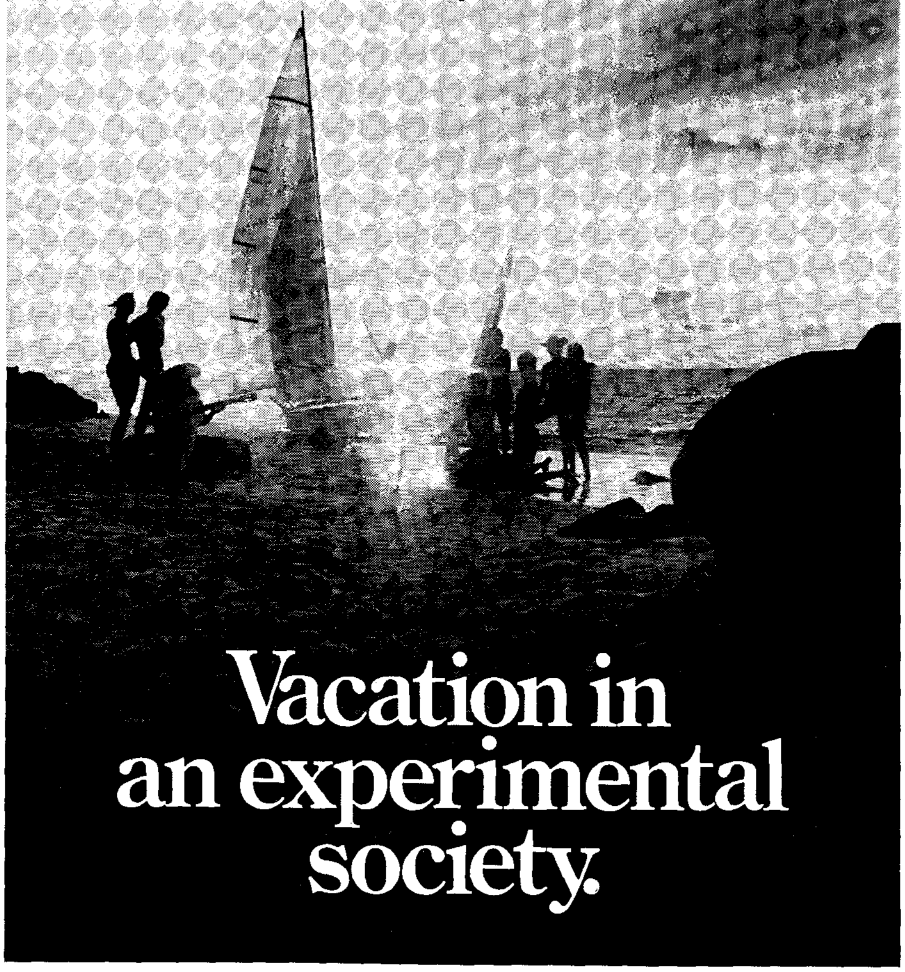
Michele,
Club Méditerranée Service Center
P.O. Box 188, Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

Please send me your free 34 page booklet with further information on vacations to Caribbean, Tahiti, Morocco and Ski villages.

Mr. Mrs. Miss
Address
City State Zip
My travel agent is N-171

Club Méditerranée
American Express

American Express Company is the general sales agent for the Club Méditerranée in the U.S. and Canada. Club Méditerranée vacations can be booked through any American Express Company or subsidiary office in the U.S. and Canada, or through your travel agent.



How to have your portfolio of $5,000 to $50,000 supervised for capital growth objectives

Here are the five simple steps you take to benefit from the Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan:

1. Write us now for a 42-page booklet describing this tested plan. No obligation. No one will call you. We serve clients all over the world (in at least 55 countries) solely by correspondence.

2. Study our methods and goals. See how we will try to help your money grow by carefully selecting and supervising your investments in leading common stocks. Compare the 10-year "Performance Record" of all the funds we have managed.

3. Send us a "Request Form" telling the amount of cash or securities you want us to manage, how you want dividends and fees handled and, if you wish, a little data on your own financial plans.

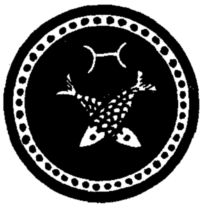
4. Open your own account with a large NYSE Member Firm which has one office serving Danforth clients only. Deposit your cash and/or securities in this account and give them limited power to accept instructions from us – with all transactions to be made only in your name.

5. From here on, our analysts will make decisions to try to help your capital grow as fast as possible consistent with reasonable precautions. As in any selection of investments, losses do and will occur, but you will know their decisions promptly. You receive monthly accountings and quarterly evaluations. You can withdraw at any time.

The plan thus far has proved, we believe, especially efficient in providing capital growth supervision to portfolios starting with from $5,000 to $50,000. To take your first step now, simply write "send booklet" with your name and address and mail to Dept. K-63.

DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • *Incorporated 1936*

anticipated, each candidate is required to run from the district in which he lives. As for decentralization, it is a concomitant of social mobility. It refers to the reëstablishment of traditional local autonomy through the election of hamlet and village chiefs and councils. On the average, four to six hamlets make up a village, and, according to the latest American figures, there are 2,157 villages and 10,731 hamlets in South Vietnam. Ninety-two per cent of the villages have chiefs, assistant chiefs, and councils, most of them locally elected, and the fact of their having been elected entitles them to government funds of a million piastres (about eight thousand dollars at the official rate, but less than three thousand at the current black-market rate) for development projects of their own choosing; villages whose officials are still appointed, because they are not secure enough to hold elections, get only four hundred thousand piastres. When the provincial councils are set up, they will also have their own development funds, and it is hoped that these councils will encourage social mobility further by dealing directly with their village counterparts in promoting development projects.



It might work, but, given the subtle, often intractable ways of the Orient, it is too pat, too "Western" a concept. There has always been a tendency among the statistics-minded, reform-minded Americans here to play numbers games, and by now the Vietnamese have caught the habit. Thus, when President Thieu claims to have ninety-five per cent of the population of the country under control, he is taking cognizance of the fact that about forty per cent of the people now live in or around cities, in contrast to just fifteen per cent before the war. In the Delta region, which has more than half the country's total population, the number of hamlets under Vietcong control, the Americans say, has been more than halved since a year ago—fourteen per cent of the population compared to thirty-five per cent. There is no doubt that many people have moved out of Communist areas in the Delta in the last year, whether because of food shortages or higher Communist taxes or for such reasons as one chief in a Vietcong village gave after crossing over: "It was just getting too hard to see my wife." Undoubtedly, the government has improved its position a great deal by denying resources to the Communist area through military pressure. There are five hundred thousand more guns on the government side today than there were a year ago—about a hundred and fifty thousand of them new M-16 rifles that have been distributed to the Regional and Popular Forces, and the rest mostly carbines that have been given out to the Popular Self-Defense Forces—volunteer groups that patrol communities at night. As for economic improvements in the Delta, today one can see there thousands more Hondas, sewing machines, television and radio sets, and the like, than one could a year or so ago, and the current rice crop, amounting to more than five million tons, is the highest in several years.

In 1969, what was called the Accelerated Pacification Program was supposed to get as many people as possible into as many secure villages as possible before the Communists got there. It was an effort to trade space for time, and by and large the government did not do badly. The 1970 program is emphasizing consolidation—building up the new village governments and stimulating more information campaigns and development projects (bridges, schoolhouses, pig-raising centers, social halls, and so on). Two of the worst weak spots are the local police forces, which have been a problem ever since the time of Diem, and the Phoenix program, a provincially coördinated plan for collecting intelligence on important local Communists and then arresting them. Another, over-all, weakness is a tendency to emphasize quantity at the expense of quality, and this is something that pervades the whole Vietnamization program, including the recruitment of paramilitary elements. But the greatest weakness of all, as I see it, remains the lack of political motivation from the bottom up. This is something that only the Vietnamese can ultimately provide, but the Americans have all along failed to stimulate such efforts, and the new heavy emphasis on rapid Vietnamization, with its manifold technical aspects, scarcely helps to focus attention on useful political developments. "Village democracy," beginning with the election of a chief—there often is only one candidate, frequently a reluctant one—continuing with a group decision whether to build a schoolhouse or a pig farm, and facilitated by an increase in administrative efficiency, may stimulate an emerging political consciousness. But these are all material measures, and neither such efforts alone nor an improvement in military security—important as that is—nor a combination of the two will save Vietnam if more substantial political institutions are not established. Technology and bureaucracy are surely not enough when the Communists are still far from defeated—when, as one veteran American economic-development worker commented, "two Vietcong in a hamlet can still undo most of what we've accomplished." The Americans, after fighting the war themselves for too long, without equipping and training a mobile Vietnamese army, are now, as they hastily try to put American-style social-welfare and economic-improvement programs into effect, again doing the job themselves instead of letting the Vietnamese learn the hard way.

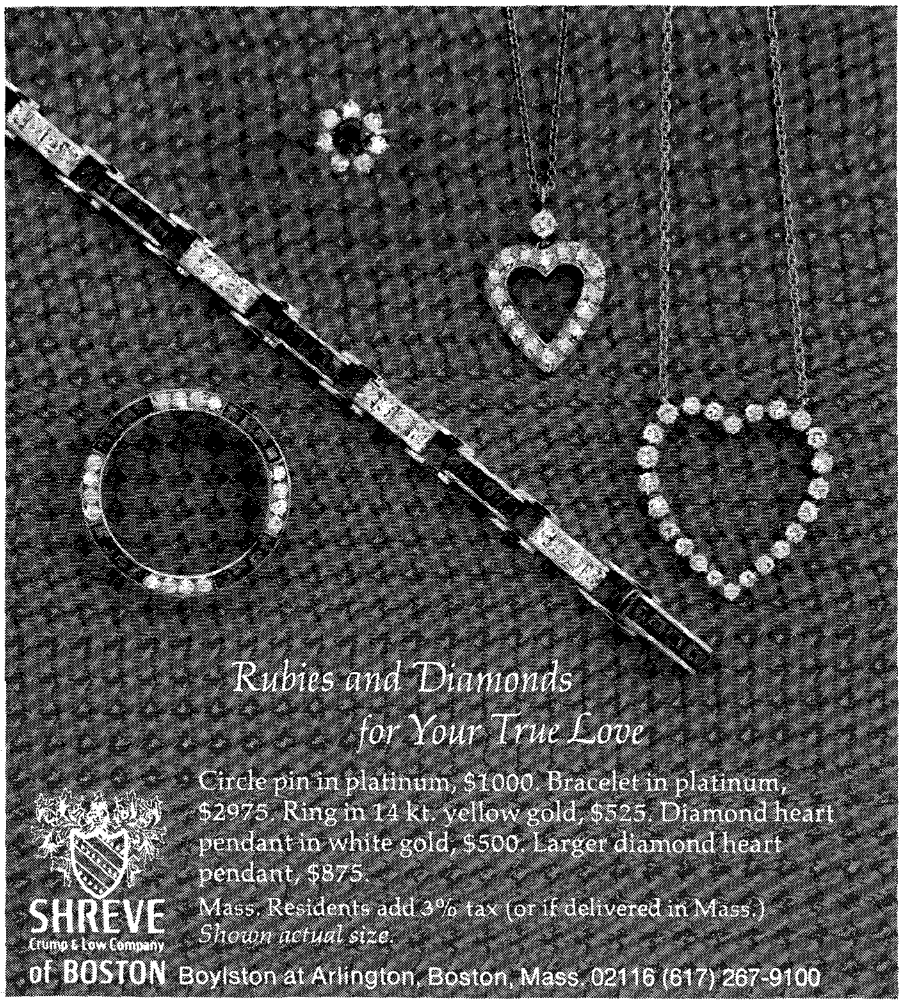
MOST Americans consider Kien Hoa, a coastal province southeast of Saigon that has traditionally been a Communist stronghold and major recruitment center for the Vietcong, possibly the worst province in the country. Today, things there are not as bad as they once were. Some roads can now be driven over by day, and some long-closed markets and schools are open again. But more than two thousand Communists, or about twice as many as there were a year ago, are currently active in the province, and in the past few months the number of Vietcong incidents has increased four or five fold—to about a hundred and fifty a month. Most of these are acts of terrorism against and attacks on the Regional and Popular Forces, whose members still tend to hole up in outposts, or, if they do patrol, to take the same routes over and over—an open invitation to attack. The Vietnamese 10th Regiment, which replaced the American 9th Division, has failed to establish good relations with provincial officials, and the result has been reduced pressure on the Vietcong. In one recent five-day period, the Vietcong killed three hamlet chiefs and seriously wounded a village chief and a schoolteacher. The new government workers more often than not lack direction, whether because the district chiefs, who are usually Army captains, don't know how to assign them or because the village chiefs, who are now supposed to be in charge of the incoming Revolutionary Development workers and other specialists, are afraid to exercise their new authority or are harassed by their jealous district and provincial superiors. The situation is not made easier by the fact that some of the more experienced technical cadremen, with academic de-

We have to keep a private island to hold all the fun

You'd think with a new Manor House, a palmy beach, tennis courts, patio, pool, Villas in our Hibiscus gardens, swinging lounge and the best dining room in the Bahamas we'd have enough room to hold all the fun that goes on at our place. Little do you know! We keep a private island a mile off shore with three more beaches, barbecues, bar and beachboys just to take up the overflow. See your travel agent now or call Sonesta Reservation Service.

In Continental U.S. call FREE 800-221-2662 In New York State call FREE 800-522-6444
In New York City call LOCAL PLaza 2-9100

The Balmoral Beach Hotel
On Cable Beach
Nassau, Bahamas
A Sonesta Hotel



Rubies and Diamonds for Your True Love

Circle pin in platinum, $1000. Bracelet in platinum, $2975. Ring in 14 kt. yellow gold, $525. Diamond heart pendant in white gold, $500. Larger diamond heart pendant, $875.

Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.)
Shown actual size.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON Boylston at Arlington, Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 267-9100

The
new
place
to go...

Completed just in time to greet the new decade with its premiere season, here's where it's at for the '70s.

- Private beach and pool.
- Dancing and entertainment.
- All water sports.

LIME TREE

BEACH HOTEL • ST. THOMAS. VIRGIN ISLANDS

See your travel agent or contact:
Miss Sims, LIMETREE, Box 4986
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801
(809) 774-4770 Cable: LIMETREE
New York Rep: Daniel D. Miller, Inc.
420 Lexington Ave., New York 10017
(212) 532-7700

THE COLOR-FILLED WORLD OF

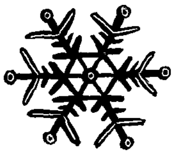
Donald Davies

BEGINS IN DUBLIN...

where the wispiest of woolens is exquisitely woven, richly dyed, perfectly coutured into classics for women to discover in boutiques in Paris and London and the finest stores in the U.S.A.

DONALD DAVIES, 417 Fifth Ave, NYC 10016

grees from Saigon, are paid more than most provincial officials and twice as much as the village chiefs. Moreover, the province chief in Kien Hoa, Colonel Tran Thien Nhien, has additional political problems of his own, connected with profiteering scandals that reach all the way up to the House of Representatives in Saigon, and these have further divided political loyalties in the province. Five-man Mobile Advisory Teams of Americans, who either work with the Regional Force companies or work on village development schemes, put in only thirty- or forty-day stints, in which they can seldom accomplish enough to make a lasting impression. The teams are much in demand, however, both in Kien Hoa and elsewhere—one more indication of the continuing overdependence on the Americans.



Neighboring Vinh Binh Province is another Communist backwater, with between two or three thousand main-force Vietcong and local guerrillas still active, but there the government has established some degree of control over twice as many hamlets as it could claim a year ago. Nevertheless, the Vietcong still hold several important areas—most notably Cang Long District, which has been an enemy base for many years. The American senior adviser told me that the Vietnamese Army commander in the Delta was willing to put two regular regiments into Cang Long for one month but that it would take six months to clear out the Vietcong. "Generally, we've put too much responsibility on little men in the villages who can't handle it, and at the same time we've let those who should be taking over make excuses for not doing their job," the adviser said. Police work there is poor, too, and there is a lack of coördination within the local Phoenix program. Though some roads are now passable even at night, the Communists are still able to move between Vinh Binh and the neighboring provinces almost at will after dark, using an intricate system of canals and rivers as well as many of the roads. In Ba Xuyen Province, south of Vinh Binh, the situation has improved more substantially, with the estimated total of armed Vietcong and guerrillas having dropped in the past year from nearly four thousand to slightly more than two thousand. The Regional and Popular Forces there have done particularly well, the local senior adviser said. The province has a population of three hundred and eighty thousand, and of this number fifty-six thousand are still considered to be under Vietcong control; on the other hand, all but sixty thousand of two hundred and eighty thousand hectares of riceland are under government cultivation. As I moved on south to Thoi Binh District, in An Xuyen Province, at the far end of the Delta, which is another contender for the designation of the worst area in the country, I was given the latest evaluations on its hamlets, which, according to the Hamlet Evaluation System—an American system of rating hamlets from A down to E on the basis of their security and development, with V used to designate a hamlet still completely in Vietcong hands—had no A's, four B's, four C's, five D's, and seven V's. Here, the American advisers agreed, the Communists, if they choose to, can hit hard in the coming months.

I had now been in four bad provinces in a row. The next two were a sharp contrast. In Kien Giang, on the southwest coast, eighty-eight per cent of the population is living in hamlets rated A, B, or C, and territory that was abandoned to the Communists is being rapidly reoccupied. The people of Kien Giang are not yet altogether pro-government, but they are becoming more openly anti-Communist; though they still retain their fear of reprisals, they are now willing to give information about Vietcong agents, possibly because they get paid for it. In Chau Thanh District of An Giang Province, just to the north, the situation is even better. A majority of the district's population are members of the Hoa Hao, one of the two major religious sects in the South, and its leaders in this region for years maintained a successful truce with the Communists.

IN the Delta, as elsewhere in South Vietnam, many of the improvements are bound to prove transitory if they do not keep pace with the ability of the Communists to retaliate—and Hanoi still has the ability to do so. One high-ranking American civilian official with many years of experience here told me, "The Vietnamese are never going to be able to live happily ever after. A lot depends on their sticking to what they're doing right now. There are three curves—the curve of increasing Vietnamization, the curve of our declining direct support, and the curve of Communist action. If we can keep the first two curves ahead of the last, we'll be all right." Many Americans complain privately about the "thin veneer" of ability among Vietnamese officers, though they praise some individuals highly. More are now being trained in the United States and elsewhere abroad, and the training period in Vietnam is longer, too, but the question of quantity versus quality remains a vital one. Another problem is improving officers' chances for promotion—an area in which the Vietnamese, having been caught up so long in French traditionalism, have lagged. A forthcoming reorganization of the four military corps areas into six or seven more realistically divided regions should help increase promotional mobility and perhaps galvanize some of the atrophied administrative apparatus.

There remain all sorts of other military difficulties, having to do with logistics and with strategy and tactics. For example, the job of training helicopter pilots and mechanics, which takes three years and should have been started long ago, was only recently begun. The tasks of running depot and maintenance facilities and of keeping proper inventories were carried on almost exclusively by the Americans for years, and when the Vietnamese—along with some Koreans—took parts of them over, pervasive laxity led to corruption. One lucrative source of corruption among Vietnamese officials today is scrap metal—steel, copper, and brass—which is secretly being shipped to Singapore and other places for high profits; I was shown a copy of a contract involving the wife of a Vietnamese general, who had received official permission to ship more than half a million dollars' worth of scrap, including shell casings, to Singapore. Corruption and inflation go together, and Vietnam today, despite recently introduced austerity taxes—or, rather, partly because of them, since they caused immediate price increases—is undergoing a new period of inflation so severe that it may ultimately force devaluation of the piastre. An Army private with five children makes seven thousand piastres a month, but he cannot possibly get along on less than twice that amount. Officers and civil servants are similarly situated, and the obvious result is moonlighting, or corruption, or both.

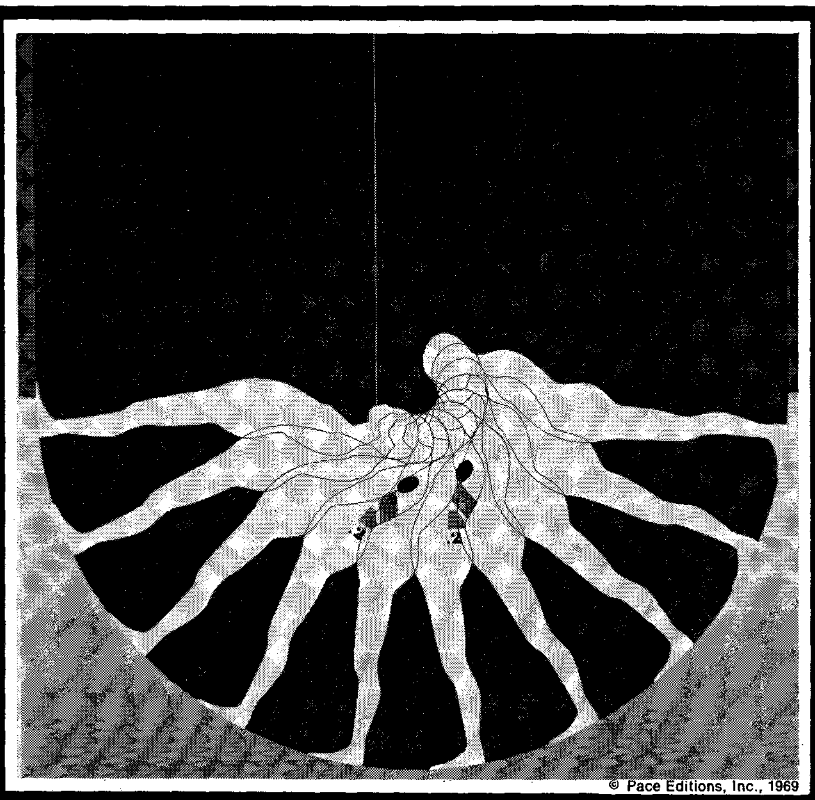
There is also the tripartite question of military equipment—what the Vietnamese want, what they can use, and what the United States feels they should have. One Vietnamese general told me, "We're really three years behind now, because you've always been afraid of moving faster. Things would have been a lot different if you had started sooner, not only with your

Kitchen-Tough...Sideboard-Beautiful

For the first time in any kitchen... on any sideboard... harvest-gold or avocado-green porcelain enamel bonded to strong, easy-to-clean stainless steel utensils. Highly heat-conductive for fast, uniform cooking. Beautiful colors and form will grace any table. Easy to wipe clean.

Stainless Steel
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities

(Only the ENDURO® stainless steel is produced by Republic Steel. The kitchen utensil manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Dept. NY-1498, 1441 Republic Building, P.O. Box 6778, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.)



© Pace Editions, Inc., 1969

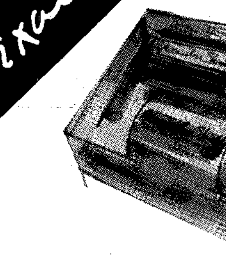
TROVA–A New Portfolio

Ten original silkscreen prints on Beckett rag content paper. Each print (28″ x 28″ sheet) is signed and numbered in an edition of 175 portfolios, boxed in a silver foil case. $1500.00 plus sales tax where applicable.

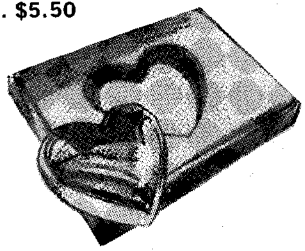
THE PACE GALLERY 32 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022

Alexander Shields

valentine thoughts

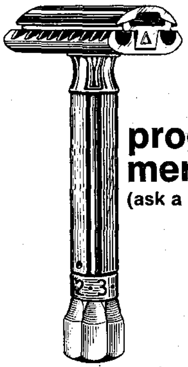


straight from the sandalwood tree our famous handsome fragrance— the starter set includes a 2 ounce travel bottle and a generous bath soap. **$5.50**



our one pound brass heart comes in a red velvet box. **$15.**

PLAZA 5-2588 484 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY 10022



progress merkur
(ask a European!)

This superb, technically perfect solid brass Safety Razor is the finest shaving instrument in the world. The Micro-Dial mechanism, the heart of this remarkable new razor, adjusts to just the right shave for your beard. Accepts standard double-edge blades which remain rigidly in place and in perfect alignment. The sculptured stem is meticulously balanced for a Lifetime of flawless shaving. A splendid, functional razor...favourite of professional men here and abroad. **Progress Merkur is guaranteed the best razor you've ever owned, or your money back!**

#500 Chrome Veneer	$6.00	2 for $11.50
#510 Silver Veneer	$6.95	2 for $13.50
#520 Gold Veneer	$8.50	2 for $16.00

please add 35¢ post per order.

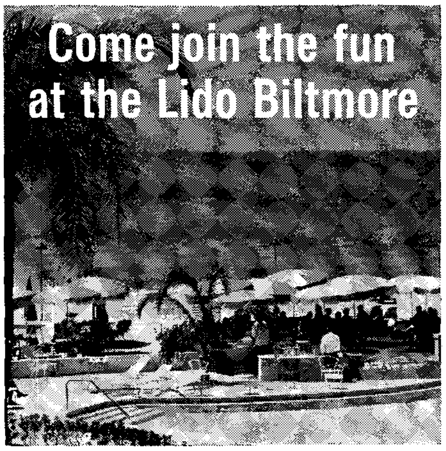
Name
Address
Zip
style quant. check encl. ☐
chg. Diners acc't

J.D. BROWNE **900 North Point**
(Ghirardelli Square) San Francisco, California 94109

M-16 rifles but with other equipment, including jet fighters. Maybe we didn't know how to use all these things, and maybe we'd have had trouble learning quickly, but the effort at least should have been made. Suppose we lost a hundred thousand M-16s to the enemy in battle, or through smuggling or corruption. Look at the Russians and the way they supply the Egyptians. They don't like to see matériel and planes being lost to the Israelis, but that hasn't stopped them from giving more, has it?"

It may be true, as General William C. Westmoreland, the former commander-in-chief in Vietnam, is known to believe, that if the North had been more thoroughly bombed, or if we had invaded Laos and Cambodia to hit at the Communist sanctuaries, the war could have been "won." Such actions might have turned the tide significantly, yet it is doubtful whether the war would have been won permanently that way; in any case, it wouldn't have affected the complaint of the Vietnamese about why it took us so long to help them defend themselves adequately, which is what every President from Eisenhower through Nixon has professed our policy to be. The truth is that we were always more interested in doing the job *for* the Vietnamese. Whatever the initial opposition of the military to our getting involved in a major war on the Asian mainland, once we were in, the American military-industrial complex wanted to run the show, and it did.

That shortsighted policy also helps explain our poor political performance in Vietnam, which may yet undo Vietnamization and all that it seeks to accomplish. For four years after the Americans helped engineer the overthrow of President Diem and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu in 1963, we did little or nothing to create new political institutions in Vietnam, and when we did interfere in Vietnamese politics it was with remarkable maladroitness. Having fostered the new constitutional government of the Second Republic, which led to the elections in the fall of 1967, we devoted inordinate care and attention to building up President Thieu as a national figure capable of leading the South Vietnamese from war to peace and of instituting a form of guided democracy that would combine a degree of benevolent authoritarianism with a system of decentralized government gradually established. The theory was a plausible one, but it hasn't worked. Thieu has turned out to be a military mandarin, and though decen-



Smart, sophisticated, swinging... Lido Biltmore is where you can join with the "fun people" for a memorable time. Swim in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, loll on private white sand beach, sunbathe and socialize by sparkling pool. Enjoy all water sports, plus great golf on 18-hole course. Exciting entertainment. The very best in cuisine, service, hospitality and accommodations.
So come, join in the fun.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
For rates, reservations, color folder, see travel agent or call our N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, (212) LT 1-3462.

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining...and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

Steaks renowned 'round the world ...the choice of discerning gourmets

Bruno's Pen and Pencil
Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

tralization has begun to take place, and could in time become politically productive, it was administratively imposed from the top, and has therefore become a factor in a possibly dangerous new polarization of political forces. This polarization is largely the result of the other Vietnamese leaders' mistrust of Thieu, owing to his devious methods, his mixture of pride, caution, and suspicion, his growing isolation, and his essential lack of popular appeal, and also owing to the natural tendency of Vietnamese politicians to mistrust each other and to pursue selfish ambitions, and to the general confusion and fear over what sort of compromise will ultimately be made with the Communists and who will then survive and who will fall.

It would be virtually impossible to take a public-opinion poll in Vietnam today, but if one could be taken I think it would show something like the following results: twenty per cent pro-Communist, twenty per cent pro-Thieu, twenty per cent anti-Thieu and anti-Communist and aligned with one of the dozen-odd political or religious parties or groups of some significance, and forty per cent undecided and confused but deeply desirous of peace and some form of new, preferably more locally representative self-expression. No American correspondent can visit the Communist areas in South Vietnam, so it is impossible to obtain a clear picture of what the popular feeling there is. But then it is also impossible to ascertain how many of the people living in government or contested areas are privately willing or prepared to go along with the Communists if a coalition is created. As for Thieu, he continues to rule the country from Independence Palace with an entourage that is small and tight but, even so, divided into several factions. Its two most important members are Nguyen Cao Thang, a wealthy businessman, who dispenses funds and patronage for Thieu among members of the National Assembly and has made some trips abroad in Thieu's behalf, during which he is said to have established exploratory contacts with the Communists, and Lieutenant General Dang Van Quang, a former commander in the Delta, who once made accommodations there with the Vietcong and who now holds a tight rein on all security matters.

Thieu has continued to give formal support to the group known as the National Social Democratic Front—now a five-party rather than a six-party group, since one of its original component parties, representing the Hoa Hao element, quit. He created this group last year, but it has gained little popular prestige or support. While its more opportunistic members vie for his attention and patronage, Thieu, in turn, uses them for his own protection and as a convenient sounding board, and that is about all. However, he has privately drawn closer to two of the parties in the Front—the Dai Doan-Ket, or Greater Solidarity Force, composed chiefly of Northern Catholic refugees, and the Nhan Xa, or Revolutionary Social Humanist Party, which is primarily a central-Vietnamese Catholic organization. Thieu, himself a Catholic, has also encouraged the reëstablishment of the Can Lao, a quasi-secret Catholic party from the Diem period, of which Nguyen Cao Thang, for one, was a member, but so far it has gained little vitality. More important, Thieu is trying to create a national organization of his own based on his continuing control of the Army and the whole military bureaucracy, and of the national network of civilian workers involved in pacification and other administrative duties. It is upon this still loose and amorphous group, unofficially called the Cadre-Khaki Party, that he is basing his hopes for reëlection in 1971, and some people believe that if his hopes are realized he may try to make some sort of accommodation with the Communists, despite his present disclaimers about ever accepting a coalition government. A number of experienced Vietnamese politicians, including some whom Thieu fears or mistrusts deeply but who are willing to help him now in order to strengthen the still fragile Second Republic, are convinced that if he wins the Presidency in 1971 by a minority vote, as he did last time, it will mean that he has failed to create a strong enough organization to withstand the Communists and their potential allies among the opposition groups in the country.

These opposition groups are now compartmented, quarrelsome, and ineffectual. Thieu has helped keep them this way through divide-and-conquer tactics, at which he is adept, but this has not slowed the growing polarization of forces—pro-Thieu and anti-Thieu. His own increasing Diemist tendencies came to general notice last November 3rd, when he permitted the Catholic Nhan Xa members of his Cabinet—who control the Information Ministry and its eighty thousand workers, on whom he is depending to build up the Cadre-Khaki Party—to commemorate

"The Best in the Business?"

That's a reputation that anybody in our business would cherish.

After all, there are just about 550 different member firms of the New York Stock Exchange that any investor can choose from; 550 different firms with roughly 4,000 offices and 45,000 Account Executives who would probably all be delighted to handle your account.

Which firm should *you* pick?

We think ours.

Why? Well, we have a 12-page pamphlet called *"Directing Your Attention to Reynolds & Co."* that should go a long way toward convincing even the greatest skeptic.

Directing your attention to
Reynolds & Co.

It tells you just who we are and what we stand for—details all of the facilities, services, and help we can offer any individual or institutional investor.

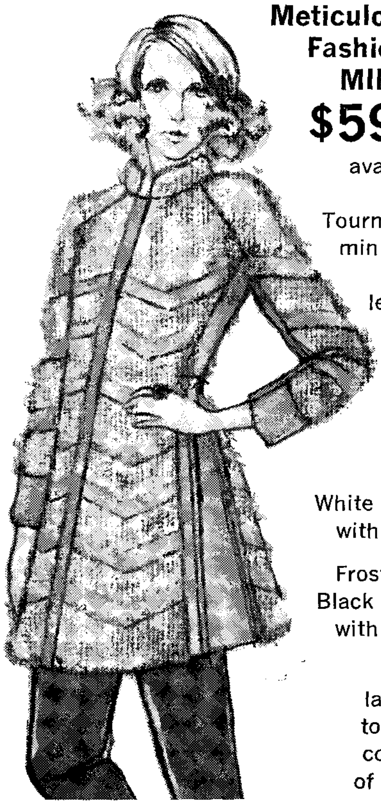
You can read it in ten minutes. Ten minutes that might turn out to be the most profitable long term investment you ever made.

If you're willing to take those ten minutes, we're more than willing to see that you get a complimentary copy. Just call, stop in at our office, or mail this coupon.

Please mail me a free copy of **Directing your attention to Reynolds & Co.**
NY

Name
Address City
State Zip Telephone

Reynolds & Co.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
AND OTHER LEADING EXCHANGES
120 Broadway, N.Y. 10005
Offices Coast to Coast



Meticulously Fashioned MINK $595.

available in Tourmaline mink with toast leather

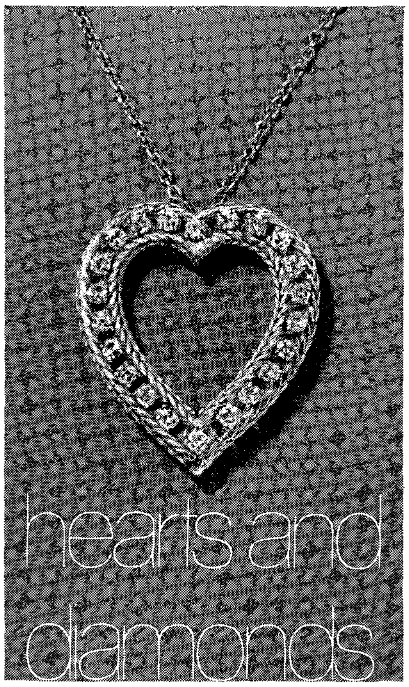
White MINK with white

Frosted or Black MINK with black

Furs labeled to show country of origin

John Baldwin

156 BEACH DRIVE NORTH
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
33701



Exquisite 18 kt. gold and diamond pendant-pin **$900.** Eighteen-inch long 14 kt. gold chain **$20.** Shown actual size.

J. E. Caldwell Co.
Founded 1839
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19107
HAVERFORD, PA. • PLYMOUTH MEETING, PA.
WILMINGTON, DEL. • MOORESTOWN, N.J.

the murders of Diem and Nhu. A ceremony at their unmarked graves in Saigon—the first to take place since their deaths—was attended by three thousand people, including Mme. Thieu and several members of the Administration. That same week, two of the former generals who were leaders of the coup against Diem—Duong Van Minh and Tran Van Don—gave parties at their homes, and each of these gatherings, in typical Vietnamese fashion, began at a significant hour, Don's shortly after noon on October 30th, when, in 1963, the junta that plotted the coup held its final secret meeting, and Minh's at 1:30 P.M. on November 1st, the exact time the coup began six years before. The avowed purpose of these two gatherings was to "reinstill the spirit of the revolution of 1963," in which Thieu took part, somewhat reluctantly, as a division commander outranked by both Minh and Don. Resentment against Thieu had already been mounting, because harsh austerity taxes had been imposed a week before, and also because Thieu had pushed the taxes through by decree instead of obtaining a two-thirds vote in the House of Representatives, as the constitution prescribes. For several weeks after the tax decree was issued, a flurry of coup rumors circulated in Saigon. President Nixon's speech of November 3rd helped quiet them, but the opposition to Thieu has continued to grow.

Don, following a trip to the United States, during which he was impressed by the anti-war sentiment, made an effort to start a Third Force Movement, and, having failed to do this, he last week formally placed himself in opposition to Thieu by creating a new People's Bloc. Publicly, Don has taken a strong stand against Thieu on numerous issues, including that of the American massacre at Tu Cong, which he and some of his fellow-senators investigated on their own after the government had hastily declared that there had been no massacre. The Don group concluded that a massacre had indeed taken place, in which at least eighty persons, mostly women and children, were murdered in cold blood—a conclusion that the investigators arrived at after speaking with a number of survivors and with two Vietnamese interpreters who had accompanied the American platoon charged with the massacre. The Don investigation also uncovered evidence that other massacres have taken place around the country, mostly in the northern section but also in the Delta, and have involved Korean troops as well as Americans, and that at least four or five hundred Vietnamese lost their lives in these "incidents," which mostly grew out of abuses of the so-called "free-fire-zone" regulations, which permit allied attacks on Communist areas by air, artillery, or direct assault without sufficient prior clearance from the Vietnamese, or without the government's knowledge. Though the Tu Cong massacre has aroused far less emotion here in Vietnam than in the United States and elsewhere, it has added to both the growing anti-Americanism and to the mounting anti-war sentiment.

Don, who is one of twenty-nine senators who have to run for reëlection next September, will undoubtedly take his case to the people and speak out even more strongly against Thieu. Unfortunately, though he is popular, he lacks political experience and astuteness, and tries to go off in several directions at once. As for former General Minh, who was Chief of State after the fall of Diem, he has reverted to silence after issuing a call early in November for a national referendum, which he never clearly defined, but which was designed to obtain approval or disapproval of the government's policies. Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, who is supposed to be still "supervising" the dormant Paris talks but hasn't attended them in many months, is in the position of an astronaut between space flights, waiting for the next countdown. He is currently testing his political strength by taking private surveys to see whether he has a chance to win the Presidency in 1971 as a staunch anti-Communist hawk. Prime Minister Tran Thien Khiem, who gets along with Thieu on the surface but has his own designs on the Presidency, might, if a showdown occurred, side with Don and Minh, and perhaps with Ky.

The "loyal opposition" is represented by two parties of some potential strength. One is the Progressive National Movement, headed jointly by Nguyen Van Bong, of the National Institute of Administration, and Nguyen Ngoc Huy, a member of the Paris delegation and a leader of the old Dai Viet nationalist party. The other is the new Farmers-Workers Party headed by Tran Quoc Buu, the nation's top labor leader, who has had a lifelong tendency to hover in the background as a political mastermind but may now finally be ready to come out into the open and lead a party personally. If he does so, it could be an important development, for he controls several hundred worker and peasant groups around the country. Various other parties are still trying to pull themselves together, and a number of senators are once more attempting to form blocs—an activity that up to now has been futile.

As for the religious factions, the militant Buddhists, headed by the An Quang Pagoda group, of which Thich Tri Quang remains the dominant leader, are speaking out more loudly for peace, and are also taking soundings to determine if they should start a formal political party. Tri Quang himself is more moderate and less virulently anti-American than he once was, and has expressed himself in favor of a neutral South Vietnam that would be independent and apart from the North indefinitely. The Catholics remain strongly anti-Communist, but they are more sharply divided than they once were. One faction is willing to accept anything Thieu wants, a Northern refugee element is in favor of peace but against Thieu on personal grounds, and a basically conservative Southern element is beginning to think in terms of accommodation with both sides. The Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects have recently made some efforts to heal internal factionalism, but both remain divided.

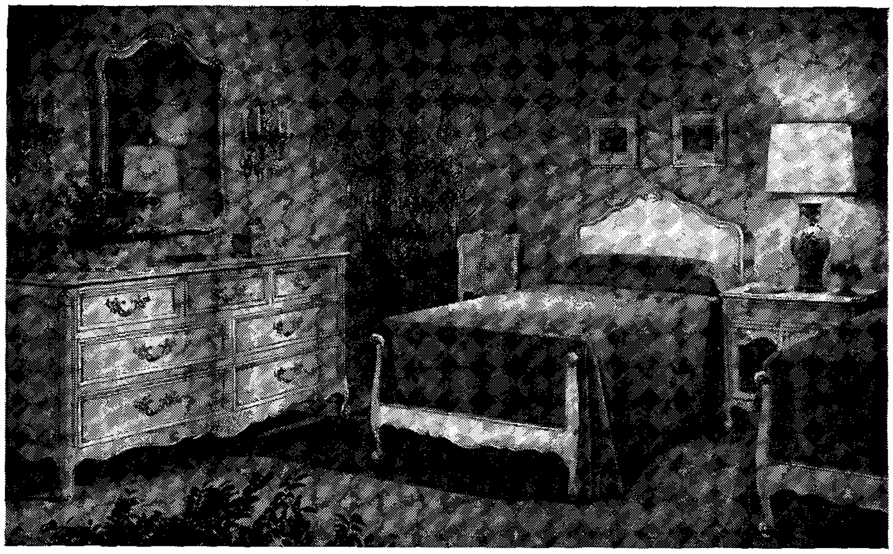
And so it goes—a kind of compulsive mutual-vivisection society, in which everyone wants to cut everyone else up to determine the cause of the national disease, which may be incurable. Vietnamization may prove unworkable because the weak body politic may not be able to withstand the treatment. Nevertheless, in due time Vietnamization will get the United States out of this desperate war, though I doubt if it will happen as smoothly as President Nixon hopes. In all likelihood, the war will go on indefinitely between the Vietnamese themselves. It will end sometime, of course, as all wars do, and by then most of the Americans will have gone home, leaving behind what we started with—a handful of advisers assisting in an enterprise that very few of them will ever understand.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

DARWIN AND THE BEATLE. Alan Moorhead. (Harper & Row. $15.) A handsomely illustrated account of the crucial voyage that turned the young Darwin on the path to the theory of evolution.—*The Times Book Review.*

So *that's* where Paul McCartney has been!



Just one nice thing after another! Knapp & Tubbs has so many wonderful things for you to see. American, English and European craftsmanship at its best. And documented antiques. We'll be delighted to show you around. Your interior designer or furniture dealer will provide the needed introduction.

Knapp & Tubbs

NEW YORK: 979 Third Ave. (Decoration & Design Bldg.) • CHICAGO: Merchandise Mart • CLEVELAND: 2900 Superior
GRAND RAPIDS: Exhibitors Building • LOS ANGELES: 8778 Beverly Boulevard • SAN FRANCISCO: 737 Sansome Street

The kids would never forgive you if you stayed anywhere else.
Disneyland Hotel
A Subsidiary of Wrather Corporation
Write for free brochure. Disneyland Hotel, Anaheim, Calif. 92802

THE THEATRE

THE TYRANNY OF NARCISSISM

THE Playwrights Unit, presided over by Richard Barr, Edward Albee, and Charles Woodward, has done so much good in and for the theatre that I feel uncomfortable about having to deplore its sponsorship of a couple of vaporous one-act plays by Philip Magdalany—"Criss-Crossing" and "Watercolor"—that came and went after five performances at the ANTA Theatre. The only unambiguous mitigation of my disapproval of the plays that I can muster up concerns the admirable settings and costumes by Peter Harvey, the lighting by Richard Nelson, the direction by Chuck Gnys, and the sound tapes by David Walker of waves chuckling by night along the shingle, and of seabirds mewing. (When it comes to seabirds mewing, with me it's hi-fi or nothing at all.) Mr. Magdalany is said to be young, and I believe it; according to the program, he began writing a year ago, and I believe that, too. Like many young, beginning writers, he is an eager victim of the tyranny of narcissism; whatever lint of language happens to blow across his mind is at once unself-consciously woven into his prose, with the result that the text of his plays was speckled with the likes of "I dreamed that my father died in a wheat field"—fancy-Dan lines that are often to be found in undergraduate literary journals but that would quickly put a stop to any conversation between ordinary mortals.

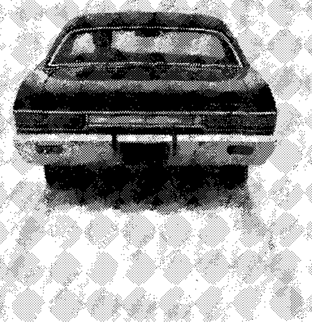
Mr. Magdalany's "Criss-Crossing" reminded one here and there of Jules Feiffer's brilliant "Little Murders." The time is the near future; everyone carries a gun and lives menaced by the likelihood of sudden death. The scene is a shiny plastic motel, three bedrooms of which are simultaneously exposed to view. In one, an assassin who is a member of some secret political movement waits at a window with a high-powered rifle to pick off an unwitting stroller in the next block; with the assassin is his teen-age son, doing exercises in order to build up his body in order to sell it—from the father's businesslike point of view, the sooner the better, for an elder son is already earning a good living as a prostitute. In another room, a seedy middle-aged couple discover after an exhausting seventeen-hour drive that the city they have chosen to spend a holiday in is precisely as dreary as the city they have left behind. In the third room are three sleazy women, newly escaped from a prison farm at which one of them has bad-temperedly murdered a guard. Under the threat of the arrival in the city of an enormous monster that possesses "adverse tentacles" and may be carnivorous, the seven characters blunder into commingling, and soon bloodily extinguish each other. From time to time during the play, Mr. Magdalany caused something mildly funny to be said or done, but the "Hotel Paradiso"-like possibilities implicit in three sets of strangers rushing helter-skelter through three small rooms were never exploited; neither was the horror of the mindless, murderous culture that the author seemed bent on indicting.

"Watercolor" was a series of sad little lyric interludes conducted by two adolescent boys huddled under a blanket on a beach, by two aging women on another section of the beach, by one of the boys and one of the women, and by one of the boys and a lone girl, with whom, in the autumn dark, in the misery of his acne and inexperience, he makes love. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts; they are also, alas, not very interesting. In "Watercolor," the thoughts of age may have been shorter than those of youth, but they were every bit as boring. The sum of what befalls the five characters in this threnody can be summed up in Stevie Smith's immortal two-line marine ghost story: "I was much further out than you thought/ And not waving but drowning." —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Three More of the Same

AND Off Broadway we have Herman Shumlin, of all people! Mr. Shumlin has produced and directed Conrad Bromberg's "Transfers," a trio of one-acters that opened last week at the Village South, and he has given them a finished production, with extremely good scenery by Peter Harvey (cf. *supra*) and with a company that is at least more experienced than most that we are accustomed to seeing below Washington Square. That almost exhausts the praise. Unfortunately, the plays are a depressing lot, spoiled—in spite of a scattering of amusing or otherwise effective moments—by a glib, pervasive trashiness. The first and least depressing of them—not only because it is a hokey farce but because it doesn't pretend to



We love 'em then we leave 'em.

After six months of loving attention, we change our fleet of new Plymouths for a fleet of brand-new Plymouths.

Not that we're heartless.

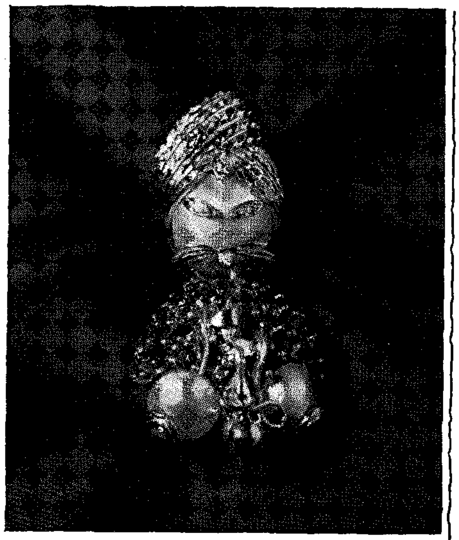
We're businessmen.

We figure we have to give you a better reason for renting from Avis than for going someplace else.

And what better reason than this: A new car drives better, feels better, even smells better than a not-so-new car.

If you think Avis tries harder, you ain't seen nothing yet.

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



Our prince of a pin

A beguiling, bejewelled maharajah for your Valentine, perhaps? His fat little pearl body is cloaked in rubies or sapphires—his eyes and caste mark are diamonds, the turban and houdah of 18 kt. spun gold. 2 inches high; 33 stones approx. 3 carats tot. wt. $395. With turquoise cloak, $315.

Mail and phone orders carefully filled. Please allow 10 days delivery. Pennsylvania residents add 6% state tax.

NAN DUSKIN
1729 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Penna. 19103

Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

There's always something exciting at the new Madison Square Garden. And just a stone's throw away is exciting food at

Keen's
English Chop House.
72W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Free Dinner Parking

be anything else—is set in the crumbling vestibule of a Harlem brownstone. A riot has taken place on the previous night, and a jaunty, fast-talking radio reporter is on hand to interview a young Negro, called Mack, who watched the action from across the street. We barely get launched into the queries and replies before Mack has demanded (at the point of a switchblade knife) the reporter's jacket, pants, and tape recorder. The stickup is temporarily delayed by Mack's realization that he is going to be on the air and will be able to sing a song of his own composition, which he does, with a little help from a crony of his who supplies contrapuntal embellishments. Garrett Morris sings well and acts well enough as Mack, and Gilbert Lewis is good as the friend. Ron Leibman's imitation of the tacky reporter is pretty bad, but the part is so foolish that I doubt whether much could be done with it. All the characters are fake, when it comes to that. I did enjoy the song, though, which Mr. Morris really did write.

"The Rooming House" is a more gloomy effort. A lonely, synthetic woman, having been deserted by her husband, is cruelly (if unbelievably) seduced by a synthetic man—an apparently compulsive liar—who leaves her abruptly before they get into bed, after some palaver about giving her a lesson in the futility of hopefulness. Patricia Roe plays the woman with touches of grace and pathos, and Mr. Leibman is stuck with the addled seducer.

The second half of the evening is taken up with a monologue that has everything—tears, hollow laughter, Hebrew prayers, in-and-out put-ons, retching, throwaway mimicry, and rant in unlimited quantities—everything, that is, except credibility or force. A psychiatrist addressing a class of medical students acts out and tells of his failure as a man, as a husband, and as a therapist. Mr. Leibman, delivering this hysterical expiation, overlooks any opportunity for quiet conviction and more than takes advantage of every chance for overplaying, and Mr. Bromberg, with dreadful, smarty knowledgeability, has given him plenty of chances.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

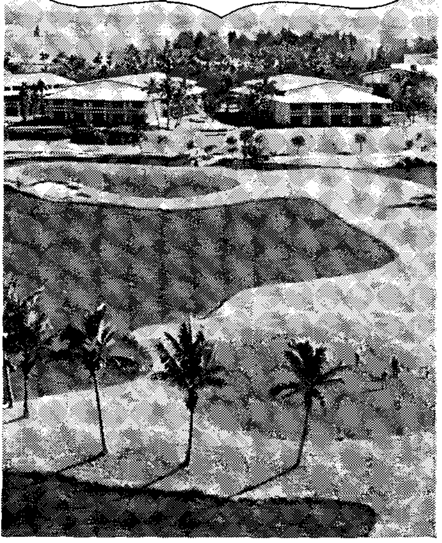
6:45–7:30 Cocktail hour
A wine punch with canopies will be served.—*Announcement of the Yale University Women's Organization annual dinner.*

For women who don't like exposure?

DORAL COUNTRY CLUB
AND HOTEL / MIAMI

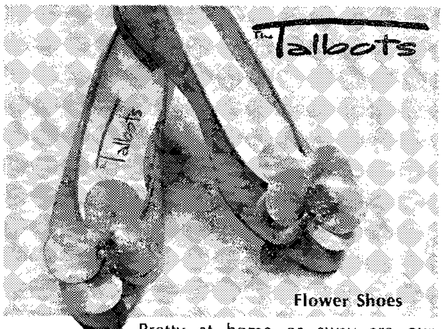
Now golf on four 18-hole courses. The Red *Tiger*, The White *Wonder*, the Blue *Monster*, and this winter's new *Bachelors'* Gold—for men only. *And all golf is complimentary here.*

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



Overlooking Boston's famous Public Garden . . . minutes from theaters and shops; a hotel in the European tradition.

THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON



Flower Shoes

Pretty at home or away are our hand-crafted fine leather shoes with everlasting leather flowers on the toes, hard leather soles, and half-inch heels. Navy, red, hot pink, lime, yellow, white or light blue. Sizes 5½-9½, narrow and medium widths. $14.00. Add 50¢ for postage.

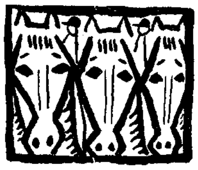
Send for free catalog

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. EZ, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

THE RACE TRACK

Two Good Ones

IT'S hard to say, on the spur of the moment, whether the twenty-five-thousand-dollar-added Royal Palm Handicap or the sixth race on the card, which had a purse of eight thousand dollars, was the more interesting and informative at Hialeah last Saturday. Both were at seven furlongs, and both brought out some of the better horses warming up for the Widener, on February 21st. Also, both were won by the margin of a neck. Even a study of the charts leaves me stumped, both races were so good. In the eight-thousand-dollar event, Beau Brummel beat Pappa Steve, with Dike third. Pappa Steve, winner of the Paumonok Handicap last spring, set a lively pace from the break to the stretch turn, where Beau Brummel caught him, and observers say that Beau Brummel was going away at the end. As you may remember, he was one of the leading two-year-olds in 1968, but after finishing third to Top Knight and Arts and Letters in the Flamingo last year he went off form, and later was sent to the farm. In his first start since his return, on opening day at Hialeah, he gave an inkling that he was good again, and it appears that he is. Dike, who was second in the Suburban and the Travers, and third in the Kentucky Derby, the Belmont Stakes, the Brooklyn Handicap, and the American Derby—a record I wouldn't wish on any horse—was away slowly and finished fast, as usual. As I may have said before, Fast Hilarious is well named. In winning the Royal Palm, he stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅘, the half in 0:45, the three-quarters in 1:09⅕, and the seven furlongs in 1:21⅘, just a tick behind the track record. At one stage, he was five lengths in front, but at the end he had to go all out to beat Ocean Bar, to whom he gave thirteen pounds. Royal Comedian was third. Al Hattab, the favorite, and King Emperor, winner of the Royal Poinciana, simply were outrun.



Earlier in the week, George Lewis, a runner from California, won the Hibiscus Stakes—the first of the series leading up to the Flamingo, on March 3rd, the closing day of the meeting. Well handled by Hartack, he beat Insubordination, runner-up in the Experimental Free Handicap; Iron Warrior; and eight other three-year-olds. A dark-bay colt by Envoy (an unraced son of Bold Ruler) out of Bell's Lark, he won three of his five starts last season, including the Del Mar Futurity in 0:21⅗, 0:43⅘, and 1:08⅕, which I'd say was as fast as two-year-olds run.

SPEAKING of Bowie horses, as we were last week, Juvenile John certainly is one. A Maryland-bred and a favorite of Baltimore racegoers, he's been a consistent performer there for several seasons. Last year, he won the John B. Campbell Handicap, the prize of the meeting. He's out for it again, and, taking his first step in that direction, he won the Bowie Handicap last weekend. Though he did it by only a neck, the effort was convincing. Coming from far back, he mowed down the leaders in the stretch. Parchment, who was second, is owned by Peter Fuller, who, incidentally, reports that Dancer's Image, his Kentucky Derby winner, was a papa for the first time the other day.

SANTA ANITA is still strikebound. Though spokesmen for the Service Employees International Union and the Federation of California Racing Associations met last week, no progress was made toward a settlement. Most horsemen are not shipping away from Santa Anita at the moment, however, hoping for a sudden break in the deadlock. Besides, there's not much stable room available at the tracks in the Miami area; the weather at New Orleans is nothing to cheer about; it's colder at Bowie and Liberty Bell; and as for Narragansett Park—brr! For Angelino horseplayers who must have action, Caliente has added racing on Fridays to its weekend programs. It's a long way to go—about two hundred and fifty miles to the Mexican border and back—but many are making it. Colonel Martingale hopes to someday.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

TO MAKE CRAGO FLOOR

1. Raise the rear seat cushion with the leather pull fastner until it reaches to vertical position, shown in figure.

2. Fall down the rear seat back on the seat, and insert two stays at the both side of the floor on the top of the seat back into the small hole of the steel brackets on the back of the seat cushion.—*Owner's manual, Datsun 1964 station wagon.*

Pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and away you go to the depot!

New look for golf with Fortrel

David Smith decided to freshen the look on the links with this culotte. It's a doubleknit by D. H. J. Knits of textured Fortrel polyester. Yellow or pink, about $24, sizes 8-18. Top, of Arnel triacetate, yellow or pink, about $12 at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York; Neiman Marcus, Texas; Marshall Field, Chicago.

Celanese® Arnel®
Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE FORTREL
A Celanese fashion fiber in tested fabrics

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

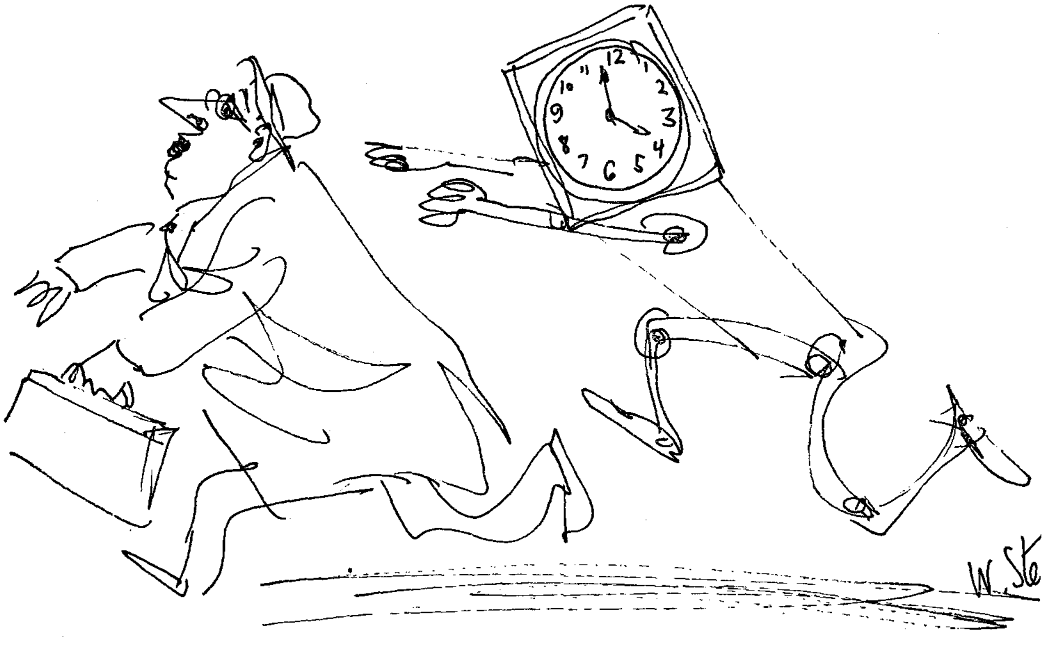
A WOMAN WITH A HEADACHE

A WOMAN I'll call Mildred Anderson—Mrs. Harold Anderson—was admitted to Temple University Hospital, in North Philadelphia, on the afternoon of Friday, January 19, 1968, for observation and treatment of a severe and persistent headache. Mrs. Anderson's admission was arranged by Dr. Albert J. Finestone, an internist and a clinical professor of medicine at Temple University School of Medicine, to whom she had been referred by her family physician, and she was shown to a two-bed room on the fourth floor and made as comfortable as possible. That was around two o'clock. At five, an interne on Dr. Finestone's service named Mary E. Moore dropped in for the opening diagnostic interrogation.

Dr. Moore introduced herself. She sat down and smiled and asked Mrs. Anderson how she felt. Mrs. Anderson said she felt pretty good. She hesitated. As a matter of fact, she felt fine. It was a funny thing, she said. It was almost embarrassing. Her headache was gone. In the two or three hours that she had been in the hospital, it had completely vanished. She didn't understand it at all. It was almost as if the hospital had scared it away. Dr. Moore said nothing. She nodded and made a sympathetic sound. But she thought she understood it well enough. Dr. Moore is not only a doctor of medicine. She is also a doctor of philosophy in experimental psychology, and she knew that it was entirely possible that Mrs. Anderson's headache *had* been scared away. Hospitals often have that effect on functional, or psychogenic, disorders. That didn't mean, however, that Mrs. Anderson's headache *was* functional in origin. It was just a possibility. Hospitals often momentarily exert much the same inhibiting effect on the pain of disorders that are fully and ferociously somatic.

Dr. Moore got out her pen and a ruled personal-history form. Mrs. Anderson was a striking-looking woman. Her hair was white, her complexion was rough and florid, and her eyes were large and expressive. She was small and notably thin. Her age, as given on her chart, was forty-one. The chart also noted that she and her husband, a civil engineer, were childless, and owned their own home. Mrs. Anderson shifted her position in bed—and Dr. Moore was startled to see that her spine was twisted and bent in the humpbacked conformation known as kyphoscoliosis. Startled and interested. That explained Mrs. Anderson's size, and possibly more than that. Dr. Moore began the interview. Mrs. Anderson was quietly and politely responsive. Her chief complaint was, of course, a headache. It had first appeared about three weeks ago. She had suffered off and on for many years from what she believed were migraine headaches, but this was nothing like those. There was no nausea, no vomiting, no sensitivity to light. It was simply an excruciating pain that progressed from the back of her head to the top. The migraine headaches had begun in childhood, and she was the only member of her family to be so afflicted. The only drug she ever took was aspirin—until recently. Three weeks ago, her doctor prescribed a drug called Fiorinal for her headache. Dr. Moore nodded. Fiorinal is a popular, non-narcotic sedative and analgesic. However, Mrs. Anderson said, it hadn't done much good. This was the first real relief she had had in all those weeks. It was also her first experience as a hospital patient. Her back was not the result of either illness or injury: she had been born that way. She had never been seriously ill, and she had no known allergies. She drank occasionally, but she didn't smoke. Her ruddy complexion was normal for her. Her skin was naturally very dry. It was often blotchy, and it tended to redden whenever she was tense or nervous. She had been like that all her life. Was she nervous now? Well, yes—she supposed she was. After all, she had never been hospitalized before.

That completed the historical phase of the interview. Dr. Moore moved from her chair to the bedside, and began the customary routine physical examination. She identified Mrs. Anderson's chronic dermatitis as ichthyosis congenita. She found Mrs. Anderson's eyes, ears, nose, throat, and neck to be essentially normal. There was no ocular evidence of brain tumor or of any intracranial swelling, and no venous distension, and no thyroid- or lymph-gland enlargement. She confirmed her snap diagnosis of kyphoscoliosis. Mrs. Anderson's breasts were normal. Her heart was normal in size and rhythm, and her lungs were clear to auscultation and percussion. There were no discernible abdominal masses, and her liver and spleen felt normal. Her reflexes were satisfactory, as were the results of a careful neurological examination. Dr. Moore added these reassuring but unilluminating findings to the record. She then turned to the order sheet and noted down the several preliminary tests and studies that she wished to have made. They included blood analyses (hematocrit, hemoglobin, serology, blood sugar, kidney function), urinalysis, chest X-ray, spine X-ray, neck X-ray, skull X-ray, brain scan, electroencephalogram, and electrocardiogram. The results of one or



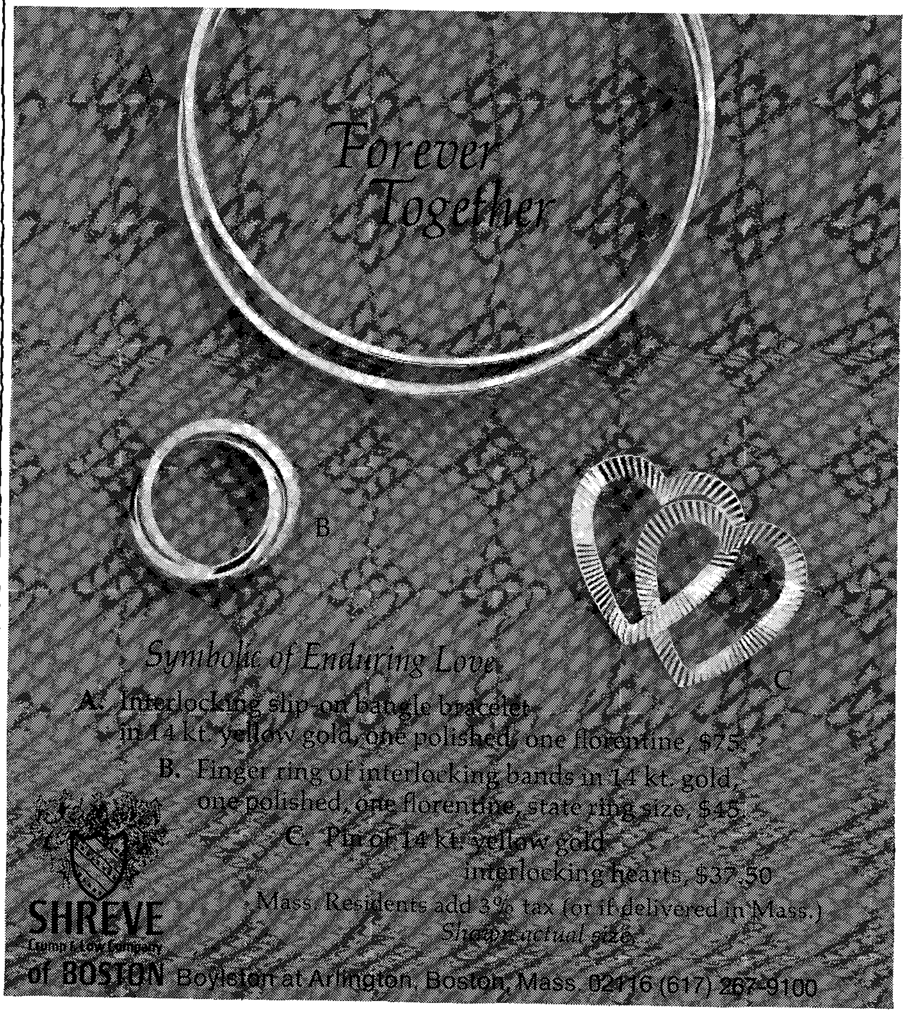
another of these should produce at least a glimmer of diagnostic enlightenment. Dr. Moore also asked that a dermatologist be consulted about the treatment of Mrs. Anderson's ichthyosis. She further noted that Mrs. Anderson was to be given codeine as needed (thirty milligrams every four hours) for the relief of her headache, and Nembutal (one hundred milligrams) for sleep. She closed the preliminary report with a preliminary comment: "Impression: (1) Congenital kyphoscoliosis. (2) Congenital ichthyosis. (3) Headache of unknown etiology—probably cervical spine deformity as cause. To be ruled out: Brain tumor or other intracerebral lesion."

MRS. ANDERSON spent a generally comfortable night. She slept with the help of Nembutal, but she had no need for codeine. Her headache was still ambiguously quiescent. She was rested but not yet fully relaxed when Dr. Finestone walked in on his rounds the following morning with his entourage of students and internes. Dr. Finestone was roughly familiar with the nature of her case. He had spoken with Dr. Moore the night before, and he had just now read her notes and comments. Nevertheless, like all scrupulous attending physicians, he sat down and saw for himself. He led Mrs. Anderson briefly back through her relevant history, and then appraised by direct examination what her history suggested were the physical essentials. He was interested and puzzled by the disappearance of her headache. But he could see no cause for any alarm, and he ended the visit with a word of sincere reassurance.

The next day—January 21st—was a Sunday. It passed agreeably for Mrs. Anderson. She had a visit from her husband, and there was still no return of her headache. An interne on weekend duty noted that she seemed less tense and restless than reported the day before. The strangeness of hospital life appeared to be wearing off. On Monday, the first results of the diagnostic studies were reported. They included the standard laboratory tests, the electrocardiogram, and three of the four requested X-ray examinations—chest, neck, and spine. Dr. Finestone and Dr. Moore went over the findings together. None of the reports contained any diagnostic surprises. Mrs. Anderson's chest, heart, kidneys, and blood were normal. The radiologist's report on the look of her neck and spine read: "A marked degree of scoliosis of the dorsal spine with the convexity to the right is

"Patchwork-plus" an old fashioned print in modern permanent press 65% Kodel® polester/35% cotton. Culotte has permanent pleat trim. Sizes 4-6X, 8-14, pink or blue, $6. Matching 100% cotton Sleep-In bag unzips to form a quilt. 100% polyester filling. Completely washable. $15. At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; and other fine stores everywhere.

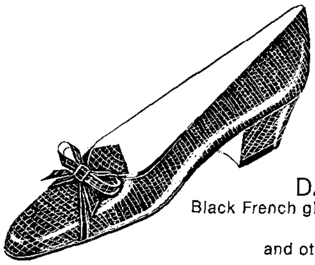
Her Majesty®



Symbolic of Enduring Love.
A. Interlocking slip-on bangle bracelet in 14 kt. yellow gold, one polished, one florentine, $75.
B. Finger ring of interlocking bands in 14 kt. gold, one polished, one florentine, state ring size, $45.
C. Pin of 14 kt. yellow gold interlocking hearts, $37.50
Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.)
Shown actual size.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON Boylston at Arlington, Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 267-9100

Hand made
De Busschere



DANUBE
Black French glove lizard
$95
and other colors

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

When in Copenhagen, don't miss the changing of the Royal Guard. It takes place at noon at the Royal Palace Amalienborg. Then march right over to Birger Christensen and let your guard down among the overwhelming furs!
BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark
By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

seen. . . . Changes in the thorax secondary to scoliosis are also noted. The cervical and dorsal spine reveal no other significant abnormalities. The intervertebral foramina are patent. No osteolytic or osteoblastic abnormalities are seen.” (Osteolysis is a dissolution of bone, and an osteoblast is a cell involved in bone production.) Later that day, the dermatological consultant confirmed that Mrs. Anderson's skin condition was indeed a congenital ichthyosis, and prescribed for its correction a regimen of oil baths and rubs.

Two of the three remaining studies were completed on Wednesday. They were the skull X-ray and the electroencephalogram. Dr. Finestone recorded the results on Mrs. Anderson's chart: “EEG & skull films negative.” He then added his comments and conclusions: “Pain gone. Likely diagnosis—cervical spondylosis. Doubt intracranial cause.” The results of the brain-scan study were reported the following day. They considerably decreased the possibility of any cerebral involvement: “Following administration of technetium 99m pertechnetate, the brain was examined by the scintillation camera in five views (anterior, posterior, left lateral, right lateral, and vertex) after preparation with potassium perchlorate. No abnormalities are noted in any of these views.” That was the last of the diagnostic studies, and it seemed to Dr. Moore almost conclusive. It strengthened her impression that there was nothing very wrong with Mrs. Anderson. Even the woman's headache was gone—spontaneously gone—and had been gone for close to a week. Dr. Moore noted on the chart for Dr. Finestone's approval that Mrs. Anderson was now ready for discharge. Dr. Finestone concurred in this judgment, and Mrs. Anderson was discharged from the hospital early on Thursday afternoon. Her case was closed with a final diagnosis: “Headache secondary to cervical scoliosis and nervous tension.”

Dr. Moore was with Mrs. Anderson when her husband arrived to take her home. Mr. Anderson was much like his wife—quiet, pleasant, coöperative. He was also, like his wife, a little confused and worried. They didn't understand that equivocal week in the hospital. Dr. Moore undertook to reassure them. She reminded Mrs. Anderson of the many tests and examinations that she had undergone. They were the reason for her protracted hospital stay. She then explained their uniform results. There was no cause for any concern. Just the reverse. The tests had made it clear that Mrs. Anderson was in enviably excellent health. Dr. Moore tried to speak with conviction, and the Andersons were convinced. They thanked her and shook her hand and left the hospital arm in arm. Dr. Moore went on to her other patients. Some of them might never be discharged, and Mrs. Anderson dropped untroubled from her mind.

Dr. Finestone was the first to have Mrs. Anderson recalled to his attention. She was returned to his mind at one o'clock on Friday afternoon by another telephone call. The call reached him at Temple University Hospital, and the caller was Mr. Anderson. He was apologetically distraught. He was calling about his wife. When he had brought her home from the hospital on Thursday afternoon she seemed to be in good spirits and she said she was feeling fine. He left her at home and went down to his office to finish up some urgent work. When he got back to the house a couple of hours later, she was prostrate on the sofa with one of her terrible headaches. He telephoned their doctor, and the doctor came to the house and gave her an injection of Demerol. That helped her through the night. But the headache came back this morning, and now—just a few minutes ago—his wife had fainted. He had come home from his office for lunch to see how she was. She told him she was feeling sick and dizzy, and that was when she fainted. She was conscious now, but she looked as if she might pass out again any minute. What should he do? Dr. Finestone asked if he had called the family doctor again. No? Then Mr. Anderson should call him, and right away. He was their regular doctor, he lived in the neighborhood, and he had treated Mrs. Anderson only the night before. However, if Mr. Anderson couldn't reach the doctor, he was to call Dr. Finestone again and bring his wife to the hospital. Mr. Anderson thanked him, and Dr. Finestone hung up and resumed his interrupted rounds. He wondered what could have happened to Mrs. Anderson. He couldn't relate it to anything in her known condition of health. It was very strange. It almost sounded hysterical. But she hadn't impressed him as being that neurotic. He finished his rounds, and Mr. Anderson still hadn't called. It was safe to assume that the matter was now in the hands of the family doctor. He looked around for Dr.

Moore. It would be interesting to hear her opinion. But she wasn't on the floor. Dr. Finestone went down and changed out of his long white coat and put on his overcoat and went home. He didn't see Dr. Moore again until Sunday. By then it was all over.

Dr. Moore was assigned to overnight duty on Saturday. She reported to the hospital at noon and spent the afternoon on the floor. There were old patients to see and new patients to meet and study. She had dinner in the hospital cafeteria at five o'clock, and then went back to continue with her patients and see them settled for the night. It was an undemanding evening on her floor, and around midnight she went down to the emergency room and joined a couple of other idling internes and the resident on duty there. She had been sitting in their company about an hour—smoking and talking and drinking coffee—when she heard herself being paged. She walked around the corner to the house telephone. The call was not a summons from her floor. It was an outside call. The caller was a young woman and her voice was shrill and excited.

"Is this Dr. Mary Moore?"

"Yes."

"I'm the niece of Mrs. Anderson. One of her nieces. I think you helped take care of her when she was in the hospital?"

"That's right."

"Well, I'm over here at her house. At the Andersons' house. I came over this evening because my uncle called and asked me to help, and something terrible has happened to her. It's awful. She had this terrible headache yesterday, and she passed out I don't know how many times—and now she's lost the power of the tendons in her legs."

Dr. Moore stood silent with the telephone in her hand. She was stunned. She couldn't believe it. Mrs. Anderson had spent a full week under careful observation in a first-class university teaching hospital, and according to the most sophisticated tests and tabulations she was in essentially the best of health. There had been no sign of any serious ailment. But now—just two days later—she . . .

Dr. Moore took a deep breath. "You mean she's paralyzed?"

"I guess that's what it is," the niece said. "She's lost the power of her tendons."

"I think I'd better speak to Mrs. Anderson. Can you get her to the phone?"

"I'm afraid you can't. I mean, it

Europe on
35 miles per gallon.

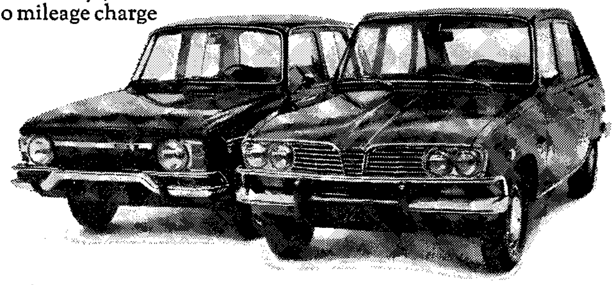
If you see Europe in the 35 mile per gallon Renault 10, or the 30 mile per gallon Renault 16, you'll have more money to see Europe with.

And the savings start even before the first tankful of gas. You can buy a U.S. specification Renault 10 for only $1384, the Renault 16 for $1860.

We'll arrange delivery almost anywhere in Europe. And when you're ready to send it home, we'll pay $75 towards shipping costs.

If you just want a Renault while you're there, we'll be happy to buy it back on our Finance-Purchase-Repurchase plan. That way, 6 weeks full use of a new Renault, for example, comes to only $363.

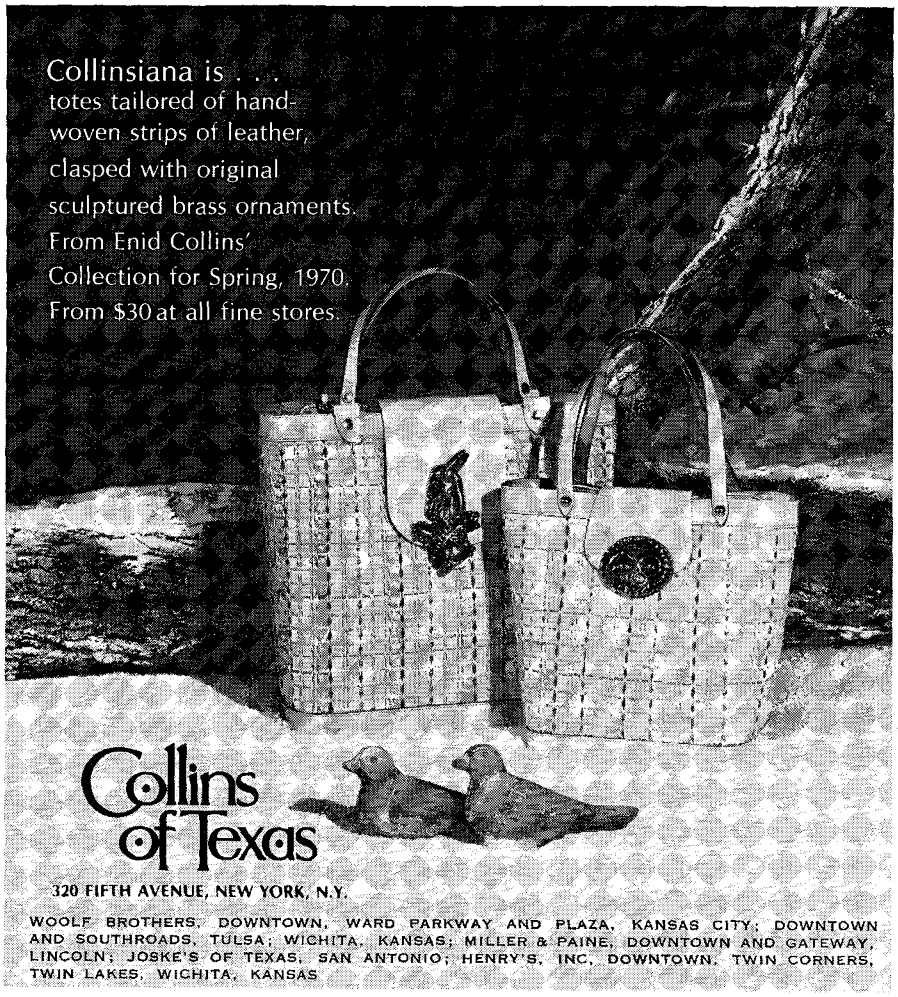
And no mileage charge



Renault Inc., Overseas Delivery Dept., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632
Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet on how to buy a Renault 10 or a Renault 16 for delivery in Europe.

Name________
Address________
City________ State________

RENAULT NY-1

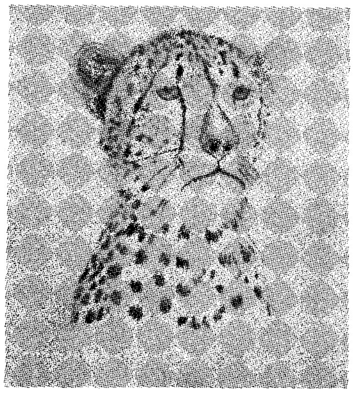


Collinsiana is . . .
totes tailored of hand-woven strips of leather,
clasped with original
sculptured brass ornaments.
From Enid Collins'
Collection for Spring, 1970.
From $30 at all fine stores.

Collins of Texas
320 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

WOOLF BROTHERS, DOWNTOWN, WARD PARKWAY AND PLAZA, KANSAS CITY; DOWNTOWN AND SOUTHROADS, TULSA; WICHITA, KANSAS; MILLER & PAINE, DOWNTOWN AND GATEWAY, LINCOLN; JOSKE'S OF TEXAS, SAN ANTONIO; HENRY'S, INC., DOWNTOWN, TWIN CORNERS, TWIN LAKES, WICHITA, KANSAS

Cheetahpoint

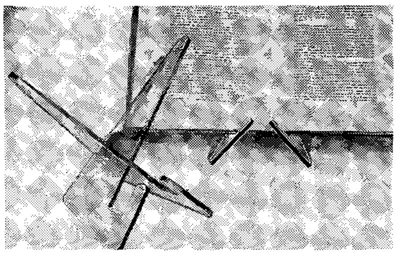


Needlepoint our sad cheetah in happy colors for your home. Perfect house pet for pillow or picture. 15" by 15" hand painted canvas, rich wool, needles and instructions. $37.50. Choose cheetah or any of our wild and woolly patterns. Conventional. Modern. Your own creation made to order. Mounting and finishing services also available. New color catalog. $1.50

New York ■ San Francisco ■ Palm Beach

MAZALTOV'S

Dept. 1Y, 758 Madison Ave., New York 10021



FOLD-A-WAY BOOK RACK

Beautifully designed, sturdy book rack in clear or 'tortoise' lucite. For cook books, magazines, newspapers or as an easel for pictures—and many other uses.

$5.75 prepaid. Gift wrapped if you wish.

20th Century Shop

1612 St. Charles Ave. New Orleans, La. 70130

GORDON MACRAE

is the joy next door
from Jan. 28 to Feb. 17
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
A SONESTA HOTEL

wouldn't do any good. She isn't making any sense."

"Then let me speak to Mr. Anderson."

"My uncle?" She gave a wild laugh. "He's acting just as crazy as she is."

"Oh," Dr. Moore said. But she also felt a kind of relief. If both of the Andersons were affected, it must be something that had happened after Mrs. Anderson left the hospital. It might be some deranging form of food poisoning. It might be drugs. It might be simple alcohol. She remembered that Mrs. Anderson liked an occasional drink. "Do you think they might be drunk?"

"I don't know," the niece said. "I don't think so. I don't see any glasses or bottles or anything." She gave another wild laugh. "My uncle fainted this afternoon. That was before he called me."

Dr. Moore hesitated. She wondered if the niece had been drinking. "How about you?" she said. "Are you all right?"

"I don't know," the niece said. "I guess so. Sure, I'm O.K."

"I hope so," Dr. Moore said. "I want your aunt and uncle at the hospital as soon as possible. Can you get them here? Do you need any help?"

"I don't need any help. My friends have a car. I've got some friends here with me. I guess I forgot to tell you that. They're an older couple I know."

"All right," Dr. Moore said. "Come to the emergency room. I'll meet you there."

"O.K.," the niece said.

Dr. Moore waited at the emergency-room door. It opened and closed on the regular Saturday-night procession of beatings and knifings and car-wreck lacerations. At a little past two, the car with the niece and her friends and her aunt and uncle pulled into the curb, and Dr. Moore sent an orderly out to meet them with a rolling stretcher. She watched him lifting Mrs. Anderson onto the stretcher and the rest of them milling around and trying to help. Mr. Anderson wore striped pajamas under his overcoat, and he seemed to be yelling. The orderly pushed the stretcher up the walk and into the foyer, and Mrs. Anderson lifted her head. Her face was red and her eyes were bright. She saw Dr. Moore, and let out a cry of delight.

"Hi, there, Dr. Moore," she said. "I never expected to see you again. How you doing?"

"I'm fine," Dr. Moore said. "But what about you? What happened?"

Mrs. Anderson laughed.

DIRECTOIRE MASTERPIECE

RARE OLD TIME SKILL and know-how, was used in re-creating our elegant DIRECTOIRE DESK. Mellow, antiqued French Mahogany (acajou) in a warm brown color. Pullout slides at each end. Brass mouldings around all drawers, top and sides, like its famous original. Black tooled leather top. Back finished with brass, same as front. Length 48", Depth 24", Height 30".

only **$545**

F.O.B., N.Y.C., crating $25 beyond delivery area.

There's no other shop like Lloyds in New York. For here, is one of the few places that you take your own sweet time to browse through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and estate pieces. Here, your own sense of good taste and value can lead you to the pieces that you'd like to live with.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00

LLOYDS

116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal towpath... and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50 Color from $150.

Fabian **Bachrach**

48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

Dr. Moore asked the niece and her friends to wait, and nodded to the orderly. She led the stretcher down the hall and into an examination booth. Mr. Anderson came stumbling loudly after them. His face was as flushed as his wife's. He flopped down on a chair and leaned loosely back. Dr. Moore sat down on a stool and looked at them. She felt she didn't know them at all. They didn't act or talk, or even look, like the Andersons she knew. She could only think they were drunk—or drugged. But she couldn't think what drugs they might have got to make them act this way. And they didn't smell of liquor.

"All right," she said. "Now tell me what happened. Have you been drinking?"

"Drinking?" Mrs. Anderson said. "Certainly not."

"We haven't been anything," Mr. Anderson said, and laughed.

"You haven't eaten anything unusual?"

"I haven't eaten hardly anything."

"Or taken any drugs?"

Mrs. Anderson let out a wail.

"Then tell me what happened."

"It was my head," Mrs. Anderson said. "You know about my headaches. Well, I got this terrible—"

"Now, wait a minute," Mr. Anderson said. "Wait just a minute. That isn't quite the way—"

"What isn't the way? I think I know—"

"But you're getting it all wrong. It wasn't—"

"Be quiet."

"Don't you tell me to be—"

"I said be quiet."

"Shut up."

"Stop it," Dr. Moore said. "Both of you. There's no reason to get so excited." She considered. They were obviously in no immediate danger. She decided to let the questioning go for a moment. They might be calmer then. And she wanted a moment to organize her own ideas. She stood up. "I'm going to leave you for a minute. Try to relax. I'll be right back."

Dr. Moore went down the hall to the house officers' corner. The resident was with a patient, but there were still two internes there. She told them about the Andersons.

"I just don't know what's going on," she said. "There's something wrong with these people. They're out of their heads. But I don't know why. The only other thing is her face is awfully red. Except that her face is always red." She stopped. "You know, I just realized something. Her husband's face is also awfully red. They've both got bright-red faces."

One of the internes cocked his head. "Like cherry red?" he said. "Like carbon-monoxide poisoning?"

"My God," Dr. Moore said. "My God—that's it."

THE cause of carbon-monoxide poisoning is the inhalation of carbon-monoxide gas. Carbon-monoxide gas is generated by the incomplete combustion of some carbonaceous (wood, coal, petroleum) material. Complete combustion, however, is not a natural phenomenon. It occurs only under the most fastidiously controlled conditions. Thus, for all practical purposes, carbon monoxide is a regular product of fire. Its nature is as insidious as its generation. The presence of carbon monoxide in a room or a street or an automobile is impossible to detect by any means naturally available to man. Its anonymity is as total as that of air. Carbon monoxide is colorless, odorless, and tasteless. It even has the same specific gravity as air. It neither sinks to the ground nor rises away like smoke but mixes and mingles indistinguishably with the atmosphere.

Carbon monoxide, though always dangerous and often deadly, is a poison only in the language of convenience. It is actually an asphyxiant. It deprives its victims of the oxygen they breathe by displacing oxygen in the carrier hemoglobin of the red blood cells. This suffocating displacement is easily accomplished. Hemoglobin, by some hematological quirk, much prefers carbon monoxide to oxygen. Recent investigators have mathematically rendered its preference into odds of approximately three hundred to one. Their calculations suggest that a given concentration of carbon monoxide in the air can successfully compete for the molecular embrace of hemoglobin with anything up to three hundred times its concentration of oxygen. The result of the eager union of carbon monoxide and hemoglobin is a brilliant-red compound called carboxyhemoglobin. Carboxyhemoglobin is the source of the characteristic cherry-red flush of carbon-monoxide poisoning. It also, however, has more sinister powers. It inhibits the release of whatever oxygen has managed to combine with hemoglobin. Carboxyhemoglobin is a stable compound, but its bonds are far from unbreakable. They readily loosen under the impact of abundant oxygen, and the hemoglobin so released, unharmed by its impetuous encounter, is free to resume its proper physiological

IN MIAMI we have created two of the finest restaurants for Miami's one great hotel.

Sheraton-Four Ambassadors

Dine and entertain in the famous

THE CAFE OF THE AMBASSADORS

Magnifique!

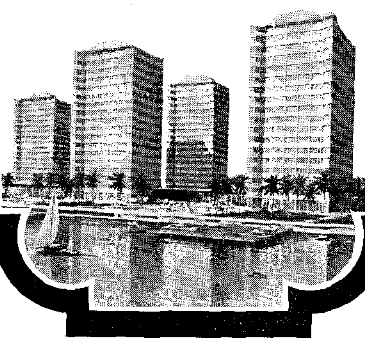
Or, enjoy hearty, robust fare in the Falstaff Room. Plus two lounges to suit a mood—lively or quietly intimate, and every resort facility under the sun . . . or stars, in the *only* place to stay in Miami, where every guest accommodation is a luxury suite.

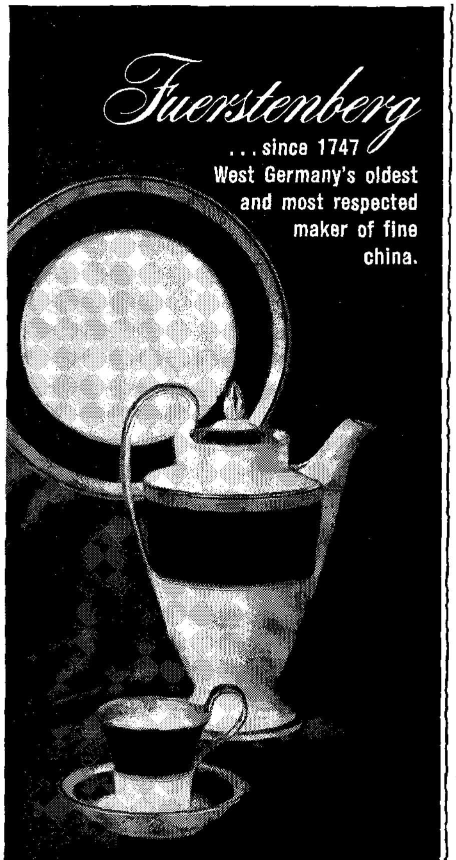
Sheraton-Four Ambassadors

Towering over the Bay at 801 South Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33131. Call your travel agent or call free

(800) 325-3535

A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT





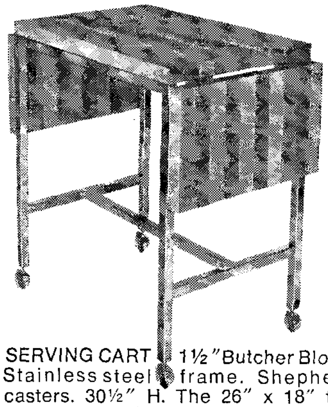
Imperial Cobalt—5 pc. place setting, about $140.
Send for FREE color Fuerstenberg brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. F, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

Vacation Rentals
On the Water
Sarasota, Florida

Carefully planned for quiet relaxation and privacy with many activities available on premises and near by. Close to nature but also to shopping, famous restaurants, golf, art center, fishing, tennis. Two bedrooms, 2 baths and a few 1 bedroom available for sale or vacation rental.

WHITNEY BEACH
6700 Gulf of Mexico Drive
Longboat Key - Sarasota, Fla.

BUTCHER BLOCK



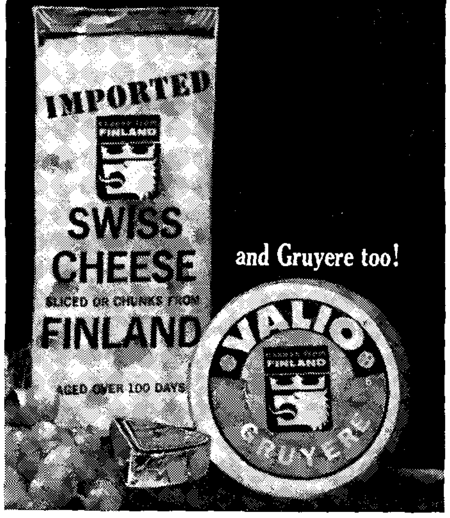
SERVING CART 1½" Butcher Block. Stainless steel frame. Shepherd casters. 30½" H. The 26" x 18" top extends to 48". $169.50. Matte black frame, $139.50. Exp. Chgs. Col. NYC 6% tax. Or taxes applicable. 48-pg. catalog, 50¢. J&D Brauner (N1) 298 Bowery, N.Y. 10012 (212) 477-2830

functions. That providential frailty of carboxyhemoglobin simplifies the treatment of carbon-monoxide poisoning. It is often treatment enough to remove the victim from the poisoned air. A few hours of rest will then restore the normal chemistry of his blood. More seriously stricken victims can usually be rallied by the administration of pure oxygen under pressure. Unless, of course, they are already dead or dying.

It takes very little carbon monoxide to contaminate the air. The virulence of carbon monoxide is very nearly unique. A concentration of only two one-hundredths of one per cent (or two hundred parts of carbon monoxide per million parts of air) can kindle in a couple of hours a dull frontal headache, and an exposure of just five minutes to air containing one per cent of carbon monoxide is almost invariably fatal. Moreover, the action of carbon monoxide is ferociously quickened by such environmental factors as heat and altitude, by the presence of debilitating diseases like anemia and asthma, and by physical activity. The blood of a man at labor becomes saturated with carbon monoxide about three times faster than that of a man at rest. Mild but perceptible symptoms of illness ordinarily appear when the carboxyhemoglobin level approaches twenty per cent. More conspicuous symptoms—severe occipital headache, nausea, vomiting, dizziness, muscular incoördination, disorientation—develop as the saturation mounts toward forty per cent. At fifty per cent, unconsciousness usually descends, and a saturation of sixty-six per cent (or the conversion of two-thirds of the body's supply of hemoglobin into carboxyhemoglobin) is classically considered *fatal*.

The sources of carbon monoxide are abundant in the urban Western world. In the United States, they are almost everywhere. Carbon monoxide is perniciously present in the effluvia of all internal-combustion engines, most industrial plants, and many mines, mills, and workshops. There are also many domestic sources: unvented space heaters, floor furnaces, kerosene stoves, gas ranges, camp stoves, and blocked or faulty flues. Among the more familiar fuels, manufactured gas is potentially doubly dangerous, for it not only produces carbon monoxide (like natural gas and the other carbonaceous materials) but actually contains it. Burning charcoal is especially rich in carbon monoxide—so rich that in France, where charcoal fires are widely used for cooking, carbon-monoxide poisoning is sometimes called *folie des cuisiniers*. Another

It's finntastic!
SWISS CHEESE
FROM FINLAND



Nature makes the holes...taste better

Carefully cured over
100 days for
finntastic flavor!
Try our Gruyere,
it's Finntastic too!
cheese from FINLAND
Sliced and packed FRESH
in the U.S.A. under famous brands:
BORDEN • KRAFT • LILY LAKE • NEW YORKER • SARGENTO

Holiday House
Cube Frame

Sparkling clear lucite holds five snapshots easily inserted and replaced. Splendid for displaying your latest favorite photos. Four inches.
$4.50

Mail orders shipped promptly.
Holiday House 17 Bellevue Theatre Bldg.,
Upper Montclair, N.J. 07043

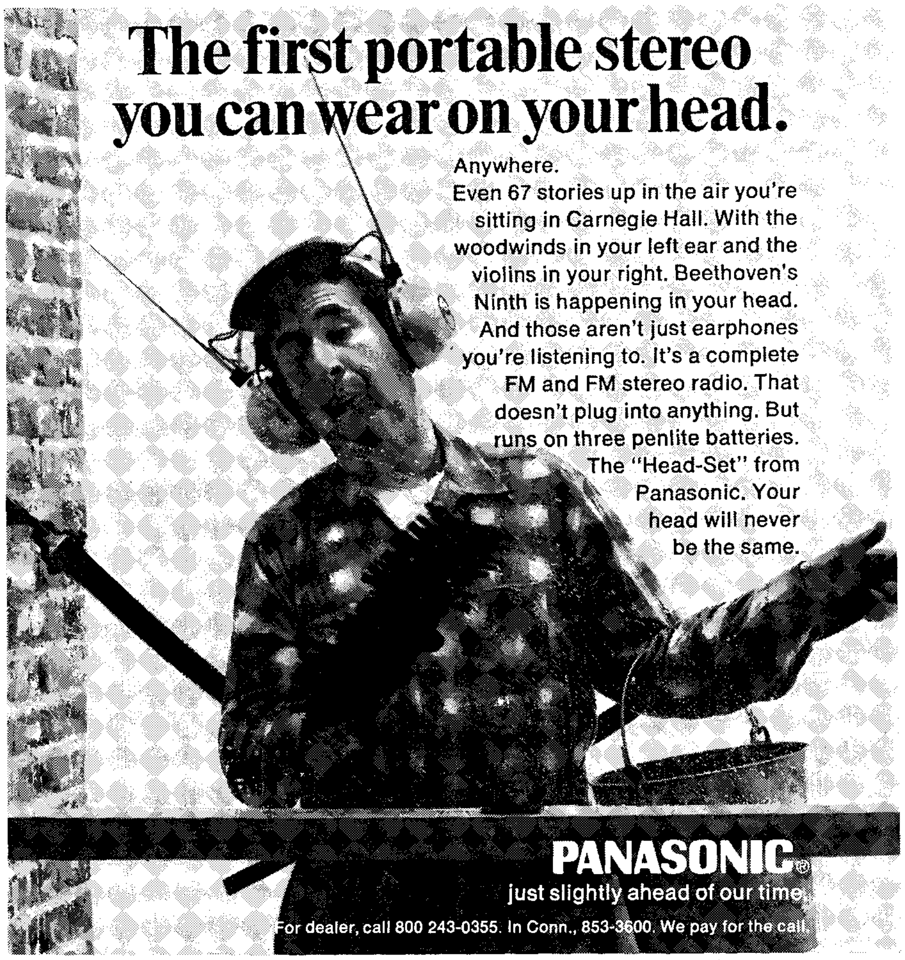
Le Restaurant
Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6 5950

rich source is burning tobacco. The blood of heavy cigarette smokers (those who smoke two or three packages a day) has been found to contain as much as ten per cent carboxyhemoglobin, or almost enough to cause manifest signs of illness. The most insidious source of carbon monoxide is, of course, the gasoline engine. It is also, with an ever-increasing multitude of ever more powerful automobiles on the streets, an increasingly serious one. Automobile (and motorboat) exhaust fumes contain about seven per cent carbon monoxide, and where traffic is slow and heavy the amount of carbon monoxide pumped into the air can easily approach a toxic level. A field study undertaken by the National Air Pollution Control Administration in 1967 has demonstrated that it often does. The study was conducted in ten cities (Atlanta, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Louisville, New York, Minneapolis, Denver, and Los Angeles) at the peak of the rush-hour traffic. Bumper-to-bumper speeds produce about three times as much carbon monoxide as a cruising speed of forty-five miles an hour. Instruments mounted in a test car analyzed the air at the level of the driver's head. The findings ranged from a low (in Louisville) of sixty-six parts of carbon monoxide per million parts of air to a high (in Los Angeles) of one hundred and fifty-one parts of carbon monoxide per million parts of air. Concentrations of one hundred or more were recorded in four of the other cities: Cincinnati (100), Detroit (120), Minneapolis (134), and Denver (142). New York and Chicago both showed concentrations of ninety-five. The maximum allowable concentration of carbon monoxide for an exposure of several hours (established by the American Standards Association around 1900) is one hundred parts per million parts of air. Within the past few years, however, many investigators have come to believe—on the basis of certain studies on human volunteers which demonstrate that even minute concentrations of carbon monoxide can subtly dull the crucial sense of time and distance—that a concentration of one hundred is much too high for perfect safety, and they have proposed that the maximum be lowered to fifty. In the Soviet Union, the legal (though not necessarily enforced) maximum is eighteen.

It was once generally held that carbon-monoxide poisoning occurred in both acute and chronic forms. Most investigators now deny the possibility of a chronic form of carbon-monoxide



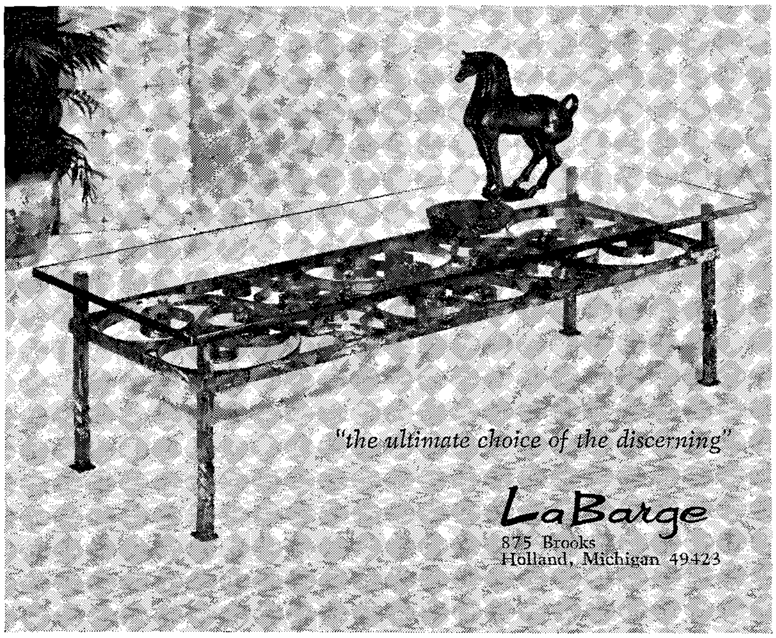
The first portable stereo you can wear on your head.

Anywhere.
Even 67 stories up in the air you're sitting in Carnegie Hall. With the woodwinds in your left ear and the violins in your right. Beethoven's Ninth is happening in your head. And those aren't just earphones you're listening to. It's a complete FM and FM stereo radio. That doesn't plug into anything. But runs on three penlite batteries. The "Head-Set" from Panasonic. Your head will never be the same.

PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.
For dealer, call 800 243-0355. In Conn., 853-3600. We pay for the call.

LA MESA MUCHO!

A lot of table, no matter how you say it. And it's at home anywhere, true to its cosmopolitan origins. The heavy iron base, hand wrought and finished with gold leaf, is from Spain. The ¾" thick crystal top, 2 ft. wide and more than 5 ft. long is Belgian. No. 4318 at your LaBarge dealer's. Write for his name and a 4-color table brochure.

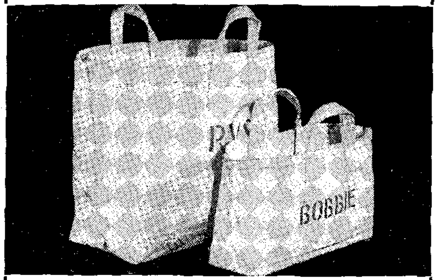


"the ultimate choice of the discerning"

LaBarge
875 Brooks
Holland, Michigan 49423

Ship'n Shore®

CANTON CARRY-ALLS



Large Size - 24" x 8" x 14" Perfect for ski trips. Holds gear, clothes, bottles, last-minute loads.
Small Size -12" x 6" x 9" - *Student's favorite. Carry* notebooks, lunch, or what not.
BOTH made of #6 white canvas. Tough, washable. Stand alone—fold flat.
Unmarked: Large $6.00* Small $5.00*
Marked with initials or name up to 6 letters:
Large $7.00* Small $6.00*
If more than 6 letters add 20¢ per extra letter. Specify Red or Blue letters.
**Postage & Handling: 50¢ per bag East, 75¢ per bag West of Mississippi. (Actual postage billed on 3 or more to one address.)*
CANTON CARRY-ALLS
CANTON, CONNECTICUT—06019 203 693-8551

HOTEL Meurice
Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $17.00.
Doubles from $23.00.
Suites from $29.00.
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

intoxication. They distinguish instead between acute and chronic exposure. "Chronic exposure does not produce chronic poisoning," Dr. David H. Goldstein, professor of environmental medicine at New York University Medical Center, noted in a 1963 medical textbook, "but, rather, repeated episodes of mild acute poisoning. Intermittent day-to-day exposures are not cumulative in effect." The incidence of severe acute carbon-monoxide poisoning has declined in the United States in recent years. This is largely attributable to the widespread installation of safety devices (fans, baffles, alarm meters) in industrial plants, and to safer home appliances. In New York City, for example, a total of four hundred and twenty cases of serious carbon-monoxide poisoning (a hundred and thirty-one of them fatal) was reported in 1951. The total for 1967 was seventy-three cases, of which four were fatal. Most of these cases were the consequence of dilapidated equipment, sitting in a closed car with the engine running, or a deliberate, suicidal exposure. Less conspicuously clinical cases, on the other hand, are almost certainly increasing. There are no real records of such cases, because they are seldom recognized and reported, but it is probable that thousands of Americans suffer some degree of carbon-monoxide poisoning—a late-afternoon headache, a little lurch of nausea, a creeping irritability—every day. The victims are unsuspecting people who regularly expose themselves to air that, through ignorance or indifference or inadvertence, is perennially polluted. They include automobile mechanics, parking-garage attendants, traffic policemen, newspaper-kiosk keepers, cabdrivers, urban-bus drivers, janitors, commuting motorists, and, every now and then, a housewife like Mildred Anderson.

DR. MOORE *couldn't doubt that the* Andersons' trouble was carbon-monoxide poisoning. She went back to the examination booth in a euphoria of relief. Carbon monoxide answered every question. It explained Mrs. Anderson's interminable headache, it explained the disappearance of the headache after a few hours in the unpolluted air of the hospital, it explained the return of the headache, and the dizziness, the faintness, the weakness, the bizarre behavior. It had to be carbon monoxide, and the source could only be something in the Anderson house. Something that was regularly but intermittently in use. Something like a kitchen range, a hot-water heater, a furnace. That would also explain why Mr. Anderson had only now become sick. He hadn't been sufficiently exposed; he had only been home at night until this weekend began.

"I couldn't doubt it was carbon monoxide," Dr. Moore says, "but I couldn't, of course, just assume it. I had to be sure. I had to document it. There was a senior medical student I knew hanging around, and I grabbed him and asked him to draw some blood from the Andersons for a carboxyhemoglobin-determination test. Meanwhile, I got them both breathing pure oxygen. Then I thought of the niece. I remembered how funny she had sounded. So I rounded her up and got her on oxygen, too. Then I called the lab. The technician who could do the test I wanted wasn't on duty. I got permission to call him at home, and I called him and he moaned and groaned and carried on, but he finally got dressed and came over. A carboxyhemoglobin-determination test takes about twenty minutes, and in twenty minutes we had the confirmation: Mr. Anderson's carboxyhemoglobin level was thirty-nine per cent, and Mrs. Anderson's was thirty-seven.

"By the time we got the lab reports, the Andersons were both pretty well recovered. But I kept them at the hospital. I couldn't send them back to that contaminated house. The niece threw off her little touch of poisoning very fast, and I talked to her and her friends before they left. I arranged for them to take the Andersons in until their house had been inspected. They told me the Andersons used natural gas for heating and cooking, and that the house had seemed awfully hot and a little smelly of what they now decided was gas. They said they would get in touch with the gas company the first thing in the morning. I heard the rest *of the story a couple of days later.* Mrs. Anderson called me. An inspector from the gas company had come out and made a thorough investigation, and my hunch had been in the right direction. The trouble was the furnace. Or, rather, the furnace flue. The inspector had found it practically blocked with fallen bricks. Mrs. Anderson thought she knew how that had happened. They had had their chimney repaired several months before—sometime back in the summer. It had needed pointing. And apparently the mason who repaired it also managed to drop a few old bricks down the flue."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

Come May 1971, North America will be 80 acres more exciting!

Ontario, Canada, presents Ontario Place

Rising out of Lake Ontario on new man-made islands, this incredible 80-acre complex will predict the architecture of the 21st century. Ontario Place . . . a place for all people. Its purpose? To show the world the Ontario way of life.

A two-tiered, glass enclosed bridge takes you from the entrance plaza to the Exhibit Pavilion (five, multi-level pods suspended above the inner bay), and the triodetic bubble-shaped theatre (Cinesphere) overlooking a modern 350-boat marina.

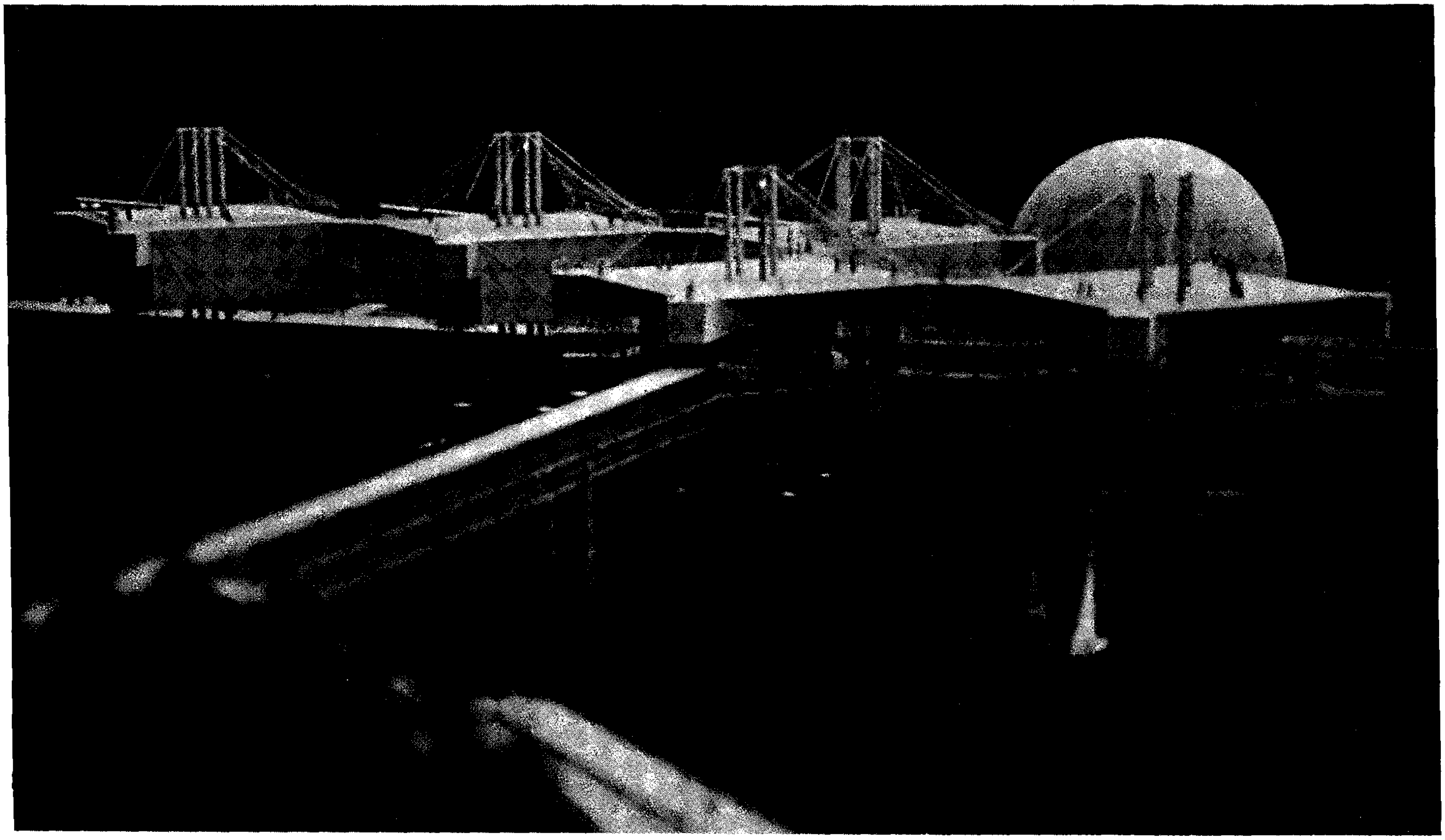
What will you do on the islands of Ontario Place? You'll dream through a concert of music in the landscaped amphitheatre. It accommodates 6,400 people. Enjoy a world of superb indoor and outdoor restaurants and snack bars. Shop in delightful boutiques. Cruise a water-ride of canals, lagoons and lakes. Watch children at play in their own special village and adventure area with its inner lake and waterfall. Stroll the peaceful parklands, the beaches and the winding pathways.

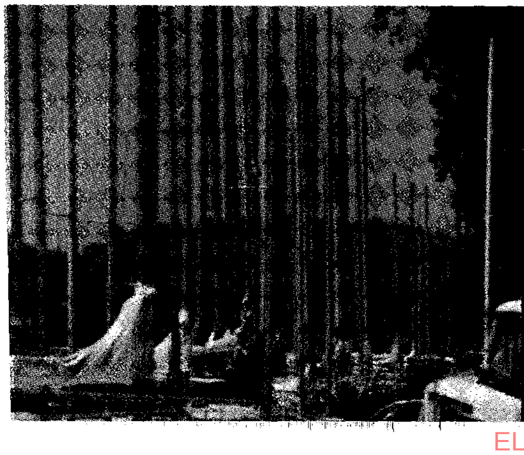
This is Ontario Place at Toronto, Canada. A place where you can discover, participate, enjoy. Another of Ontario's bold new projects of international first-rank. Opening May 24th, 1971.

To learn how you can share in
the unprecedented prosperity of this
dynamic Province, write to:
Department of Trade
and Development
Government of Ontario
Suite 721, 950 Yonge Street
Toronto 5, Ontario.

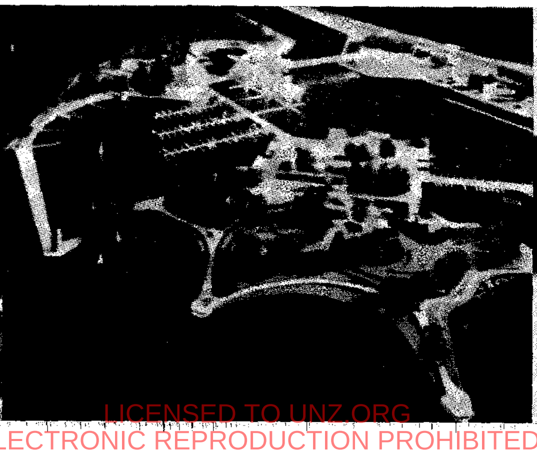
Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Boston, Atlanta, Kingston (Jamaica), London, Dusseldorf, Milan, Stockholm, Vienna, Brussels, Tokyo.

The five great pods of the Pavilion with roof-top dining area are suspended on columns rising 100 feet above water. (That giant ball is the domed screen of the 1000-seat theatre, Cinesphere).

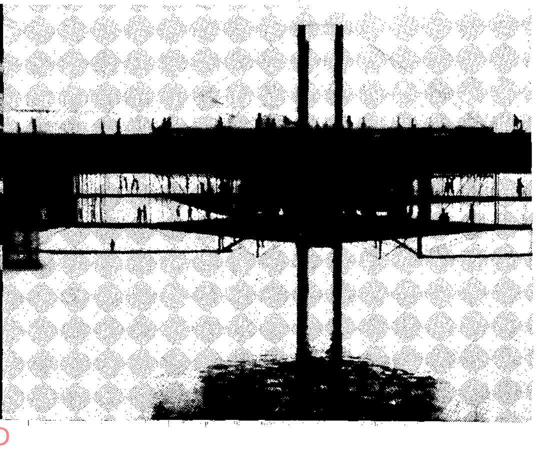




A sailors' pub, ship chandler, showers, dryers, pump-out at the Ontario Place marina.

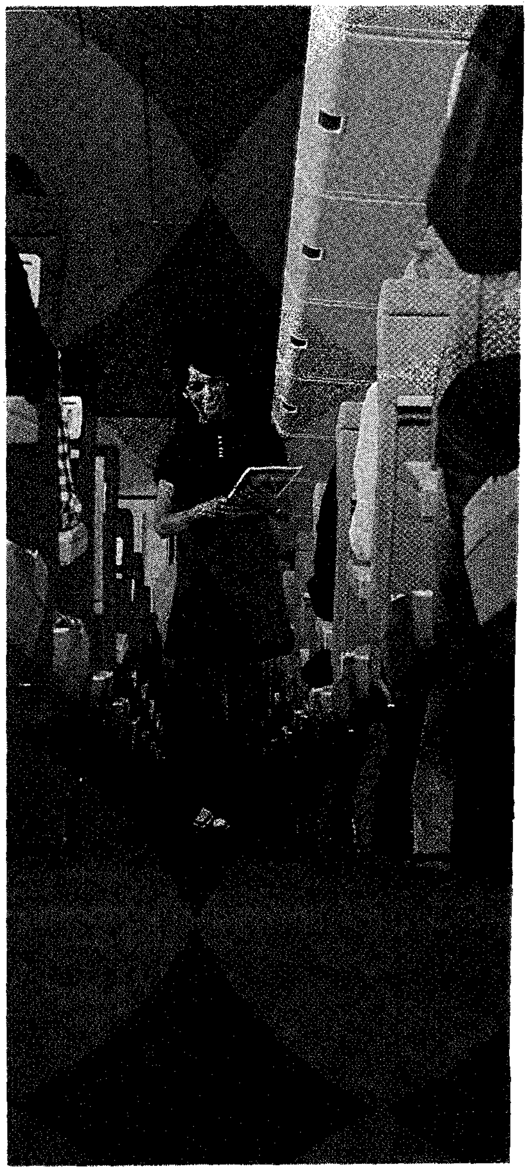


A seagull's view of North America's most exciting off-shore development, Ontario Place.



A totally involving series of multi-media exhibits bring Ontario's heritage and future to life in the Pavilion pods.

Step into The Spacious Age.



When the Boeing 747 superjet enters regular service next month, you will be able to step into the largest, most luxurious, most comfortable jetliner ever built. And, most important, the most spacious.

You will enter through one of ten wide doors. You will move down broad aisles in a cabin 20 feet wide and 8 feet high.

In economy as well as first class sections, your seat will be extra large, extra comfortable. There will be plenty of room around and above you—even when you're next to a window.

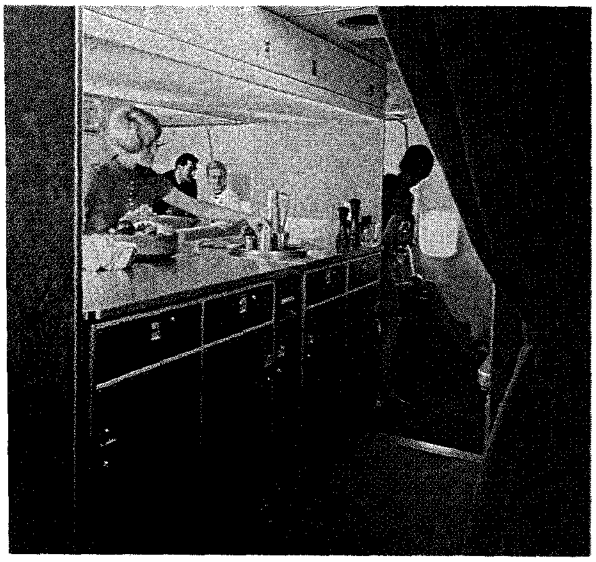
In first class, you may ascend a spiral staircase to a luxurious lounge where you can relax, walk around and pass the time in the sky.

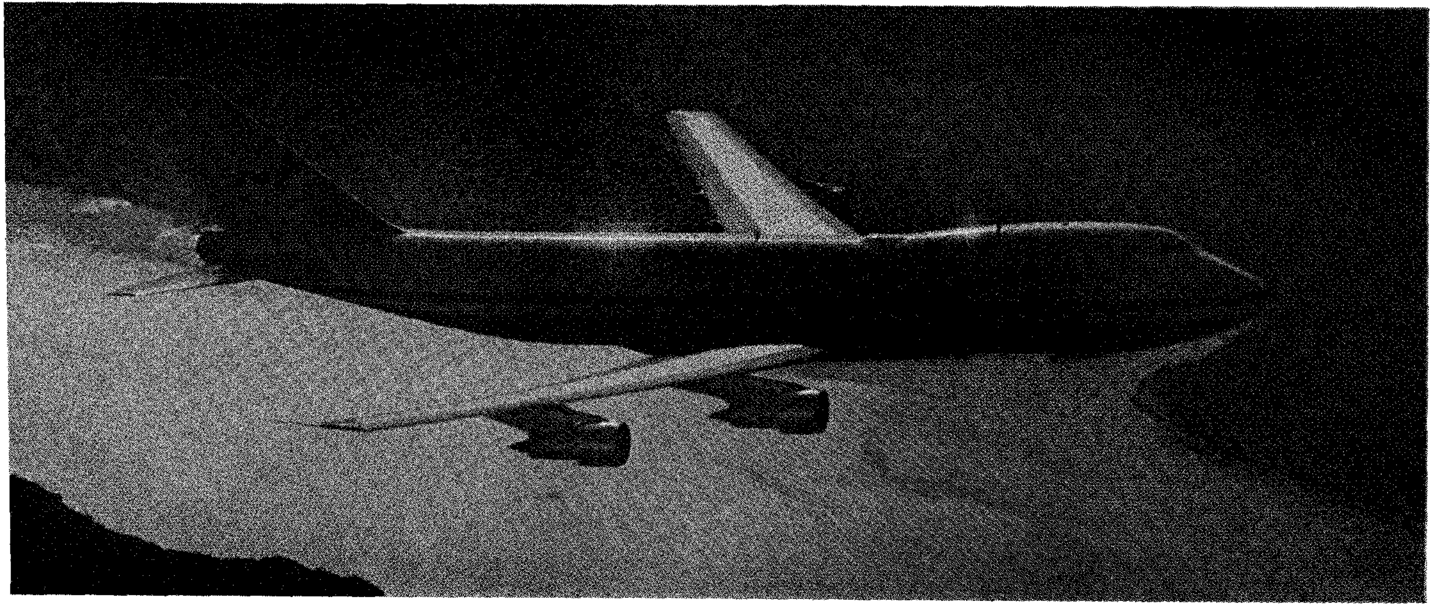
When your 747 flight takes off, four of the world's most powerful but quiet commercial jet engines will lift you gracefully into the air. Then you can settle back and enjoy the comfort of your living room in a trip across continents or oceans.

The Boeing 747 and The Spacious Age are here.

BOEING 747

These airlines have already ordered Boeing 747s: Air Canada, Air France, Air-India, Alitalia, American, BOAC, Braniff, Continental, Delta,





Eastern, El Al, Iberia, Irish, JAL, KLM, Lufthansa, National, Northwest, Pan Am, Qantas, SAS, Sabena, South African, Swissair, TWA, United, Universal, World.

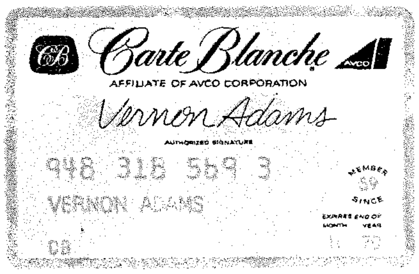
Carte Blanche keeps executives ahead in the 70's.

Any salesman knows "you gotta know the territory." But when the territory is a Jet Age marketplace it's harder to know your way around.

Carte Blanche has already smoothed over many of the problems of today's fast moving executives. Take the Jumbo Jets. Every airline that will fly them honors Carte Blanche. We're also expanding our list of outstanding accommodations. Carte Blanche is honored at thousands of internationally famous hotels, motels and inns.

So, whether business takes you to London, Mexico City or Honolulu, say Carte Blanche (kart • blonsh) and you're automatically welcome. (And that holds true for the best restaurants in town.)

Several new, specialized services are in the works for you. For now, this much is certain. When it comes to travel and entertaining, nothing fits itineraries like Carte Blanche.


CB
Carte Blanche
AVCO
AFFILIATE OF AVCO CORPORATION
Vernon Adams
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
948 318 569 3
VERNON ADAMS
CB
MEMBER
59
SINCE
EXPIRES END OF
MONTH YEAR

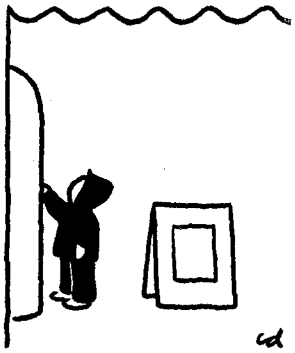
- **Airlines: fly on more than 70 domestic and overseas carriers.**
- **Restaurants: enjoy the finest wherever you go.**
- ***Service stations: fill 'er up at* thousands of gas stations.**
- **Rent-a-cars: all majors, most independents, welcome you.**
- **Hotels, motels, inns: choose from thousands around the world.**
- ***Get an application at any "Take One" display, or write:* Carte Blanche, 3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90054.**

Carte Blanche gives you more than credit

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Man Who Loved War

“PATTON” runs almost three hours, and there is not a single lyrical moment. The figure of General George Patton, played by George C. Scott, is a Pop hero, but visually the movie is in a style that might be described as imperial. It does not really look quite like any other movie, and that in itself is an achievement (though not necessarily an aesthetic one). The movie was shot in 70-millimetre and in “Dimension 150;” I don’t know exactly what that means, but technically the movie is awesomely impressive. It was directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, and it looks a little like the early huge landscapes in his “Planet of the Apes;” the images, typically, are incredibly long, wide shots, taking in vast areas, with the human figures dwarfed by the terrain, and with more compositional use of sky than I’ve ever before seen in a movie. There’s so much land and air—and it’s so clear—that we seem to be looking at “Patton” from God’s point of view. When Patton is in an interior, the interior is usually that of a castle, with doors opening into rooms beyond rooms in an apparent infinity, and one perceives the necessity for this—the need to keep the interiors consistent with the scale of the exteriors. The landscapes are full of men; the cast must surely run into the tens of thousands. But they’re all extras—even the ones that *should* be important. There’s really nobody in this movie except George C. Scott.



The Patton shown here appears to be deliberately planned as a Rorschach test. He is what people who believe in military values can see as the true military hero—the red-blooded American who loves to fight and whose crude talk is straight talk. He is also what people who despise militarism can see as the worst kind of red-blooded American mystical maniac who *believes* in fighting; for them, Patton can be the symbolic proof of the madness of the whole military complex. And the picture plays him both ways—crazy and great—and more ways than that, because he’s a comic-strip general and even those who are anti-war may love comic strips. I suspect that just for the reason that people can see in it what they already believe, a lot of them are going to think “Patton” is a great movie. I’m sure it will be said that the picture is “true” to Patton and to history, but I think it strings us along and holds out on us. If we don’t just want to have our prejudices greased, we’ll find it confusing and unsatisfying, because we aren’t given enough information to evaluate Patton’s actions. “Patton” avoids the clichés of famous men’s personal lives by not presenting any personal life. Patton is treated as if he were the spirit of war, yet the movie begs the fundamental question about its hero: Is this the kind of man a country needs when it’s at war? Every issue that is raised is left unresolved. Patton is a spit-and-polish disciplinarian and his men win battles. Do men fight better if their shoes are shined? (A boy near me whispered, “The Israelis keep winning victories.”) Do men fight better, as Patton indicates, if they fear their leaders? Was Patton a great strategist or did he just follow classic theories? The movie shows us Patton’s campaigns, which often seem to be undertaken for personal glory and with indifference to the possible losses, but then it balances this out with suggestions that his strategy was sound, and it doesn’t give us enough data to evaluate one judgment or the other. Yet since the movie indicates that Patton can get his men to do more than the other generals can, it implicitly validates his ideas of discipline and of the value of instilling fear, even while showing him as an eyeball-rolling nut.

In approach, “Patton” is a synthesis of a satirical epic like Tony Richardson’s “The Charge of the Light Brigade” and the square epic celebrations of the role of the Allies in the Second World War. It’s a far-out movie passing as square, and finally passing over. I think the conception was to use Patton as if he’d been dreamed up by Terry Southern. (It’s probably not altogether coincidental that Scott played General Buck Turgidson in “Dr. Strangelove.”) But Patton is so much stronger than anyone else that he has glamour and appeal, even for liberals who will take him as the confirmation of their worst nightmares of the military. It could, of course, be a very smart liberal ploy to make Patton a monster-man among mice—to surround him with nonentities and thus present this monster as the true embodiment of military thinking rather than as its distortion—but it backfires by turning him into a hero.

“Patton” is enormous in scale; it cost more than twelve million dollars. And, with the picture to himself, George C. Scott gives it all his intensity and his baleful magnetism. At the opening, standing in front of a giant American flag, he delivers a long, measured speech while holding the audience in a vise, and he continues to hold us whenever he’s on the screen. He has practically all the good lines in the movie. Except for some briefly glimpsed Germans, who, naturally, have the most histrionic uniforms, and who are, by modern convention, elegant and epigrammatic, the movie is full of colorless, unattractive fourth-rate actors impersonating the English and American leaders. As Omar Bradley, Karl Malden is not as offensive as usual—he’s merely negligible. If Bradley were presented as a contrasting kind of military leader—a brilliant but civilized officer—we might be able to get our bearings on what Patton is doing right and what he’s doing wrong, but Karl Malden just stands around acting “restrained.” Probably intentionally, the movie shows no *admirable* military leaders. The actors playing Montgomery and the others could be shoe clerks more easily than great generals. They have no class as actors, and their generals have no class; they’re vain, small-minded competitors—mediocrities in drab uniforms. Scott’s strength and scale as an actor make him the right hero for the imperial style of the picture, and since no one else has any star quality, the style itself validates him as a hero. It is an index to the oddness of this movie that Patton, the war lover, is so much more compelling than any other character that when Bradley is given the command Patton wants, it seems like injustice.

There are stylistic problems: the informal, dramatic conversations look a bit stiff and posed, as if Schaffner couldn’t find a way to make the transitions from the implicit formality of the huge landscapes and horizons. (I point this out with full sympathy for what he was up against.) A larger problem is the continuity: the script doesn’t follow through on the sequences presented. For example, the

For 88 years the guest has been king, and we can give you 41 other reasons why conventions at Hotel Roanoke are so royally **unconventional.**

LET'S TRADE our color brochure for your name and address. In the meantime, here are a few Hotel Roanoke vital statistics:

Located just minutes from scenic Blue Ridge Parkway and historic Shenandoah Valley.

425 luxurious rooms and suites; 16 conference, meeting, banquet and ballrooms.

15,000 square feet of exhibit space; complete audio-visual equipment.

Memorable foods; licensed for mixed beverages.

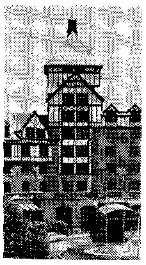
Year-'round Olympic-size swimming pool.

10 acres of lawn, almost that many acres of thick carpet, walnut panels, snowy linens, crystal chandeliers, gurgling fountain, nearby golf, and Many Other Nice Things.

The Hotel Roanoke

Roanoke, Virginia 24006
Phone (703) 343-6992
A Norfolk & Western Railway Property Since 1882

Fred W. Walker
General Manager
Mrs. Janet Jenkins
Director of Sales



JULES PODELL PRESENTS

DICK JENSEN

JOEY VILLA

COPACABANA

FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SAT. 8, 11 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

Oaks
Naples, Fla.

TURN hard port after clearing Doctors Pass from the Gulf, run up Moorings Bay 300 yards to your covered berth — you are home at Oaks. Forty eight properties, each amenable to your personal expression. Unique features in the Condominium concept — features that are different for the sake of the residents — *not* for the sake of the difference.

Brochure on request

W. Roy Smith & Company
797 Fifth Ave. South Naples Fla.

Germans guess Patton's strategy at one point, but we are never told whether they act on their guess or what the repercussions are. We are shown a great desert tank battle in which Patton's men are doing brilliantly until Nazi planes arrive, and then it is not made clear what the result is, or even whether Allied planes arrive, though Patton has been struggling with the British to get air cover for his men. And since we don't know how the scenes of war relate to the strategy of the campaigns, or even how this strategy works out, there is simply too much footage of exploding shells and burning tanks for its own beautiful sake.

The public-relations designation of this film is "Patton: A Salute to a Rebel." Whom does Twentieth Century-Fox think it's kidding? What was Patton a rebel against except humanitarianism? The ads contain such lines as " 'Patton' is a salute to a rebel *with* a cause," and "Patton was a rebel. Long before it became fashionable. He rebelled against the biggest. Eisenhower. Marshall. Montgomery. Against the establishment—and its ideas of warfare." One can scarcely blame the movie for the ads, but the movie is also busy trying to outsmart the public, presenting an arch-authoritarian as a rebel, the way one might present Spiro Agnew as a rebel against effete snobs. The pitch is, of course, that Patton is a straight-talking man opposing the stuffy bureaucrats, and that it's his uninhibited speech that scares them, because although they may agree with him they have to get along with the politicians. The movie is so manipulative that it flirts with the American jingo audience, which will probably agree with Patton even at his most rabid, when he wants to fight the Russians. (*That's* the kind of rebel he was.) And it flirts with the smart young audience, which may think the movie is really "tough" because it shows the military stripped of hypocrisy. The most treacherously clever bit in the movie comes when Patton is in disgrace for having slapped a soldier in a hospital. The Nazis (who throughout the film seem much smarter than the Allies) refuse to believe he isn't still in active command, because they can't imagine that the Americans would pull their best general out of the war for such a reason. It is an irony that will please every bully: See, the Nazis aren't weak and sentimental like us. We in the audience don't know any more about Patton when "Patton" is over, but we've had quite an exhibition of

The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.
120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco

ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN
The New
TRIANON SUITE
at The Carlyle

An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, 744-1600.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH STREET

MONTEGO BAY
at the *Royal Caribbean* HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

MARJORIE Through Feb. 11

GEHNER

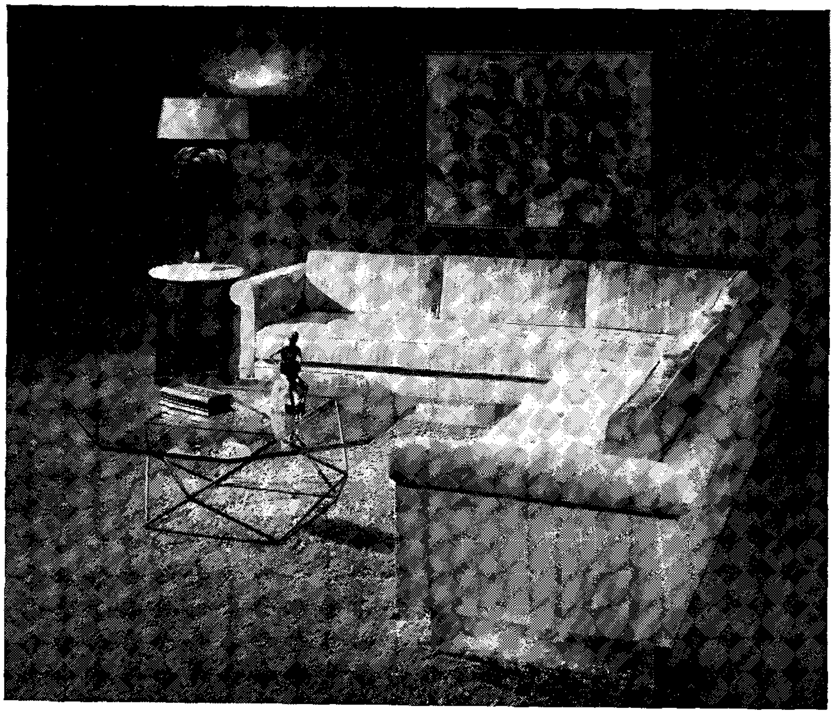
Lyrical Abstractions One Man Show: Oils

ahda **ARTZT** gallery
142 WEST 57 ST

winking at the liberals while selling your heart to the hawks.

"THERE'S nothing to be ashamed of," a woman doctor reassures an elderly man who is crying in misery because he thinks he has cancer and is too deeply humiliated by his symptoms to discuss them. In "Hospital," a new documentary by Frederick Wiseman, which will be shown here on Channel 13 on Monday, February 2nd, the material does not appear to have been transformed in the editing process. Though Wiseman obviously selects, he does *not* select in terms of a prearranged structure or for a problem-solving approach, and so our responsiveness to what we see is not limited by an imposed point of view. You feel that the experience is totally naked, that there is no protective tissue between you and the people on the screen. It is as open and revealing as filmed experience has ever been. You look misery in the eye and you realize there's nothing to be ashamed of.

The movie was made at Metropolitan Hospital in New York, but although the hospital conditions are not pretty, it is not an exposé of man's inhumanity to man. The revelation of "Hospital" is the many surprising forms of man's humanity to man: the tenderness of a doctor as he examines an old man, or the doctor's awkward attempt to straighten the covers to make the old man more comfortable; the Puerto Rican who fights hospitalization because he's terrified of not being home to look after his children; the bewildered daughter of a woman who has had a cardiac arrest, trying to comfort her mother, bobbing up to peck her on the chin—the only part accessible for a kiss. It is a melting-pot hospital, and the film demonstrates that the melting-pot dream has to some degree been fulfilled. There are so many human gestures within the misery, such as the solemn "Thank you"s of aged poor patients for whom speech is no longer easy. The general decency of the staff toward the patients may shake cynics, because it is so basically disinterested. It would be pathetically easy to pull rank on these patients who are helplessly dependent on the attention and civility of the staff; the staff doesn't seem to, though. The doctors and nurses are not unctuous in that fake-"professional" fashion of private hospitals; they don't have time for fancy talk, and few of the doctors have the personal style for a bedside manner, or, one gathers, would want to. They sound fairly natural, as if they were people

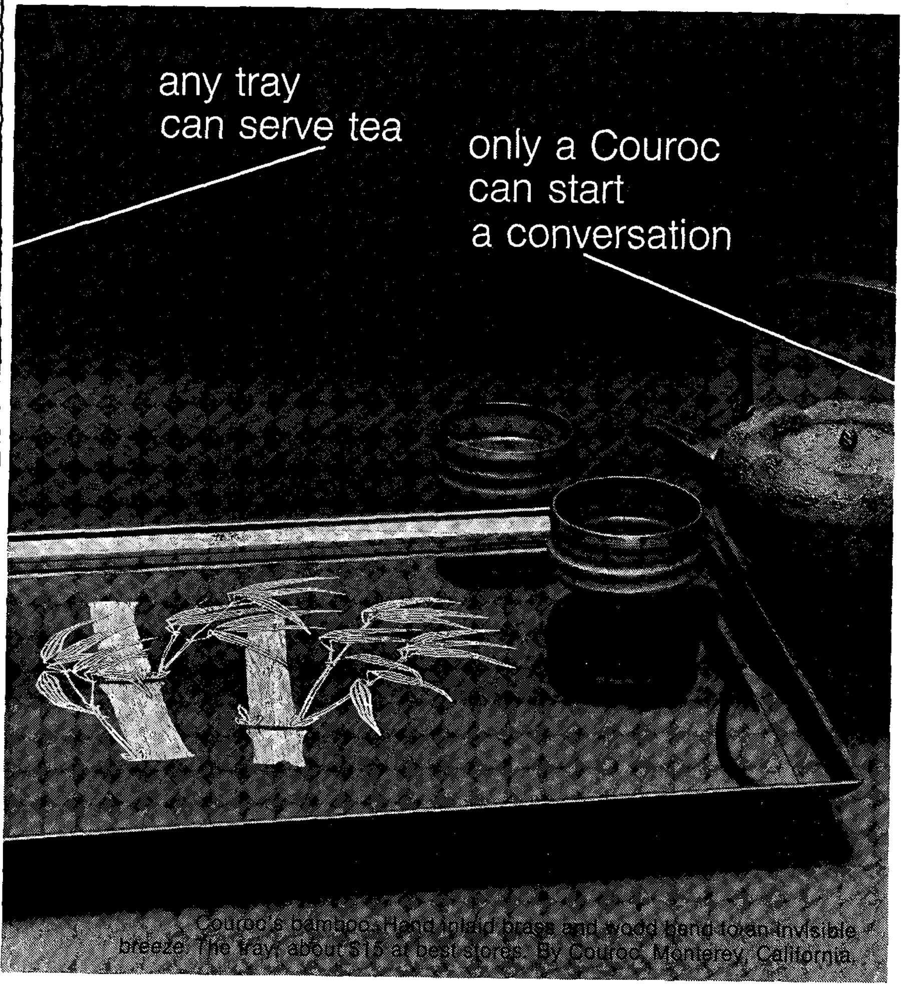


Conversation corner sofas on metallic base designed by Kipp Stewart

Possibly the most elegant assemblage of contemporary furniture in all the world

Directional

New York: 979 Third Ave., D & D Bldg. • Chicago: 6-121 Merchandise Mart • Los Angeles: 8844 Beverly Blvd.
Boston: Rapids Furniture Co. • Miami, Fla. & Washington, D.C.: Vanleigh Furniture Co.
Purchases through your interior designer, architect or dealer • Send 25¢ for color brochures "N"



Couroc's bamboo. Hand inlaid brass and wood bend to an invisible breeze. The tray, about $15 at best stores. By Couroc, Monterey, California.

This baby was babied...

... before she was born

Her mother had good prenatal care and both are doing nicely, thank you.

The March of Dimes wants every mother-to-be to know that prenatal care can reduce birth defects—that the rubella (German measles) vaccine and the Rh vaccine can reduce birth defects.

Public health education is the answer. Help the March of Dimes carry on community health education programs.

prevent birth defects

Give to the MARCH OF DIMES

before they were doctors, and they talk to the patients—many of them shattered by isolation and deprivation—in a direct way, without visible condescension. Their occasional crudeness, even roughness, seems to be part of a recognition of the facts of life for the poor in a big city. Only rarely (as with a doctor treating a student on a bad trip) does one have any doubt that they're people of good will doing their damnedest.

In allowing the material to retain its complexity, Wiseman seems to put us back in contact with our common experience. I say "back in contact" because although a film like "Hospital" deals with basic material of our lives, most of us have probably lost sight of that material. At the beginning, "Hospital" seems almost a random view, but as the scenes and details begin to accumulate, the vision takes hold. By the end, we are so thoroughly involved—in a way I think we rarely are in conventional, guided documentary—that tears well up, because we simply have no other means of responding to the intensity of this plain view of the ordinary activities in Metropolitan Hospital. The habitual cant and concealments of most documentaries seem, by contrast, chintzy and puritanical and fundamentally insulting. Movies that spare our feelings assume that there are things we are ashamed to look at. "Hospital" doesn't spare our feelings, and—I don't know exactly how or why—it seems to clean away the shame. We've gone through the barriers of middle-class good taste, and it's better on the other side.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

It's the system, of course. You can't fight city hall. Don't go tilting at windmills. And stuff like that. Still, it's heartening when a Ralph Nader or a Marian DeLorenzo dons the white charger and takes off against the foe.—*Murry Frymer in Newsday.*

Heartening, and fun to watch.

•

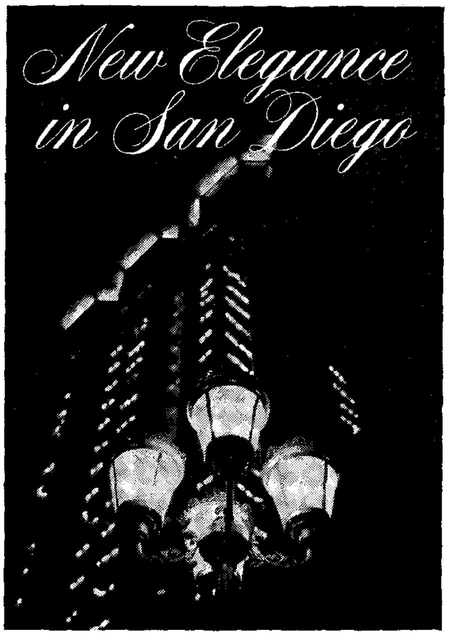
For the first time in this case, the 1964 U.S. Surgeon General's Report to Congress on Smoking and Health was admitted into evidence. In previous similar trials, the report had been ruled heresy.—*Madison (Wis.) Wisconsin State Journal.*

In Marlboro Country, it's still a hanging offense.

•

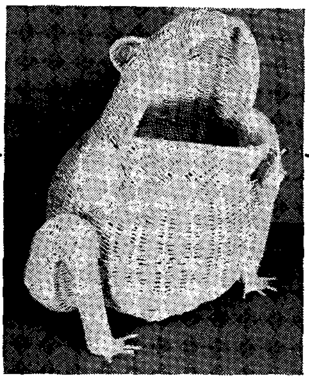
OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

The Oriental Pizza Shop, 539 Second Avenue.
The Stop Painting Co., Long Island City.
Engrossing Associates, 509 Fifth Avenue.
Mystical Kennels, Ltd., 253 West 14th Street.
The Softness Group, 211 East 53rd Street.



The Westgate Executive Hotel awaits the distinguished traveler who is accustomed to the fine appointments of truly grand hotels. One hundred and two magnificent guest rooms and suites are exquisitely furnished in period decor. The French cuisine in Le Continental Dining Room and the romantic roof-top Terrace Room both reflect the charm of this luxury hotel that adds new sparkle to one of America's favorite cities.

WESTGATE EXECUTIVE HOTEL
1055 FIRST AVENUE (714) 232-6141
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92101
Property of Westgate-California Corporation



BIG MOUTH . . . this versatile frog is a basket of many uses. Use as a waste basket, for a knitting holder, for children's toys, for kindling. Natural rattan hand made in the Orient. Sits firmly on the floor. Approx. 17 x 21". $20.00 includes mailing.

Edith Chapman ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

Sea-Fare of the Aegean
25 West 56th St., N.Y.C.
FINE SEA FOOD AND MINOAN BAR

Irish
Your first resort to London

To Rome, to Paris, to Amsterdam...to twenty-three cities beyond Ireland. Flying Irish is the first choice of more people each year. You get the best buy to or from Europe...beautiful Ireland...for no extra air fare on Irish-Aer Lingus. Ask your Travel Agent.

OFFICES IN: New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

IRISH
AER LINGUS
IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

DOES LOVE EVER JUSTIFY DIPPING INTO A TRUST FUND?

Ask the Trust people at Chase Manhattan

Today even banks recognize the power of love. And therefore the need for flexible planning. So that personal trusts can provide for the withdrawal of principal for good and sufficient reasons like marriage.

The Trust people at Chase are experienced, understanding, and creative in helping people find ways to fulfill their personal planning objectives.

How can we help you? Come in with your lawyer and talk it over. Remember, in trust services, you have a friend at Chase Manhattan.

Personal Planning Division • 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza or 535 5th Avenue

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK, N.A.

MUSICAL EVENTS

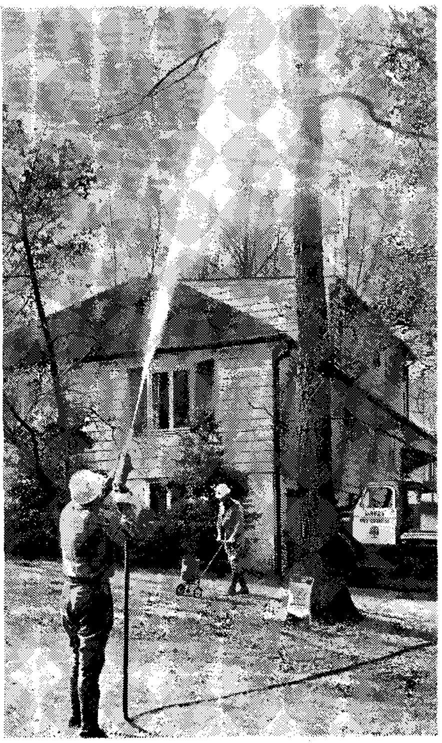
By Proxy

THERE has been some argument in the daily press recently about the propriety of presenting opera at the concerts of the New York Philharmonic. I must say that, to my mind, it is an entirely proper procedure if the Philharmonic is presenting opera that is conspicuously neglected by our principal opera house, and with important singers who are *personae non gratae* there. For the twenty-odd years of the Bing regime, Wagner's "Ring" has been virtually absent from the Metropolitan. There was a feeble presentation of it under Erich Leinsdorf about ten years ago, and during the past two seasons "Rheingold" and "Walküre" have been imported as packages from Salzburg under the baton of Herbert von Karajan—the first part of a projected complete "Ring" that was halted this year because of the Met's labor difficulties, and that I fear will not be continued. The last time New Yorkers had a chance to hear "Götterdämmerung" in a staged performance was six years ago, and no effort was made at that time to present it in a new production.

Now, the Metropolitan Opera without a "Ring" cycle is something like a Metropolitan Museum without any Rembrandts. One often hears people say nowadays that Wagner is not as popular here as he used to be. But there is no way of telling whether he is popular or not, because Mr. Bing has virtually prohibited performances of Wagner's most profound and engrossing work—I am referring to the "Ring"—owing simply to a personal whim. Up to Mr. Bing's regime, the Met was proud to call itself the greatest Wagnerian opera house in the world—and with singers like Flagstad, Melchior, and Schorr, and a conductor like Artur Bodanzky, it was entitled to this designation. The "Ring" is performed several times a year at Covent Garden, and regularly at most of the major Central European opera houses. The reason for its popularity in Europe is obvious. It is not only a tremendous work of art musically; it also encompasses a myth that is universal in its meanings and that has a particular relevance to our own time. It should be constantly in the repertoire of any opera house that considers itself to be of more than provincial rank. Moreover, Mr. Bing has shown a conspicuous inability to get along with many great operatic figures of our time—most notably conductors, but also singers. One of these singers, important for the Wagnerian repertory, is Eileen Farrell, who left the Met several years ago after a spat with Mr. Bing that could have been handled more smoothly by a more diplomatic impresario. The Met has been slightly impoverished ever since.

So when the New York Philharmonic put on a performance of excerpts from "Götterdämmerung" in Philharmonic Hall last week under Leonard Bernstein, with Miss Farrell and Jess Thomas as soloists, many deprived New Yorkers, myself included, were delighted to attend. "Götterdämmerung" is the "Ring's" culminating masterpiece, and with Miss Farrell as Brünnhilde it takes on added effectiveness, for Miss Farrell has a truly great Wagnerian voice—as big as, and somewhat warmer than, that of the celebrated Birgit Nilsson.

The performance I attended, on Friday afternoon, was totally unlike the slipshod and clearly under-rehearsed excerpts from "Tristan and Isolde" that were presented by Mr. Bernstein and the same team of soloists last year—a performance that was so poor, and so badly sung by Miss Farrell in particular, that I lost my temper and wrote some words about her that I now regret and apologize for. The words were called forth by the huge discrepancy between what I knew Miss Farrell was capable of and the inadequacy she exhibited on that occasion—which probably had to do with Mr. Bernstein's utterly ramshackle approach to the score. This time, things were different. Mr. Bernstein had obviously rehearsed everyone thoroughly. The orchestra played expertly, and though there were a few muddy moments, its tone and accuracy of attack were generally pure. Both Miss Farrell and Mr. Thomas sang superbly. The Immolation Scene, which Miss Farrell has, of course, sung many times before, was done as few other contemporary sopranos can do it, and Mr. Thomas, whose voice is maturing and growing more powerful in the process,



Spray now. Save later.

Now, while your trees are dormant, have them checked for signs of dangerous insects and diseases.

Tightly attached little shells on branches are hiding places of scale insects. An inspection now may detect overwintering egg masses of harmful insects. Act, now, before serious damage is done.

First – an early diagnosis from your local Davey representative. A spray application may be needed. A Davey safe-spray will seep in under scales and destroy egg clusters. At the same time, have Davey give your trees a deep-root feeding with a specially formulated tree food. And, pruning and removal of dead or broken branches will eliminate breeding places of many insects and diseases.

Davey has a nationwide reputation among homeowners for fine tree care. This is a basic reason why leading investor-owned utility companies prefer Davey for their tree trimming. Keeps utility lines clear and helps assure uninterrupted service. Utilities know their customers approve Davey service.

Give *your* trees a chance to fight damaging insects and diseases. Get Davey help *early*–by getting your order in early.

DAVEY TREE
KENT, OHIO 44240
Coast to Coast and Canada

READ OF SPRING...

Read of gardens, gardening—of plants galore. Read of spring until you can smell the heady stuff. In the dead of winter by a crackling fire it's the thing to do, or, for all of that, beside a crackling radiator. ■ Read **The Garden Book.** It's the unique catalogue published by White Flower Farm, one of the country's fine nurseries. **The Garden Book** is strictly for readers. Except for its cover, it has no color pictures. Illustrations are charming pen-and-ink drawings by Nils Hogner, a master of pen-and-ink. Of its nearly 150,000 words, 45,000 are all about gardening, told in a series of delightful short essays. If you are a beginner, you discover that growing a garden is not something requiring special skills—the only hard part may be in pronouncing the botanical names, and it should relieve you to know that **The Garden Book** provides phonetics for all of them. "A green thumb," it says, "is a dirty thumb." "If earth grows weeds luxuriantly," you learn, "it should do very well with flowers." In the descriptions of some 1,200 plants, you will find a dearth of adjectives—it tells the truth about plants. Flatly. Low key. Very seldom does it call a plant a "beaut", but when it does—well, it's a beaut. ■ You'll find **The Garden Book** good reading. Last year a man from Detroit wrote, "I report that for the first time in my life I've read every damned word in a catalogue—yours." The fellow obviously had little else to do. ■ Every year several thousand people, who don't garden but who would like to sometime, subscribe to **The Garden Book.** Also, it's the only nursery catalogue we know of that is used extensively as a gift. That won't sound so crazy after you've read it.

Send $1.50 for your copy. (Conn. resid. add 8¢ tax.) We send it 1st Class Mail. Chances are it's the only large catalogue you ever heard of that rides up front. We want you to have it—quickly, to read of spring.

White Flower Farm Litchfield 31, Connecticut 06759

239 Classic Flies in Full Color

Beautiful color plates . . . and in the Orvis Catalog, not in a museum . . . each fly labeled and available in many sizes. This Catalog, "bible of serious fishermen since 1856," is 100 pages of the most knowledgeable fishing tackle. Sent free on request.

ORVIS
1249 River Road, Manchester, Vt. 05254
Gentlemen: Send your Catalog to:
Name
Address
Zip

VIKING FOR BOYS
Estab. 1929
A great summer's experience on Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod, for boys from eight to fifteen. Expert instruction in every art of Sailing. Extensive programs in Swimming, Canoeing, Survival Training and Land Sports. Eight weeks season—Fee: $800.00. Write for Booklet.
VIKING—Orleans, Mass. 02653 (617) 255-2739
Director: Cedric Hagenbuckle

began to sound like a real *Heldentenor.* Mr. Bernstein conducted in a manner that foreshadowed a possible future as a qualified Wagnerian conductor. Altogether, the occasion was memorable. It had been a long time since any of us had heard this music, and it came as a draught of fresh spring water in the middle of a desert.

AT the Metropolitan, last Thursday night, we had the first "Der Fliegende Holländer" of the season. The sets, designed twenty years ago by Charles Elson from sketches by Robert Edmond Jones, show their age but are still serviceable, and Nikolaus Lehnhoff has done his best to enliven the stage action originally devised for this production by Herbert Graf. The conducting was in the hands of Karl Böhm, a maestro of experience and ability, and though there was a rather heavy emphasis on percussion and brass during the early part of the opera, the score, on the whole, was set forth quite well. Nearly everybody, including me, is eager this season to treat the Metropolitan with more kindness than usual because it is still struggling to its feet after its recent crisis. But I cannot honestly say that this was a distinguished "Der Fliegende Holländer." The best parts of it were provided by the chorus, which Mr. Böhm drove to an unusual display of enthusiasm, and by the singing of two artists—Sándor Kónya as Erik, and John Macurdy as Daland. Otherwise, things did not go as well, owing partly to acts of God and partly to human frailty. Leonie Rysanek was in very poor voice as Senta, and though she strove with all the skill of a veteran to minimize her vocal shortcomings, she failed to present the great Rysanek Senta that I have heard many times in the past. The role of the Dutchman was being done for the first time here, and, as far as is known, for the first time in any important opera house, by William Dooley. He offered a rather boyish stage presence instead of the gruff, mature figure that the Dutchman should project, and his voice was not equal to the lower notes of the role. Here and there, he sang with some lyricism, but he almost never conveyed the authority and desperation that are part of the Dutchman's character. The minor roles—George Shirley's Steersman and Lili Chookasian's Housekeeper—were excellently done.

SHOSTAKOVICH'S Thirteenth Symphony was given its New York première by Eugene Ormandy and

New at The Plaza

Rejoice! Oyster Bar at The Plaza has arrived.
With all kinds of shellfish.
Almost.
Great wines to go with.
And mollusk toward none.
Oyster Bar
AT THE PLAZA
Entrance on 58th St. west of Fifth
PLaza 9-3000

Majestic Canada Geese sweeping in over the marshes. Hand forged in gleaming brass. Finely detailed. Solid walnut base. Our other models include swordfish, tuna and skindiver. Each lamp is a signed limited edition. As shown, $285 at Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y. and Sportsman's Eyrie, Wayne, Pa. Free brochure.
SPORTLAMPS
Box 147
Old Greenwich, Conn.

DARIEN—FOR SALE
Charming, substantially-built one-story home on 3 acre bird and wildlife sanctuary, at dead end of street. 5 minutes to station. Stone walls, lawn, woods and ponds. Entire property flood-lighted. L/R 28 x 20 with fieldstone fireplace, large master B/R with fireplace, 2 other bedrooms and 2 baths. Dining room, wet pantry, large modern kitchen (service porch). Terrace and two large screened porches. One room cabin near pond.
Tel. Owner for details—203-655-3845

For Art...
"SANDRO BOTTICELLI"
For Dining...
"CAFE RENAISSANCE"
MANHATTAN

the Philadelphia Orchestra, along with the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia and Tom Krause, baritone, in Philharmonic Hall last Tuesday evening. It is a peculiar work, in which poems by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, including the famous "Babi Yar," are set more or less as they would be in a cantata. Each movement is based on a poem; there are no purely instrumental movements, and there is much singing for male chorus and soloist. The text presented the other night was the original, which is fiercely anti-Stalinist, and which has been banned in Russia since the symphony's first performance there. Mr. Yevtushenko, in response to criticism by the authorities, provided a revised version, not so anti-Stalinist, for later performances, but even in the revised version the symphony has not been much performed in the Soviet Union. In the version we heard the other night, sung in English, the Yevtushenko text had a certain righteous, proclamative power, and Shostakovich's music was a brave effort to underline this power. One must always respect Shostakovich's craftsmanship in symphonic writing. He is one of the few living composers competent to write a symphony of any sort. But to my mind there is a uniformity of expression about this symphony, a predictability, that rob it of real distinction. It opens with that slow march rhythm that is practically standard today in Russian symphonies. It presents a more rugged, leaner Shostakovich than one hears in the more pompous symphonies such as the Tenth. Yet it contains very little tender or truly tragic feeling. Except in a slow movement devoted to the Russian woman, and a passage of real lyricism at the end, it consists of energetic rhetoric and passages of oom-pah. I suppose that a feeling for tragedy is not part of the ideology of Soviet realism. That's a pity, for that feeling of tragedy is one of the things great music is particularly equipped to express. Mr. Krause sang his solos with a fine voice and considerable dramatic feeling.

After the intermission, Yehudi Menuhin appeared as soloist in the Brahms Concerto in D Major for Violin and Orchestra. He performed with exemplary purity of tone and a minimum of violinistic mannerisms. In fact, I should say that I have never heard him play more beautifully.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

REAL LIFE UNLIKE FILMS
—*Headline in the Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Star.*

There goes *that* illusion.

LEAVE CARES
AT HOME ON YOUR
'70 HOLIDAY!

Maupintour's ITALY The Lakes and Sicily

FINE HOTELS, RESORTS/SMALL PARTY/ENTERTAINMENTS!

ITALY AND THE LAKES, 22 days. Comprehensive but lots of time in the best places! Three wonderful days at fabulous Villa d'Este, Lake Como plus Milan, Portofino, Florence, Siena, Perugia, Assisi, Rome, Sorrento, Naples, Capri, Rimini on the Adriatic, and Venice. $1143 from NYC, TWA.

ITALY AND SICILY, 22 days. Six days in Sicily lifeseeing Palermo, Messina, Mt. Etna, and Taormina plus Villa d'Este on Lake Como, Venice, the Adriatic, Rimini, Florence, Rome, Sorrento, Naples, Pompeii and Capri. $1238 from NYC, TWA.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for folders or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Telephone 212-687-7773.

Maupintour
world-wide standard of travel excellence

OTHER MAUPINTOUR
HOLIDAYS FOR 1970:
☐ *Oberammergau Passion Play,*
☐ *Alps of Europe,* ☐ *Scandinavia,*
☐ *Europe By Train/By Air,* ☐ *France,*
☐ *British Isles,* ☐ *Greece/Aegean,*
☐ *Spain/Mallorca/Portugal,* ☐ *Morocco,*
☐ *Spain/Portugal By Motorcoach,*
☐ *USSR/Eastern Europe,*
☐ *Dalmatia/The Balkans,*
☐ *Samarkand/Oriental Russia,*
☐ *South Pacific,* ☐ *South America.*

9 07
Almost Nothing!

Our endeavor to eliminate practically everything from our NEW DIGITAL CLOCK has succeeded beyond expectations. There are no dials, and no hands of course, but (astonishingly) there is no wind-up, no electricity, and no dangling cords either. The secret? Two tiny batteries which power our clock for one year at split-minute (sorry, no seconds) accuracy. What else is left? There is push-button illumination, a full array of colors, high style, a precision German transistorized clockwork, instant read-out of exact time, but otherwise not really very much else. And if anybody should question why you paid a little more for the NEW DIGITAL CLOCK just tell him that it is the only cordless digital light-up clock in the whole wide world, a thing of beauty and a work of art.

☐ Please rush me the NEW DIGITAL CLOCK. My color preference (list first and second) is: (1)________, (2)________, (Black, red, blue, ivory, and gray case). My check for $35.95 ($34.95 plus $1 for postage and insurance) is enclosed. Calif. res. add 5% sales tax. One year guarantee; two week return privilege.

Name________________
Address________________
________________ Zip______

584 Washington St., San Francisco, CA 94111

haverhill's

BOOKS

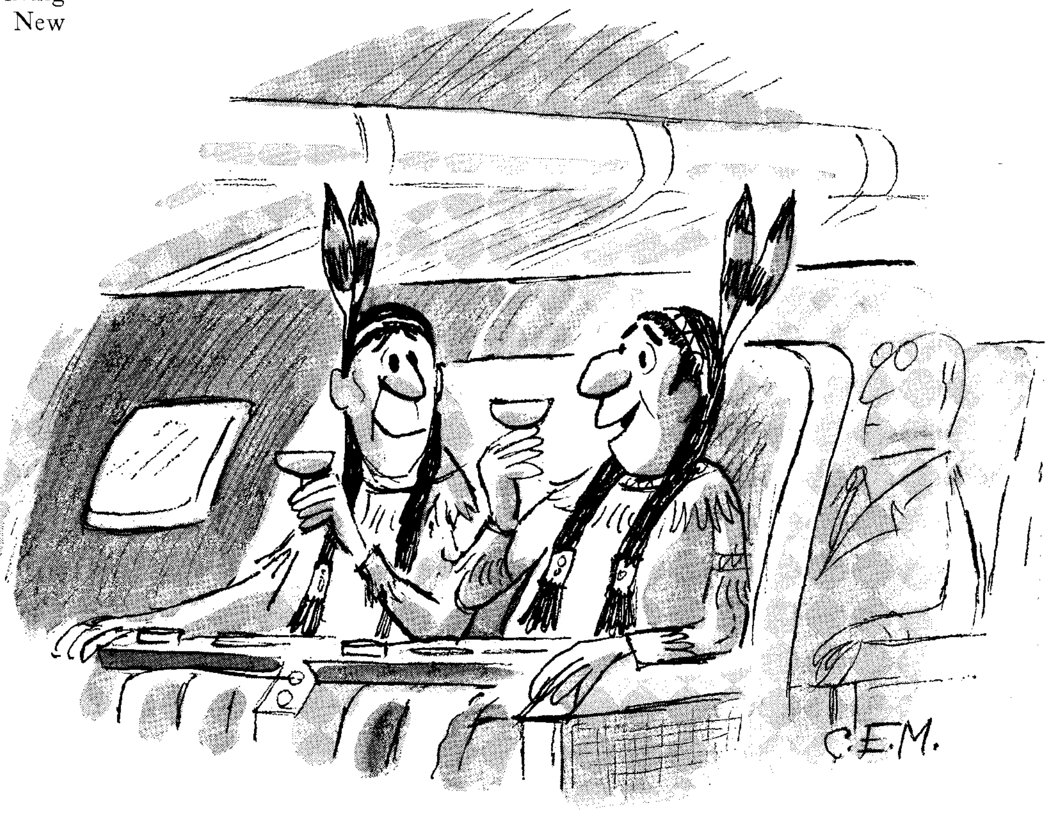
Uptight

IN “Mr. Sammler's Planet” (Viking), Saul Bellow has written an implicit defense of human discipline and decency that becomes, in a moving peroration by his protagonist, an explicit one. The form of the novel is straightforward, chronological, unexperimental: it covers a day or two in the life of an elderly man in New York. Its genius lies in the choice of the man—Artur Sammler, a Polish-Jewish D.P. in his seventies, who now lives on the hospitality of his niece, Margotte, and the liberality of his nephew, Dr. Elya Gruner. Sammler, widely read, deeply humane, painfully experienced, a “Polish-Oxonian” who once rubbed elbows with H. G. Wells and the littérateurs of Bloomsbury, a veteran of the German death camps who has himself, as a partisan, shot a German soldier, and a man old enough to be deprived of some of his physical powers (his mental ones are still intact), is an ideal commentator on an America that, in the late sixties, is running harder and harder in pursuit of a happiness that may indeed be an escape, an evasion of responsibility, a loss of self in a cult of individuality. In observing, in commenting, in living through a brief interval in the New York of April, 1969, Sammler sums up and crystallizes most of the issues of life and death that seemed abstract and debatable in 1959 and have become concrete, imperative, and menacing today.

Each of the other chief characters in the book seems equally well chosen for his ability to embody a whole mode of reaction to the threats and promises, the blank walls and infinite possibilities, of American life today. Margotte, Mr. Sammler's niece, three years the widow of a fine and subtle man, has constructed an untidy nest of music, talk, and domesticity as a hedge against bereavement. Shula, Sammler's daughter, divorced from her half-mad husband, Eisen, has become half mad herself: a lecture-attender, an old-newspaper collector, a carrier of junk-filled shopping bags, a self-created slattern whose great aim in life is to goad her father into completing his once-projected memoir of H. G. Wells. His nephew, Dr. Gruner, on the brink of death because of an aneurysm, has—superficially, at least—lived the life of an ambitious and successful surgeon risen from the lower East Side: Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, big decorator-decorated house in Westchester, socially knowing wife, now dead, from an old New York family of German Jews, two handsome, spoiled, ungrateful children. More deeply, though, he is a man of kindness and principle, a man who honors his moral and humane debts—traits that only Mr. Sammler can perceive. Gruner's daughter, Angela, a faintly jaded beauty in her thirties, has made a career of increasingly libertine experiments in sex. Her brother, Wallace, simply can't settle down: a prodigy in math and physics, a graduate in law, he fritters his charmed life away in harebrained schemes. His friend Lionel Feffer, a Columbia graduate student, seeks power over others by prying out their secrets, by meddling in their doings, and by selling them services of doubtful value.

Into this small circle of interlocking relationships come two new characters. The first is Dr. V. Govinda Lal, a Hindu scientist who works for NASA and has written an unpublished monograph, “The Future of the Moon.” Lal, disillusioned with the prospects of life on earth in general and in America in particular, has become almost obsessively concerned with the problems of sustaining life—human, plant, and animal—on the moon. In the weeks just before the first Apollo landing, the moon is his new world, as America has been Mr. Sammler's. The other new character is the most mysterious and allegorical of the lot: a huge, nameless, impeccably dandiacal Negro in Dior sunglasses who is observed by Mr. Sammler to support himself by picking pockets and purses on the Riverside Drive bus.

With these few but somehow catholic characters, then, Mr. Bellow sets off on the short, deep journey of his book. Artur Sammler, by now half accustomed to the routine of guest in Margotte's West Side apartment, still feels threatened—and fascinated—by the latent violence of life in New York, with which he is unfitted by age and partial blindness to cope. His levée, at the beginning, is lovingly done—his idiosyncratic grinding of coffee in a mill between his knees, his heating of water on a hot plate, his swig of grape-



“Do you realize this is our first flight, our first cocktail, our first filet mignon, and our first movie?”

The Great Wall of China.

Unlike the original Chinese Wall which was erected to repel enemies, this one, *System Cado* by Royal System, was built to attract Mr. Walter Wu's friends.

(Mr. Wu is the young swinger-about-town and heir apparent to a chain of elegant Chinese bistros. He's also a noted collector of Chinese objets d'art. And a connoisseur of delicious Chinese dishes. Like the one draped over his left shoulder.)

System Cado fulfills all—or at least, most of—Mr. Wu's needs. Thanks to Cado's flexibility, storageability, add-on-ability, and if ever necessary, removability.

Installation, of course, is easily arranged for.

Send 10¢ for our great decorating brochure and planning guide.

And start choosing two from column A, four from column B...

DESIGN: POUL CADOVIUS

ROYAL SYSTEM

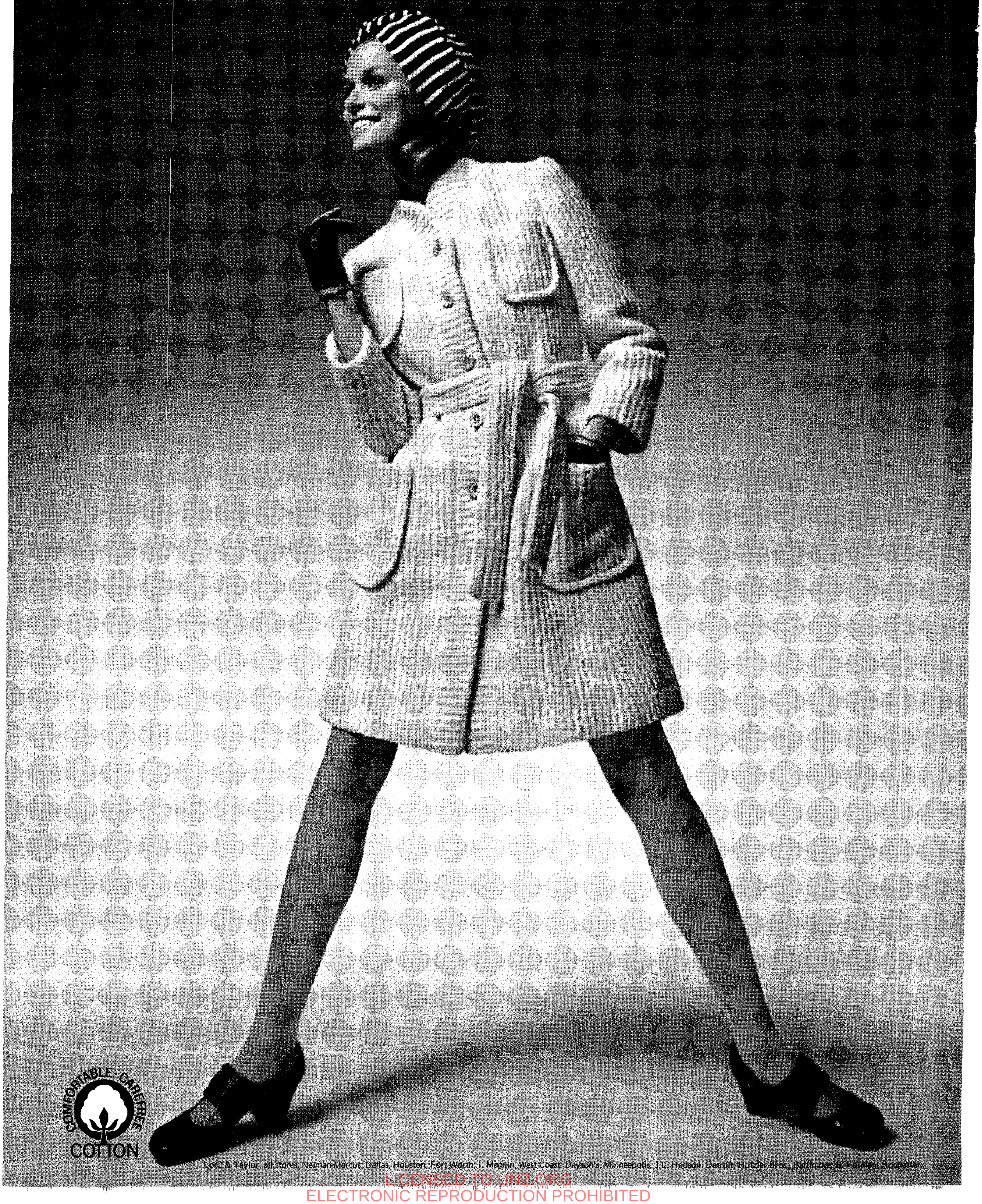
Box G, 57-08 39th Avenue, Woodside, N.Y. 11377, or 13850 Saticoy Street, Van Nuys, Calif./In Canada: R.S. Associates, Ltd.

COTTON: YOU CAN FEEL HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

AQUANALA gives you a coat that is proof against the weather forecasters. Wear it in comfort to shine in the sun but don't worry if it rains. The bulky, interestingly surfaced cotton knit has been effectively weatherproofed.

Beautifully tailored with strategically placed patch pockets, a self-tie belt and wooden buttons. Beige only, as shown; sizes 6-16 about $85. At stores listed below and other fine stores across the country.

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.



COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE COTTON

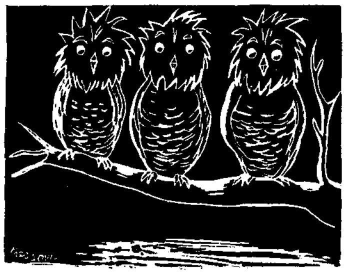
Lord & Taylor, all stores; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth; I. Magnin, West Coast; Dayton's, Minneapolis; J.L. Hudson, Detroit; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; B. Forman, Rochester.

fruit juice from a can on the windowsill—and we know at once that we are in the presence of a character who lives, a character who will command our affection. Thus we are already firmly enlisted on his side when, returning from a fiasco of a lecture at Columbia in which his temperate comments on George Orwell are obscenely shouted down by vandal students, he is observed by the giant black pickpocket while observing *him* rifling a purse. The man follows him to the lobby of Margotte's apartment house, where he backs Sammler against a wall and threatens him by exposing and brandishing the ultimate weapon—his penis. In shock, Sammler returns to his room, to discover there Dr. Lal's manuscript, of which no copy exists and which Shula has stolen from the Doctor in the belief that it will aid her father's research on Wells; his life on earth just having been threatened, Sammler finds escape in "The Future of the Moon."

No synopsis of the action could set forth the humor, the terror of the book, and its constant revelation of character through the development of its characters, and I will not attempt one; it is enough to say that the extremely complex yet compact story works itself out in the course of a day, a night, and a second day. On the first night, Sammler goes to Dr. Gruner's house in the hope of tracking down Shula, who, because Dr. Lal's detectives are now looking for the manuscript, has taken it from her father's desk. He finds Shula but no manuscript; she has hidden it in a luggage locker at Grand Central. Margotte arrives, with the furious Lal in tow; after a little acrimony they all settle down to supper, in the course of which Lal brilliantly defends his faith in the future of the moon and Sammler delivers his grand peroration on the human condition—a soliloquy so penetratingly truthful that it is the point and climax of the book. Its argument is long, it covers many issues, but, because it is so basic to "Mr. Sammler's Planet," I would like to quote a small part of it. On individuality:

> "It has only been in the last two centuries that the majority of people in civilized countries have claimed the privilege of being individuals. Formerly they were slave, peasant, laborer, even artisan, but not person. It is clear that this revolution, a triumph for justice in many ways . . . has also introduced new kinds of grief and misery. . . . We have fallen into much ugliness. It is bewildering to see how much these new individuals suffer, with their new leisure and liberty. . . . Hearts that get no real wage, souls that find

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form



Please enter my subscription to
The New Yorker,
payment for which is enclosed.
One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:
Canada, Latin America, and Spain—
$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

name

address

(Please include zip code.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

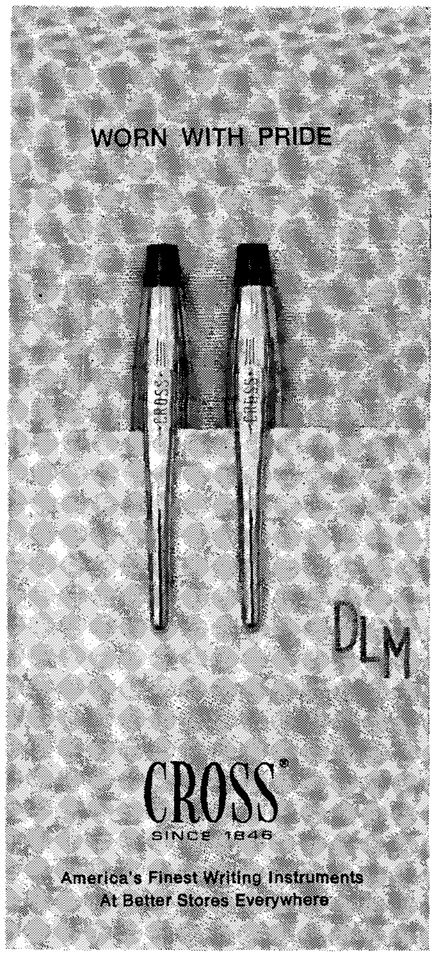
A VERY GOOD BUY
ON A FLYING SAUCER.

This flying saucer, by way of George Kovacs, costs $79. Which, you have to admit, is the best buy anyone ever gave you on a flying saucer. Our saucer (the only one known to be in captivity) comes with a very real 17″ polished chrome disc, surrounded by six 25-watt clear Durolite bulbs. And is available with a 12″, 18″, or 24″ polished chrome stem (please specify stem length). And as we've told you, the price on our saucer isn't sky-high. In fact, it's very down-to-earth: $79.

SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-127, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.



CROSS®
SINCE 1846
America's Finest Writing Instruments
At Better Stores Everywhere

$31 a day for two gets you your own love nest in Jamaica

You could easily spend $60 a day for two people for an ordinary room in a Montego Bay resort hotel. At Upper Deck, we give you extraordinary luxury and the moon, the sun, the stars and an outrageous view of Montego Bay for one half that price.

That modest $31 is based on double occupancy and European Plan. For only another $8 per person a day, we'll give you breakfast and dinner.

For reservations, see your Travel Agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. (in East and Midwest), and Glen W. Fawcett (in the West).

Upper Deck
Admiral Nelson was here in 1782
Montego Bay, Jamaica

18th CENTURY
URNS AND LAMPS
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

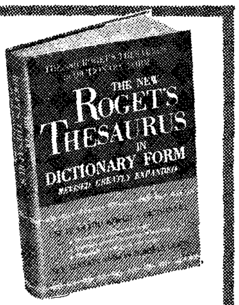
no nourishment. Falsehoods, unlimited. Desire, unlimited. Possibility, unlimited. Impossible demands upon complex realities, unlimited. Revival in childish and vulgar form of ancient religious ideas, mysteries.... But one notices most a peculiar play-acting, an elaborate and sometimes quite artistic manner of presenting oneself as an individual and a strange desire for originality, distinction, *interest*—yes, *interest!* A dramatic derivation from models, together with the repudiation of models. Antiquity accepted models, the Middle Ages... but modern man, perhaps because of collectivization, has a fever of originality. The idea of the uniqueness of the soul. An excellent idea. A true idea. But in these forms? In these poor forms? Dear God! With hair, with clothes, with drugs and cosmetics, with genitalia, with round trips through evil, monstrosity, and orgy, with even God approached through obscenities? How terrified the soul must be in this vehemence, how little that is really dear to it it can see in these Sadic exercises. And even there, the Marquis de Sade in his crazy way was an Enlightenment philosophe. Mainly he intended blasphemy. But for those who follow (unaware) his recommended practices, the idea no longer is blasphemy but rather hygiene, pleasure which is hygiene too, and a charmed and *interesting* life. An *interesting* life is the supreme concept of dullards....

"But suppose one dislikes all this theatre of the soul?... The Self may think it wears a gay new ornament, delightfully painted, but from outside we see that it is a millstone. Or again, this personality of which the owner is so proud is from the Woolworth store, cheap tin or plastic from the five-and-dime of souls."

On nonbeing:

"As long as there is no ethical life and everything is poured so barbarously and recklessly into personal gesture... there is a peculiar longing for nonbeing. Maybe it is more accurate to say that people want to visit all other states of being in a diffused state of consciousness, not wishing to be any given thing but instead to become comprehensive, entering and leaving at will. Why should they be human? In most of the forms offered there is little scope for the great powers of nature in the individual, the abundant, generous powers. In business, in professions, in labor; as a member of the public; as an inhabitant of the cities, these strange pits; as experiencer of compulsions, manipulations; as endurer of strain; as father, husband obliging society by performing his quota of actions—the individual seems to feel these powers less, less, and less. So it certainly seems to me that he wants a divorce from all the states that he knows.... But also he has something in him which he feels it important to continue. Something that deserves to go on. It is something that has to go on, and we all know it. The spirit feels cheated, outraged, defiled, corrupted, fragmented, injured. Still it knows what it knows, and the knowledge cannot be gotten rid of. The spirit knows that its growth is the real aim of existence."

But Mr. Sammler's role is not simply that of commentator. Because



Send them back for the spring semester with the instant ROGET ...and watch their grades climb!

This thesaurus provides the right word *instantly* because it's used just like a dictionary. All entries are in alphabetical order, synonyms are grouped according to meaning, and there are thousands of new words and usages.

MORE THAN 1,500,000 COPIES
SOLD IN ALL EDITIONS
Ask your bookseller for

The New Roget's Thesaurus in Dictionary Form

$3.75 plain/$4.50 thumb-indexed
Reinforced Library Edition:
$4.75 plain/$5.50 thumb-indexed
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
N. Y. 10016

RED MASK MYSTERY
Just out—a new RED MASK MYSTERY
The Shroud Society
By Robert Crawford
"... absorbingly treats the thrust and parry, double- and triple-cross world of the hired killer who begins to get independent ideas about his job."
—*New York Times Book Review*
"Recommended for those who read the tough ones."
—*Publishers' Weekly.* $4.50
PUTNAM

Don't go abroad this year without it.
$7.95
McKAY
fodor's
1970 GUIDE TO
EUROPE
Fodor helps you discover each country, know the people, enjoy the life.

One thing every visitor to NEW YORK MUST see:
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY exc. MONDAY • MAT. SATURDAY 1:45
THUR. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 3:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

his is "a symbolic character," he has become "a judge and a priest" to his family. Throughout the book, his efforts to counsel, to mediate, to guide, to impart and uphold his ethical standards meet with rebuff and disdain, within the family and beyond it. His attempt to report the pickpocket to the police is brushed off; his Columbia speech is hooted down; his efforts to express his love and respect to his dying nephew, Elya, in the hospital are thwarted by his own reticence; his attempts to reunite Dr. Lal with his precious manuscript are frustrated by Shula; his second visit to the hospital is delayed by a street fight between Feffer and the pickpocket; when Sammler asks Eisen, Feffer's companion, to separate them, Eisen instead gravely injures the Negro with a bag of heavy medallions he is carrying. Finally, at the hospital, waiting for word from the doctors on Elya, Sammler lectures Angela on her promiscuity and implores her to make peace with her father. And it is all futile; Elya has been dead two hours.

Thus, at the conclusion of the book, Sammler is in full possession of the facts of his helplessness, his irrelevancy. "To be so powerless was death," he thinks. "And suddenly he saw himself . . . as a *past* person." Yet he moves on to the last decency. Accompanied by a nurse, he visits the hospital morgue to speak his unspoken farewell in the form of a prayer and a eulogy over Elya's body. Alone now in a world increasingly alien, unbearably misdirected, Mr. Sammler says the last words for the human spirit.

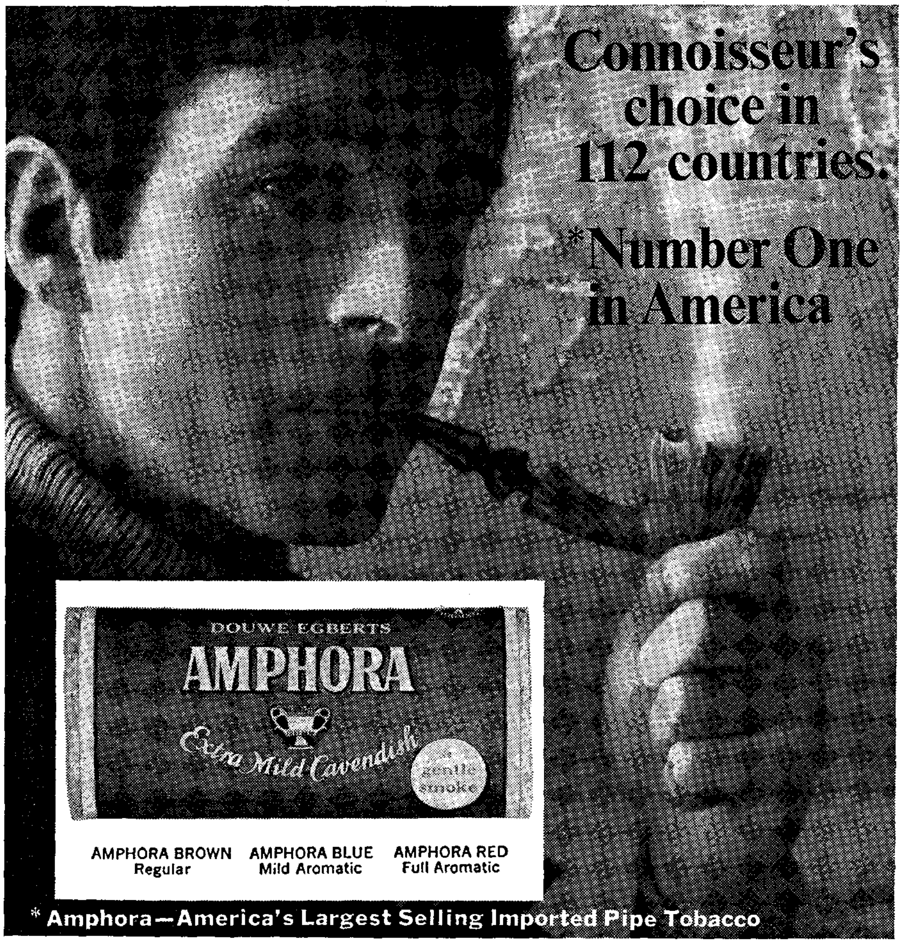
It seems at first a desolating ending. Yet it is not devoid of hope. Mr. Sammler has, after all, preserved that spirit. Saul Bellow, in writing this book, has contributed to its growth. "Mr. Sammler's Planet" is his chef d'œuvre.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

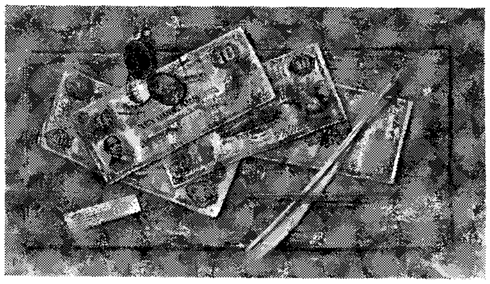
FICTION

A FALL FROM ALOFT, by Brian Burland (Random House). Because James is thirteen and of good family, he must leave his home in Bermuda for school in England, and cross the Atlantic at the height of the U-boat assault on Allied shipping. Since civilian travel is forbidden, he is passed off as a cabin boy, and suffers the obscene, if kindly, mockeries of the fo'c'sle. James spends nightmare hours performing baffling duties at the call-to-action stations, plotting to use the lavatory



AMPHORA BROWN Regular
AMPHORA BLUE Mild Aromatic
AMPHORA RED Full Aromatic

* Amphora—America's Largest Selling Imported Pipe Tobacco


CHARLES A. MEURER
(1865-1955)
Bills, Glasses and Quill
Oil on canvas 11 x 20 inches

In the American collection

Hirschl & Adler Galleries inc.
21 East 67th Street New York N. Y. 10021 Telephone (212) 535-8810 Cable: Hiramart
Tuesdays through Fridays 9:30 to 5:30 Saturdays 9:30 to 5:00

An explosive suspense thriller
of conflicting loyalties
in the Middle East today
by a master storyteller

The Black Camels

by Ronald Johnston
$4.95
HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

Skiing?
Stay at a Country Inn

COUNTRY INNS AND BACK ROADS	$1.25
The *only* guide book to American country inns. Special section on inns near ski areas.	
COUNTRY INN COOKBOOK	1.50
ORDERED TOGETHER	2.00

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
Box 162
Send for "Quest", a free guide to good reading.

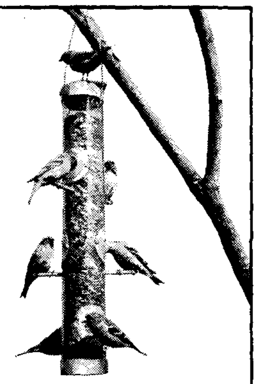
◆◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new *Chandler's West in the heart* of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St 751-1960

◆◆



DROLL
YANKEE
BIRD
FEEDER

Heavy duty plastic, 16" feeder that will last for years. Die-cast caps and guards, stainless hanging wire and aluminum perches defy all weather.

Birds love it and you will too. It's easy to fill and will keep your yard alive with birds all year long.

$12 plus 95c postage. New York State residents add applicable tax.

Send for illustrated catalog.

Adirondack Store
108 Lake Placid Road
Saranac Lake, N.Y. 12983

F A N N Y ' S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY)
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

without being seen, and conducting guilty examinations of his sins—fantasies of nascent sexuality, and the lies and pranks of an unloved child—for which the present tortures seem a punishment. Here is a moving picture of a bewildered and homesick child threatened by wartime death among coarse, brave, often funny men and gamely trying to live by nursery rules.

GENERAL

PARIS UNDER SIEGE, 1870-71: FROM THE GONCOURT JOURNAL, edited and translated by George J. Becker, with an introduction by Paul H. Beik (Cornell). Jules de Goncourt died in June, 1870, a month before the Franco-Prussian War broke out. His grief-stricken brother Edmond decided to continue writing the journal they had been keeping together, and history promptly gave him material aplenty—the German siege of Paris, followed by the Commune. The Goncourts were among the early Naturalist writers and appreciated realistic painting; Edmond's descriptions of that terrible year reproduce reality—visually and aurally—more vividly than one would have thought possible. Because the work is a diary, the reader relives the one-by-one quality of events and the anxieties each brought; for example, after the Prussians ringed the city there was no news—public or private—from outside it. Parisians did not know whether, if they held out, France had a chance to win the war, or if relatives who had fled the city were alive or dead. Goncourt's friends were a *Who's Who* of intellectuals, artists, and writers; they continued to meet and exchange rumors over dinners that grew scantier across the months. Most of them were not involved in history but merely suffered. (A few, like Verlaine, who actively supported the Commune, were apparently too busy or too harried to chat, and Goncourt heard of their doings at second hand.) Goncourt raged at intellectuals—Renan, particularly—who insisted that the Germans were superior to the French, but by the end of the Commune Goncourt's own French patriotism excluded the Parisians, and he rejoiced in the (to our way of thinking) abominably brutal repression of the Communards. Goncourt's political opinions are probably unsympathetic to most contemporary readers, but in this work they are unimportant. His record is a gift from the past to the present.

SWEET MEDICINE, by Peter J. Powell (University of Oklahoma Press). A two-volume study of the history and traditions of the Northern Cheyenne and their religious practices. The author, an Anglo-Catholic priest from Chicago, has spent many summers among the Cheyenne, participated in their most sacred ceremonies, and was even the keeper of the chiefs' medicine bundle for a while. Since he believes that Cheyenne rites and myths, like those of the Jews, are revelations of divine truths—prefigurations of Christian mysteries—his book somewhat resembles the Old Testament in form. The first volume consists mainly of history and traditions, with the resistance to and flight from the United States Cavalry (after the massacre at Little Big Horn) resembling an epic like the Exodus, if considerably more heartbreaking. The second volume consists mainly of ritual instructions for the sacred ceremonies, rather on the order of Leviticus. The whole is extensively illustrated with drawings, some in color, and photographs (including unique photographs of the Sacred Arrow ceremonies). For all of Father Powell's quirks, his book is an invaluable record. Twenty-five dollars.

NOTE: Random House has published Renata Adler's "Toward a Radical Middle: Fourteen Pieces of Reporting and Criticism," all of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*, and "Sal Si Puedes: Cesar Chavez and the New American Revolution," Peter Matthiessen's study of the United Farm Workers chief, part of which was first printed here.

•

TAKE OFF INTO OBLIVION

Become a member of a dynamic young company.

PRODUCTION CONTROL
CLERK

To maintain inventory records & perform a variety of duties.

CLERICAL

To perform a variety of duties. Some typing.

ASSEMBLERS

Light bench work.

Please call Miss Danburg
for an appt.
891-5230

AMERICAN
CORPORATION
Waltham, Mass.
An Equal Opportunity Employer

—*Adv. in the Boston Globe.*

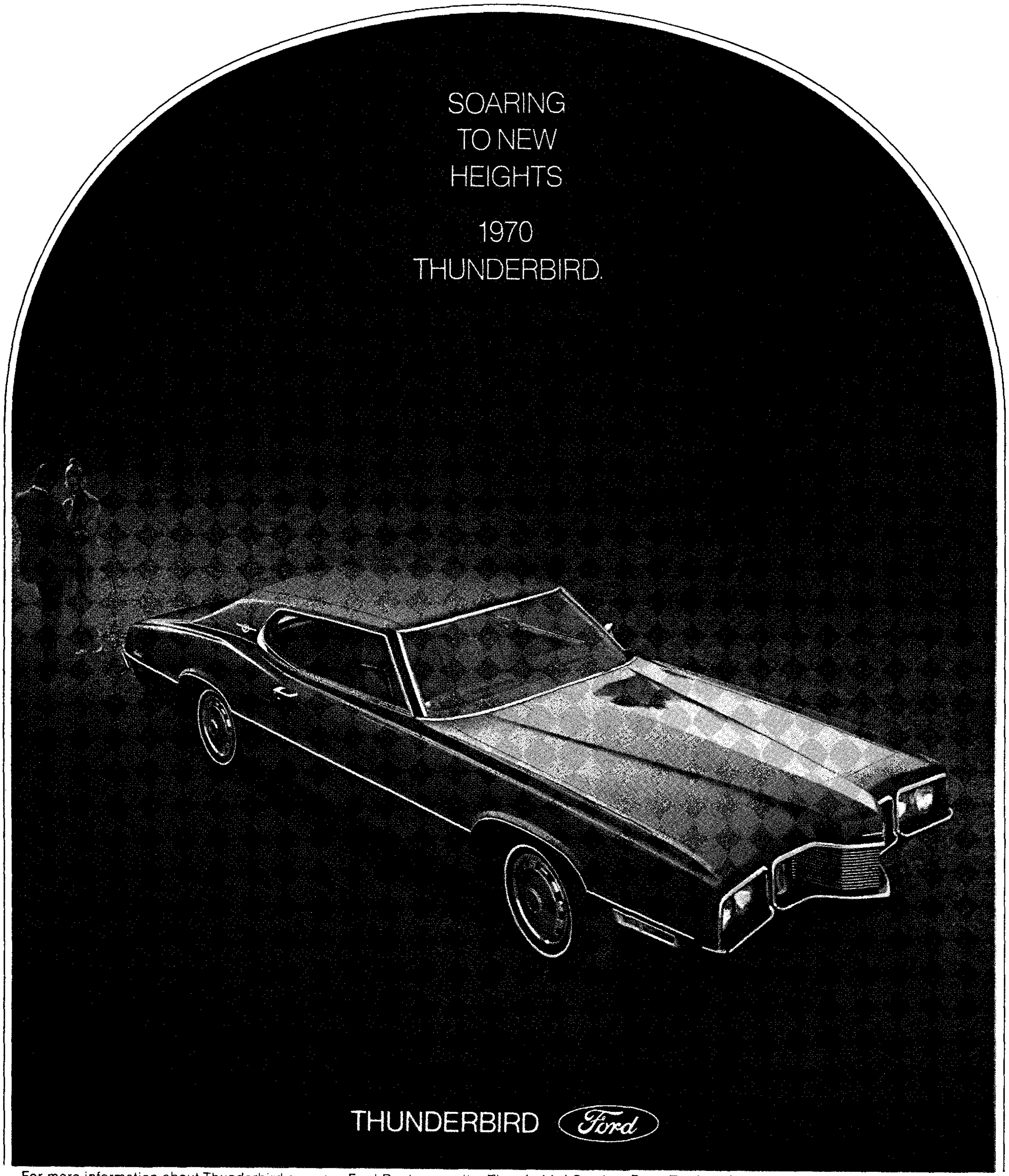
Decent of you to lay it on the line.

There have been great Birds before. But none like this Bird.

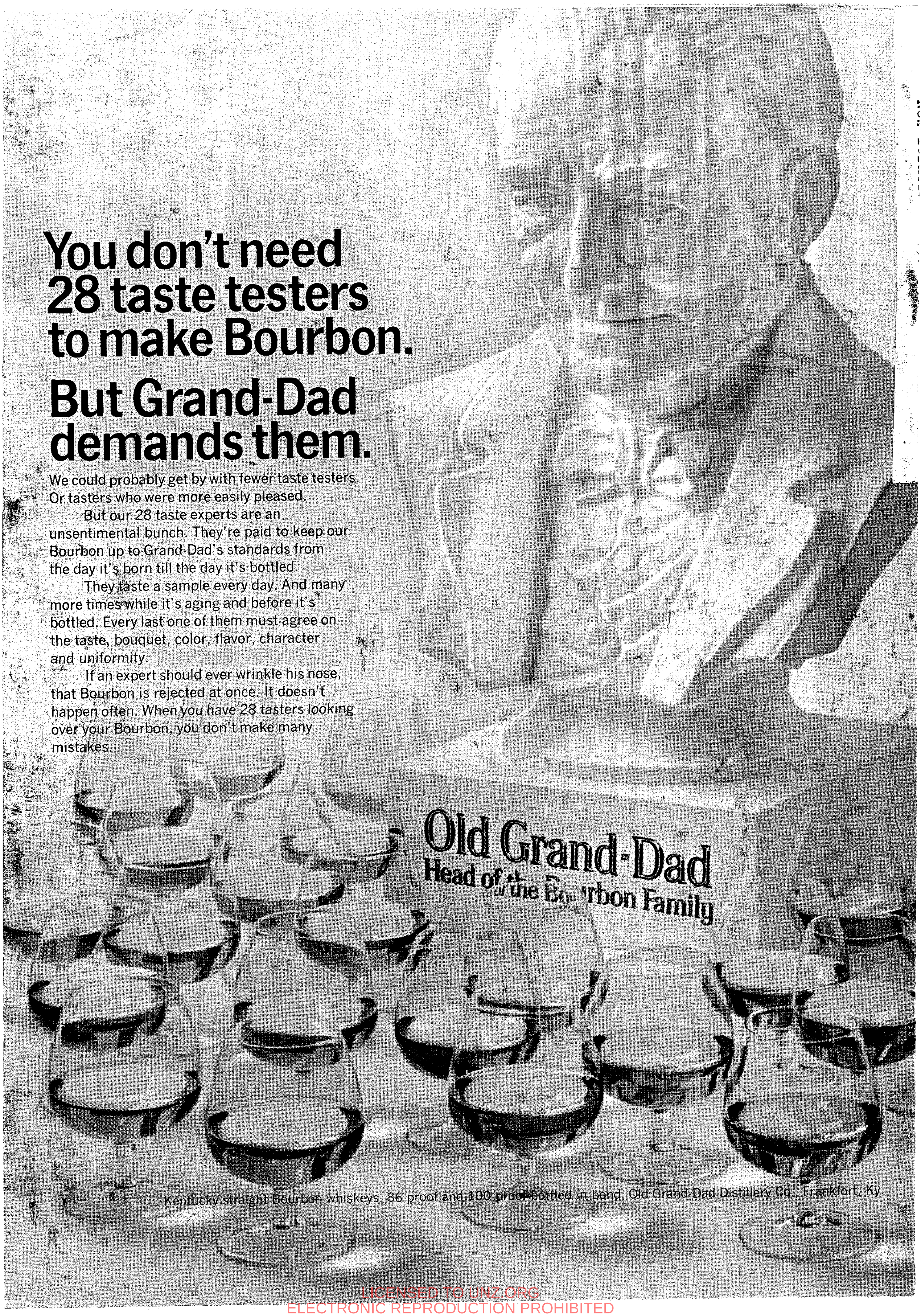
This Bird flies higher. Sweeps longer. Rides lower. Stands wider. Takes you where others don't go. With standards others charge extra for: Power steering. Power ventilation. Power front disc brakes. Radial-ply tires. 429 CID V-8 and Cruise-O-Matic transmission.

No Bird before has been so dependable. Its systems are backed by space-age technology. Its smooth ride was designed by computer.

And no Bird before has given you so much choice. Bench seats or buckets. 2 doors or 4. Sunroof or no. The luxury list goes on and on. See your Ford dealer and this rarest of all Birds, today.



For more information about Thunderbird see your Ford Dealer or write: Thunderbird Catalog, Dept. T11A, P.O. Box 1503, Dearborn, Michigan 48121



You don't need 28 taste testers to make Bourbon.

But Grand-Dad demands them.

We could probably get by with fewer taste testers. Or tasters who were more easily pleased.

But our 28 taste experts are an unsentimental bunch. They're paid to keep our Bourbon up to Grand-Dad's standards from the day it's born till the day it's bottled.

They taste a sample every day. And many more times while it's aging and before it's bottled. Every last one of them must agree on the taste, bouquet, color, flavor, character and uniformity.

If an expert should ever wrinkle his nose, that Bourbon is rejected at once. It doesn't happen often. When you have 28 tasters looking over your Bourbon, you don't make many mistakes.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.